

ROUGHING IT
WITH BOYS

G. W. HINCKLEY



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NO. 13, CRIMSON AND SOME TROUT

ROUGHING IT WITH BOYS

Actual Experiences of Boys at
Summer and Winter Camps
in the Maine Woods

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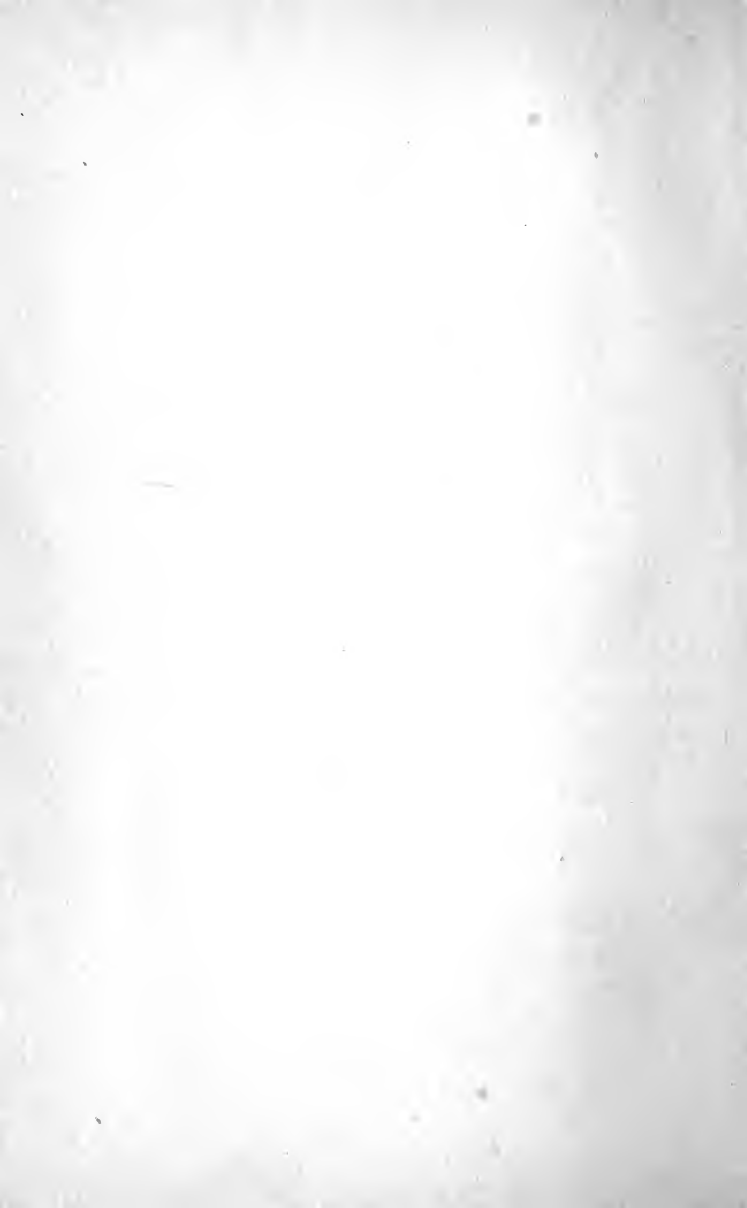
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. The Passing of the Camp	I
II. A Winter Hike to Seabasticook Lake	4
III. That Tramp to Cobbosseecontee	49
IV. Through the Snow to Sebec	76
V. Summer Days at Sebec Lake	129
VI. Memoirs of a Camp for Two	172
VII. Letters from a Camp by the Sea	196
VIII. My Thirteenth Trip	210
IX. The Year after the Thirteenth	221
X. At Pleasant Pond	230
XI. A Camp Chowder	257



PREFACE

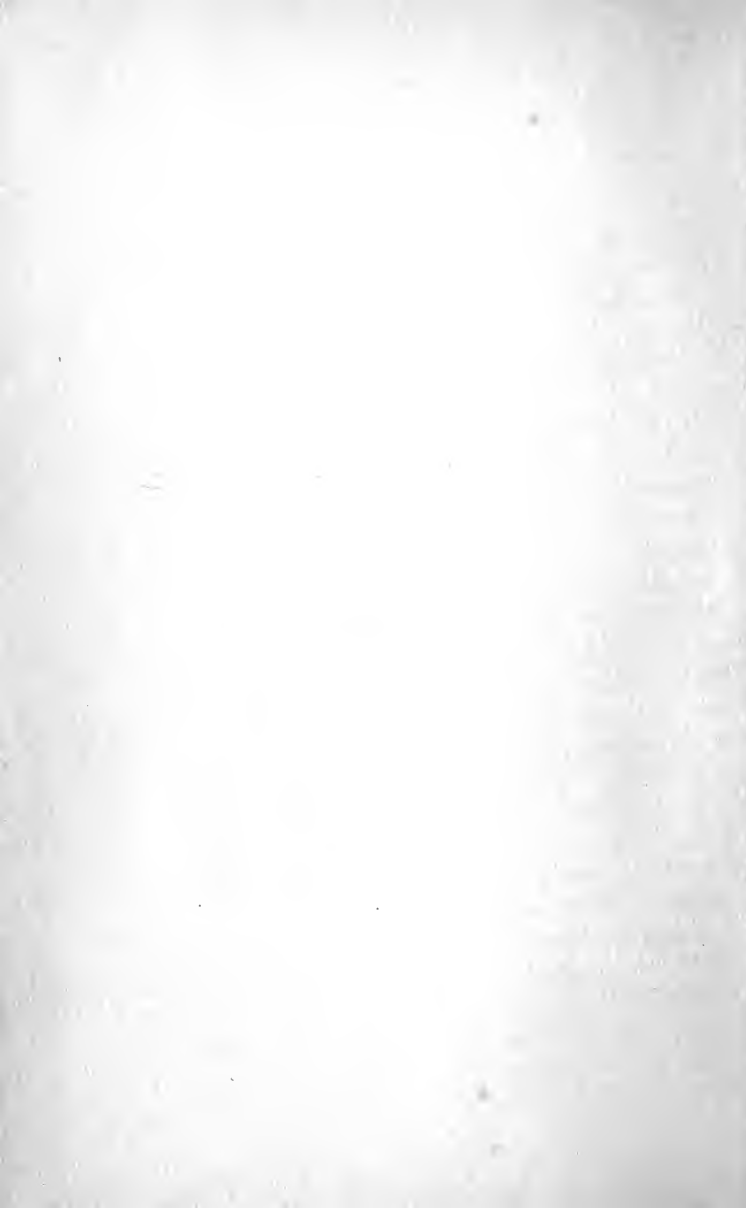
A tale of real travel may not be as exciting as a fictitious story of adventure; each has its value. A more skilful writer might have made the following pages bristle with thrilling adventure, but the camp life of real boys is made up of rather commonplace incidents, as the days come and go. It may be best that boys understand that successful camp life, for boys and their leaders, does not necessarily consist of hair-breadth escapes and blood-curdling incidents.

There is no fiction in this book. The boys who were part of the camp life of these pages were real boys and are still living. The chapters were first printed in a monthly publication with no thought that they would ever be put in permanent form. They are records of experiences so pleasant that the thought of them quickens my blood, and fills me with determination to make opportunities for other outings with real boys.

G. W. HINCKLEY.

Hinckley, Maine,

December, 1913.



I

THE PASSING OF THE CAMP

Early in the year I asked a man how many boys in the United States would camp out in the summer of 1910. His reply was interesting. After careful thought he said that two hundred and fifty thousand boys would spend some part of the summer in camp, the periods varying from a few days to a number of weeks; that this was a conservative estimate and should it be proven that twice two hundred and fifty thousand was nearer the exact number, he would not be surprised. The figures are worth attention because they are given by a man who, on account of his position, his work and his knowledge of what is in progress among boys, is better qualified to estimate than any other person in the country. His estimate does not include the multitudes who are sleeping in tents, in their front yards or at sanatoriums, in a fight with the "White Plague," nor does it include adults at all.

It is a healthy trend. Our race began its career in the open. After a time it began to build houses. The houses were made closer and closer, tighter and tighter, until air was shut out. If a man were feeble, it was understood that the most dangerous thing he could do was to breathe air out-of-doors

after sunset until the sun was well into the heavens again; night air was believed to be deadly though it was all that was available. The race was dying; dying of its own stupidity; dying from in-dooriness.

Then there arose apostles of fresh air; they preached the doctrine of out-dooriness; the race was getting its breath again, and coming into its own.

But the camp—the real thing—is passing; it makes a man smile to hear men and boys tell about camping out; it smacks of absurdity.

The way men do it now is thus: Someone gets the fever to camp out; he reads much about camp life and his enthusiasm rises; he scans the advertisements of men who have "Camps" and he opens correspondence. In process of time all arrangements have been made; the man is going to "camp out." After a day's journey—more or less—in a parlor car—he arrives at the terminal; the porter helps him from the car, carries his luggage to the boat and receives his tip. Another porter takes him in charge until the wharf is reached. A boy from the camp is on the wharf to meet him, and he is escorted up a plank walk to the "Camp." It is built of logs, shingled, fitted with windows and doors; out of his "room" opens a bath with open plumbing, porcelain tub and hot and cold water; the camp is lighted with electricity or some new illuminating gas. In another end of the "camp" is the dining room where he is served with the same varieties of food that he would get at the best hotel

in the city and served in the same manner. He goes fishing; the guide rows the boat, lands the fish, maintains his own rugged health and iron muscle; the man who is "camping" sits and sees it done. "It is just glorious to camp out, you know; and really there are no great hardships." It is the up-to-date way of doing things; one must have all modern conveniences if he is going into "camp."

But why call it camping? And why deceive your self with the thought that you are engaged in the nerve building, muscle hardening, life prolonging pastime of camping out? It is a counterfeit, a farce, and should be called by some other name; call it an "outing" but not *camping*.

Many boys' camps are conducted on the same general principle. It seems to be assumed that a boy does not know how to do any one of a hundred things that would prove a positive benefit; and that because he does not know he should never learn.

Three years ago, I camped out with four or five boys; it was the real thing. We had taken our blankets, cooking utensils and all needed implements with us; we had cut some poles, fitted them to the tent and put the canvas in position. Then I left the boys alone for an hour saying to them:

"Make a fireplace and build a fire, stir up some griddle-cakes, and have them ready when I return; I'll be hungry"

When I returned the boys had done what I

told them to do; they had done it according to their best knowledge, and I judge they had worked like beavers. A hole had been dug in the ground about fourteen inches deep; it was round as a saucer and three feet in diameter. In this hole they had built a fire, piled on dry wood until they had a mass of flames and coals as broad as the hole but completely filling it and rounding it up. It was immense. One of the boys had stirred the batter; he was holding a short-handled frying-pan in his hand and trying to cook the griddle-cakes in it! The fire was so hot that he could not hold the pan near it for more than three or four pulse beats at a time and he was thrusting the pan toward the fire, drawing it back again, and each time blowing on his scorched hand. He was red in the face and beads of sweat were on his forehead. As he extended the pan towards the fire and drew it back to blow on his hand again and again he was saying:

"Gracious (puff, puff) I didn't know it was (puff, puff) such (puff, puff) hot work. Guess (puff) I'll burn my hands (puff, puff) off and—"

"See here," I interposed, "that's not the way to do it; I supposed you knew how. I forgot that you had never really camped before. Look at this."

And then in three minutes the thing was done correctly—two or three stones for a fireplace, a stick first shaved and then whittled for shavings; a lighted match, a little blaze, some dry twigs

added; a few small sticks, and the same boy was cooking the griddle-cakes to an appetizing brown. He had learned how not to do it; he had also learned how to do it.

Once three boys camped out; this also was the genuine thing. They were not a thousand miles from home nor one-tenth of that distance, but they were far enough so that the change was complete; and they were isolated. They pitched the tent under a heavy growth of hemlocks; the shade was heavy and at night the darkness was intense. Here was one good lesson, for though they have camped since they never again made that mistake. The location of the tent gave them ample opportunity to observe the effect of shade and sunlight as well as to study the growth of mildew and the decay of vegetation so that the mistake had in it some valuable lessons for them.

The water in the pond was good for some purposes but they had read more or less about the peril in poor drinking water and resolved not to drink it. They wanted to live; but if they were going to die they preferred death from thirst to death by typhoid—it would be cleaner and sooner ended. As they must have good water and the nearest farm house with its usual supply was a long way off, the youthful trio must needs find a spring near camp; this they did, and the crystal water ran through the crevice in a rock.

Their provisions consisted chiefly of yellow corn-

meal, salt pork and beans; the nearest field, by arrangement with its owner, yielded them some green corn of the common farm variety but it was wonderfully sweet to those fellows; a few berries could be gathered in the openings in the woods. The chief diet was fish; the only fish in the pond were horn-pout and yellow perch, with an occasional pickerel, but as a man can live longer on yellow perch than on any other fish without becoming weary of it, these boys were not conscious of monotony in their fare. It was monotonous—fearfully so; but they did not know it, because it was food which they themselves had procured by conquest in the water.

There were one or two variations from the regular diet of fried fish. One came when a pickerel nearly two feet long was captured by one of the boys. It was not big enough to meet the requirements of Izaak Walton's recipe which begins: "Take a pickerel three feet long" but it was too large to be cooked in the ordinary way in the frying-pans; that is, the boys said it was. Cutting it into pieces so it would go into the fat would rob it of all its dignity, and it was conceded that such a splendid specimen was entitled to special treatment. It took a long time to decide what to do with this monarch of the pond. Then a little hole was dug a foot and a half deep in the ground; a fire was built in it and abundant fuel furnished. After an hour the coals were taken out and the hole carefully cleared of ashes;

green corn husks were laid on the hot bottom of the hole; the only piece of brown paper in camp was soaked in cold water and wrapped about the fish; it was laid in the hole, green corn husks were placed over it and these were covered with half an inch of earth. Then a fire was built over it and kept burning for an hour. When taken out and opened, the pickerel was found to be cooked to perfection; the boys vowed they had never eaten anything so fine; and, though they did not think of it, they had been learning something worth knowing, as the cooking was in process.

A still greater triumph came to these same boys when one of them shot something. It will never be known just what it was, save that it was a bird and web-footed. Canvas-back ducks are web-footed; this was not a canvas-back. Loons are web-footed; this was not a loon. The successful hunter was regarded as a hero by his comrades for a full day; it took two days, however, to decide how the prize should be cooked. Several councils were held, but no agreement reached; a meal prepared in a wrangle is not likely to be eaten in peace. But finally, when the web-footed trophy was sure to spoil for lack of attention, it was amicably arranged that it should be prepared for the table thus:

It was picked and drawn; into it was put a layer of bread crumbs made from the remnants of the one loaf of bread brought into camp; then a layer of green corn shaved finely from the cob, butter and

salt; another layer of crumbs, another of green corn, butter and salt, and so on to the end.

When the bird was full or "stuffed" as the boys declared, it was laid on its back in the kettle; two squirrels previously shot and dressed were laid in the bottom of the kettle, one on each side of the fowl; the whole was covered with water from the spring and set to boiling. There were many surmises as to how it would come out. Just before the kettle was taken off, the water was thickened with more bread crumbs and green corn, butter was added and the thing was done.

Oh, that I knew the name of that fowl, something between a canvas-back duck and a loon! Oh, that I knew just the proportions of bird and squirrel, of green corn and crumbs, of salt, pepper and butter; for those who put the component parts together, built the fire, and watched the kettle boiling declare—and I have implicit confidence in their utterances—that the dish was fit for a king, yes fit for two kings, and that the like was never before and will not be again. Who could have cooked that mess so much to their liking as the boys themselves? And while they were doing it they were doing something else also—something worth doing, for they were mastering little details of out-door chemistry.

These boys slept on beds of boughs; from soon after dusk until sunrise they were as motionless as logs and as unconscious; they woke each morning

to a new day of conquest. If the larder were empty more fish must be caught; if more than was needed were caught and cooked, the hole in the ground covered with green boughs kept them cool till the next day; if the anchor-rope was broken it must be spliced and there was a way to do it: when the anchor was finally lost a substitute had to be provided; when the oar-lock dropped overboard a make-shift had to be adopted; when the tent leaked without apparent reason, the cause had to be searched out in the night and the offending twig which, made heavy by dampness, rested upon the canvass, had to be removed from the overhanging branch; when the rain shortened the tent ropes and pulled the stakes out of the ground, threatening to let the canvas down over their heads they learned by experience the wisdom of attending to tent ropes in time; when the flood came in the night and to their surprise the trench around the tent filled with rain water and overflowed to their bough beds, it took them a long time to discover that a stone had in some way been rolled into the trench and had caused the trouble; when the kindlings which could easily have been put under the tent before dark were water-soaked in the morning, and in all the land—in all their little woodsy-world—there was not a dry sliver or shaving, they learned two things; first, not to get caught in that way again; and second, what to do if they did.

They learned that there are two ways of washing

dishes in camp; first to use hot water, or second, to take them to the shore and give them a scrubbing with sand and mud; that matches cannot be kept dry and serviceable in a pocket and that instead of a paper box an empty bottle with a cork is always a safe receptacle for them; that in the dark in a strange place one can find the matches if they are kept beside a ticking watch, for the tick guides; that the time to fish is before eleven o'clock in the morning or after four o'clock in the afternoon; that there are ways of knowing what o'clock it is without clock or watch if the sun be shining, and other things more than I need to mention.

They were in touch with nature; life was full of interest and profit; the camp experiences were a factor in the development of character. They were acquiring habits of observation; they were learning to do things when they needed to be done; they were becoming self-confident, self-reliant, and efficient. They did things, working on them till they were done, even though the sun had set and the day had been long. Somehow, it is the long day men who have accomplished in this world the things that have lived; eight-hour men may be good machines but they do not achieve. If the day comes when no man will labor or study beyond eight hours per day, the world's progress will be at a perpetual end; there will be no further achievement.

Camp life develops the achieving ability; it is the basis of ruggedness; it is without an equal in

stimulating manly qualities in boys. There are some who will not believe this because they have seen so many boys "camp" who showed no progress as a result. But the camp should not be held responsible for all the inane things which are done in the name of "camping out." Life at a summer hotel is not camping; even though the hotel be built of logs or of canvas, and too many "camps," so called, are shorn of all the factors which have commended camping to the thoughtful.

A few years ago, I had a party of boys in camp; a cottage near the tent was also available and the food was cooked in it. Several boys in the party preferred to sleep in the close chambers of the cottage; others slept in the tent until a wet night came and then deserted and went under a roof. For myself it was a joy to lie down under the canvas each night; I thought then, and I still think, that the boys who stood by the tent could have been selected by a stranger at a moment's notice. They had camped before and showed the benefit of former experiences.

The word "camp" is suggestive. It is pure Anglo-Saxon and means a "battle" or a "conflict;" this is the primitive meaning. Real camp life is a battle, a conflict; if you choose, it is a conquest. Those who enter it conquer or are conquered; those who conquer are ready for enterprise, for successful conflict in other fields.

But the camp is passing. Too much is done for

the boys in many cases, and they are not left to their own resources as much as is good for them; it should hardly be called "camping out."

Many of the camps are so large that things must be done on the same scale as at a good-sized hotel; for all practical purposes the boys might as well be at a hotel if only it were in the woods or an open field. It is quite possible to breathe fresh air at an opened chamber window; it is quite possible to close a tent so tight that the air will become quickly poisoned; it is quite possible for a boy to spend days and weeks in a "camp" with little or no benefit.

A comparatively new thing has come into sudden prominence; it is the "summer camp" robbed of those features which make the real camp worth while. I am told that one boys' camp had many dishes to wash; it took two men to "do" them. A dish washing machine was purchased at a cost of \$200; now it takes two men to run the machine.

Thousands of dollars have been expended in "camps" this year upon tennis courts, base-ball fields, and other forms of amusement which the boys could have at their homes, or in any village, or at a summer hotel; it is quite customary for the leaders of a camp to show visitors their splendid equipment, and many of them are splendid. There are real benefits accruing to boys who spend the summer, or a part of it, at such places, but the benefits are those which come from out-door life anywhere; in the meantime the woods are calling to

boys to enjoy the test and development of primitive ways of living; the boys are not responding because an easier—even a luxurious—substitute is offered.

A little roughing it for the boy is the finest of all experiences; he is not likely to take it, even for his own good, so long as the softer thing is popularized and made the only thing in sight. Real camping—the conquest with natural forces, the quest for one's own food, the battle against odds in primitive living, though undertaken for fun and change and personal benefit—is passing.

II

A WINTER HIKE TO SEBASTICOOK LAKE

The Good Will boys had been talking for a long time about a hike; they had asked that it be in the spring vacation, which, in Somerset County, Maine, comes in March, and the month of March is winter. Many of the boys who wanted to go on this winter outing were living in the "Buckminster"—a rambling residence for older boys at Good Will.

I told the boys that I had heard of a lumberman's camp twelve miles northwest of us, where we could spend several days; that twelve miles would be a good walk and that doubtless we could get much benefit from it. The boys looked at each other and though they did not say it in words, something in the air spoke like this:

"Think of it; only twelve miles!"

"There is another possibility," I added. "We can have the use of two cottages, owned by Hubert Turner, at North Newport, on the shore of Sebasticook Lake. These cottages are a few rods apart; one will accommodate ten and the other has accommodations for eight. The cottages are twenty-seven miles from here; but we can 'boost' you seven miles to Canaan village and the rest of the distance must be made on foot."

"That's the place!" exclaimed a number of the boys, and to this all present agreed. Before the little meeting broke up it was settled that Will Mack should lead one of the groups and I the other.

On account of lameness I was to go by railroad, taking one boy with me to assist in opening the cottages and Will Mack was to lead the main party across country.

"Who shall go?" was still a question of much importance and one that needed to be settled speedily lest some of the hopeful ones be unnecessarily disappointed. "Thack" had a wistful look on his face but I challenged him. He had come to Good Will three years before through some misunderstanding as to the kind of boys who are accepted. Before coming to us he had suffered from hemorrhages from the nose for months until on one occasion two physicians worked all night to keep him from bleeding to death. These hemorrhages had been accompanied by a cough which Thack told me, when we were travelling together on the train to Good Will, had kept him and everybody else in the house awake at night. Soon after coming to Good Will these symptoms disappeared; but after being with us two years a new difficulty set in; he submitted to an operation for appendicitis and it was not yet a year since the operation was performed. The boys, however, knew Thack well and everyone of them said,

"Thack can make that trip all right." So he was accepted.

"Ducker" I also challenged. But he said he could do it and the boys sustained him and so Ducker was elected, although he had shown a chalky skin when he had come to us a year before and for six months, at least, appearances were decidedly against him:

"John Rill" wanted to go; but the spring before he had made the fourteen mile tramp to East Pond on the "Relay Picnic." He had a good time, but, next day on the way home he lay down beside a cemetery and it was currently reported that John, while in that position, had despondent thoughts due to weariness. So John Rill was rejected; though he says to this day it stands to reason that if little "David Wood" could make the trip he could have done it himself. But David Wood though challenged by myself at first was finally accepted.

The other boys, who were present at the meeting or whose names were on the list, would pass without question, and everything seemed favorable for the trip until a snowstorm came on, blocking the roads and making travel by team dangerous or impossible.

"They say that it's no use trying to get to Canaan with a horse," was the report, and so the boys decided to start on foot at four-thirty in the morning; they believed that they could reach the camp by two o'clock in the afternoon unless greatly

delayed by drifted roads. There would be some advantages in starting later, for, if they did not go until seven, they could have their usual amount of sleep, a warm breakfast and daylight for the early part of the journey; but, on the other hand, if the sun should be warm in the middle of the day the snow would be soft, and travelling over it more difficult and uncomfortable. The sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of the early start. It was deliberately decided that they would reach Canaan village by seven o'clock and there is a hotel at Canaan; beyond that place there is no hotel to be passed, if they kept to the upper route, and no place where they could hope for a meal until they reached the camp at Sebesticook Lake. But suppose there were hotels; so long as there was not money enough in the pockets of the crowd to pay for breakfast for three boys what did it matter whether there were hotels or no hotels along the route?

The management of such a trip is a comparatively easy matter with Good Will boys because of their knowledge of home duties; most of them can make beds as well as a woman; some of them can cook a good meal, including biscuit, cakes and pies; there are few of the age of those in this party who cannot be trusted to "slick up" and "set things to rights" whenever called upon for such service.

This explains why, when the list of names was taken and, beginning at the top, was divided into

sections of three names each, in the order in which they came, every section contained the name of at least one fairly good cook. It was in this way and with such simple organization that the camp was to be run; the work was to be done and the food cooked by the boys themselves; no further organization was to be called for or allowed.

It was a hopeful group, therefore, that started from the Buckminster at four-twenty A. M., on that tramp to Seabasticook Lake.

After the members of the party had been duly elected I faced another problem, because it was necessary for me to select one of the boys to go with me by rail to Corinna where Mr. Turner would meet us and take us by team four miles to the cottage where the week was to be spent. They were a sturdy lot of fellows, each one was ready for something strenuous, and I disliked to break into the ranks. But when I made my request known to "Hinks" he cheerfully consented to accompany me and help get ready for the sixteen pilgrims who were to come overland on foot. Hinks had cooked for me on other occasions and I have no fault to find with his housekeeping or culinary skill. But it happened that only a few hours before we were to start, I learned that "Franz" was troubled with a weak ankle and that for two days he had been wearing a brace, in anticipation of the trip.

"I had feared that my ankle would give out" he said after I had arranged for him to take Hinks'

place, "but I made up my mind that I would start anyway."

So Hinks joined the pedestrians while Franz loaded down with packages and bundles, including a checker-board for those who might care to while away an hour in tests of skill, a mince pie that the good cook in Buckminster had sent along for my especial benefit and such extra garments as I might need, accompanied me on the train. There was one other package in Franz' care which added somewhat to the burden of his journey, the contents of which he was in happy ignorance,—a long slender package which I had told Ed MacDonald, the bookkeeper, to make up, containing a few Roman candles and sky rockets, left over from the last Fourth of July celebration and which I fancied might add to our enjoyment.

"In case my side catches more fish than Mack's," I had said to MacDonald, the bookkeeper, when I gave him instructions, "I may want to celebrate the victory by a display."

When, later on, the package was opened I found that he had added a pack of small firecrackers,—the five cents a pack variety, one tin box of red-fire and another of the same size warranted to burn "blue blazes." These were to be of greater service in camp, later on, than MacDonald supposed or than I suspected when I found them in the package.

It is not easy to find a man more thoughtful of

his guests than is Mr. Turner, in whose cottages we were to spend the week and so we were not surprised to learn that he had kept fires in both cottages all that day and a part of the day before in order that everything might be warm and comfortable for us. Franz and I had little to do that first night in camp for we did not reach it till eight o'clock in the evening, and, after preparing a simple repast, we were soon in bed; but we did feel that it was incumbent upon us to have a good meal ready for the boys when they should arrive, although I had told them that I should allow them no food after such a long tramp until they had been in camp at least half an hour. As a matter of fact it was forty-five minutes after their arrival before they tasted food of any kind although everything was in readiness, cooked and steaming hot, an hour before they reached the cottages.

"Those boys will have an awful hard time" said Mr. Turner as he brought over some supplies from his home, the morning after Franz and I arrived. "If they had only known it, they could save several miles by going from Palmyra to Newport village and then coming across the lake on the ice. If they come around to the north they will find three or four miles of drifted roads that haven't been broken out, for there is only a little travel over them anyway. It's a pity they didn't know."

"Do this," I said. "Get back to the house as quickly as you can. You say that you don't know

any one in Palmyra. Call up some trader over there and ask him if he lives on the main road through the village; when you get a man on the line that lives on the main street tell him to watch out for sixteen young fellows who will be travelling eastward; say that they are Good Will boys. Tell him to say to the boys that I want them to go to Newport village and that they can easily get instructions there how to find me at Turner's Cove.

"That's a fine thing," I said to Franz, as Mr. Turner started homeward. "It will save the fellows a lot of hard footing and get them here earlier. It's now ten o'clock; they will be here by two anyway, possibly by one, and we must have everything ready and hot. It's three and a half miles from that village yonder to this cottage,—a straight line across the lake. See?"

So Franz and I spent the morning in the cottage; now glancing out of the window, across the lake, as though watching for the coming of friends but at the same time, pretending that we "didn't expect them yet;" now giving our attention to the things cooking on the stove in the little kitchen, putting in wood and poking ashes out of the grate to help the draft; now reading a chapter out of Hornaday's "Camp-fires in the Canadian Rockies," which I had brought along, or a paragraph or two from the Boston paper of the previous day's issue; now arranging dishes on the table—the white

dishes that matched so perfectly the shining white oilcloth.

It was half-past one when I said:

"Franz, come here a minute. Look toward the village. Do you see something away over there just moving along a little?"

Franz could see it.

"Now it's parted and it looks like two. I think that's our crowd. The fellows are either in a group walking in single file or else,"—and I added this reluctantly,—"or else half of the fellows have dropped out by the way."

"What's that over there?" said Franz; "it looks as much like a crowd of fellows as that does," and he pointed far to the south shore of the lake.

"I don't know," I replied, "it can't be our boys. They were told to keep together. That first bunch seems to be coming off the north shore, the bunch that you point out seems to be coming from the south shore a mile at least from the first one."

"Yes," said Franz, "and look over there."

"It beats me," I said. "And yet you can see now that they are our fellows, though why they are coming from all directions I can't tell." This was said some ten minutes after we had spied the dark object on the white snow in the distance.

We stood and watched just as people have stood on the shore in the summertime and watched white-winged ships as they sailed; just as men watched the marching of soldiers and wondered what the

next movement would be; just as we have watched the flight of birds to the north in spring, to the south in autumn; we watched till we were sure they were our "crowd," and then we waited till they came nearer,—their forms growing more distinct.

"That's Pat and Ducker on ahead," said Franz, as the first two came within hearing distance.

"Ducker!" I said. "I believe you, Franz, but he's one of the boys I challenged; I didn't believe he'd stand the trip and here he is in the front rank."

Soon after our first discovery of the boys in the distance and near the opposite shore of the lake, it began to grow dark,—not because it was sunset, for it was yet early in the afternoon, but the grey clouds which had overspread the sky had thickened in the northwest and we had heard one distinct rumble of distant thunder.

"I don't know just what these clouds mean," I said to Franz, "but I hope it's only rain; if it's a snow-storm that's coming and if it breaks soon there's not a fellow on the lake that will get off alive if it lasts long. If it snows thick they'll wander and wander and wander on the ice and be dead before they can be found. I wish they'd hurry; yes, Franz, I wish they'd hurry."

"I don't believe they can," said Franz, quietly, "they are too tired."

To my relief the cloud had only thunder, lightning and rain instead of the thick snow-storm that I had feared and the shower broke just as the boys

began to arrive. When the first couple got near enough for a greeting I shouted, at the top of my voice; "Welcome, fellows, welcome! Say, how's the walking?"

"Welcome," cried Pat, "you say welcome; but I wouldn't walk across this old lake again if you'd give it to me, no, I'd die first,—yes, I'd die. We've been walking all over this old lake for the last three hours; there didn't anybody know where you were nor where Turner's Cove was nor anything else. I'm dead tired,—yes, I am; and I'm half starved. Have you got anything to eat?"

"This Cove's been here for the last thousand years, at least, Pat," I said; "somebody ought to have known where it was."

"Oh, I'm dead tired," cried Ducker as he followed Pat, reached the veranda, and reeled over on his back on the floor. "Can't you give a fellow something to eat? I's never so tired in my life."

While this confab was in progress the second bunch drew near,—a couple made up of Arey and David Wood.

"If there isn't David Wood!" I exclaimed; "another of the fellows that I doubted and he among the first to arrive."

Then came a group of four or five led by Thack in a white sweater,—the same Thack that I had challenged that afternoon when we were deciding at the Buckminster who should be in the party.

It was only a few minutes then to the time when

the floor of the cottage was covered with boys, for nearly all seemed to prefer to sit or lie on the hardwood floor; each telling how he felt; how nobody seemed to know where Turner's Cove was; how their feet were wet and their muscles sore and their stomachs empty.

"Ducker was so dead tired," said one, "that he undertook to ask where Turner's Cove was and he said, 'Can you tell me how to get to Cover's Turn?'"

"All I've eaten today is just some apples," said another. "Say, we stopped at one place to see if they'd sell us some apples; a girl brought out about a peck of 'em and we asked her how much they'd be. She said, 'They won't be anything; papa ain't to home today.'"

"One man that we met asked us where we were from and we told him we came from Good Will Farm," said one of the prostrate pedestrians. "What made you leave," he said, "don't you like it there?"

So some told of experiences and others of aches and voids until I said:

"Well, fellows, I'm glad you are all here; that not one has fallen out by the way; that you didn't get lost in a snow-storm on this lake, for, as I told Franz, after you got in sight, if, after you got out into the middle of the lake a thick storm had come on for the night, we never would have seen any of you alive again."

After clearing the tables of nearly all the food which Franz and I had prepared for them and declaring that it was the best meal they had ever eaten the boys distributed themselves through the cottages,—some in easy chairs and on the sofa on the first floor, some on the beds in the sleeping rooms above. They had been in camp just an hour and fifteen minutes, when a couple of boys in one of the chambers began to softly sing one of the oldest of the Good Will songs:—

“We were chopping hemlock trees.”

Someone else joined in the chorus; the boys on the first floor of the cottage took up the song; then those who were up-stairs came down, gathering around the open fire; someone passed the little Good Will song-books and before another hour had gone by every song had been sung through from beginning to end.

“I feel first-class, now,” said Thack, as he straightened up and smote his white sweater on the breast with both hands.

“I never felt better in my life,” said David Wood, and Clark jumped over the back of a chair three times in succession, “just to see if his legs were limber.”

This journey to the shores of Seabasticook was for the purpose of fishing through the ice; at least, this was the avowed purpose of the trip although, so far as I know, there was not a real fisherman

among the boys. We came near having fish for dinner on two separate days; once on Monday, when I asked Mr. Turner to buy us enough in Corinna village, four miles distant, for a chowder, and he returned with the report that there were no fish in that place; and again, when on Wednesday, three boys walked across the lake to Newport village to buy fish and a supply of peanuts and they returned with the report that fish could be bought in that place only on Fridays. But, notwithstanding the depleted condition of the refrigerators in these markets the fishing in the villages was fully as good as it was on the lake through the ice, for not one sign of fin or scale was seen while we were in camp.

Still, there were other things to do. The cutting of half a dozen holes through the ice, with a borrowed chisel, was not a long task, and little time was spent in attending to the traps. As the snow about the cottages was deep—three feet, south of Camp Comfort and very soft, so that a fair-sized boy would sink to his hips,—not much outdoor sport was possible. So, aside from the climbing of trees on the shore, occasional marches on the ice, from one of which trips the boys returned marching single file following a torn and faded cambric flag waved aloft by a leader, and a few visits to the fish lines, the time was spent indoors—it could not well be otherwise. There was just one flurry of excitement over fishing and that was when Pussy had said, “I’m going out to see if we’ve caught any

fish," and, putting on his cap, left the cottage. He went first to the hole farthest north, and his movements at this time were not watched by the boys. Now these lines were so set that if a fish should by any chance get caught on a hook, a small red flag would fly up as a signal that below the ice at that quarter something was doing; but no such signal had appeared and no one had expected it. Pussy was near the hole farthest south when someone in the cottage said:

"There's a red flag up at the north hole."

"Shout to Pussy!" said three or four boys at once, and the door was quickly opened.

"There's a flag up!" was shouted across the ice, and Pussy turned toward the north and seemed to wait instructions.

"Run, you lazy bones, run! and pull him out!"

Pussy first took long, slow strides and then as the shouts from the cottage increased in volume and urgency, he broke into a trot. He reached the hole and pulled up the line, but alas, there was nothing on the end save a hook and a piece of salt pork. It was the only real fishing episode that came into our lives during the week, and later Pussy explained it thus:

"I thought I'd like to know how it would seem, so I stuck the flag up when I was at the hole so that you fellows could see it!"

But other things were done, even though there was no odor of fish in the camp. It was early

decided that Wallace's "Lure of the Labrador Wild" should be read evenings; that there should be a religious service Sunday afternoon or early evening at which a Bible reading should be given for the instruction and profit of the boys; that there should be a debate upon the question whether the return journey should be made in the daytime or by moonlight, which question should finally be decided by popular vote Wednesday afternoon, after the arguments on both sides had been given a fair hearing; that on Monday evening the Camp Comfort boys should give an entertainment in their cottage for the delectation and amusement of the White House boys and, that on Wednesday evening the White House crowd should return the courtesy and give at their cottage an entertainment for the amusement and instruction of Camp Comfort boys; that on Tuesday evening there should be in Camp Comfort a grand banquet of which every member of the party should partake and that there should be almost no end of songs and speech-making.

In such a camp, where only the plainest of food was supposed to be served, the preparation of a banquet was not an easy matter and just what the nature of the two entertainments would be was a problem for the entire camp; these were events which interested us all and preparations for each one of them were under way at an early date.

"But what can we have at a banquet out here?"

asked one of the boys. "We haven't got much in camp for such an affair."

"We can have fried bacon," said one.

"Yes, and mashed potatoes," said another.

"And I will get Mrs. Turner to make me a birthday cake," I added.

"A birthday cake!" exclaimed Pat, "you was born in July; you wasn't born in,—"

"It doesn't matter if I was born in July," I replied. "If a man wants a birthday cake twice or three times a year there's no law opposing it and if you fellows get to doubting it too much, likely as not I'll order two cakes instead of one just to show you that I mean business."

There was no further opposition to the cake and in due time the following note was dispatched to the farmhouse:

"Dear Madam:

Please make one birthday cake large enough to be cut into eighteen good-sized pieces, unless you prefer to make two smaller loaves. If you happen to have any powdered sugar in the house please frost the cake.

Respectfully yours—"

This surprising menu was finally evolved: First course: fried bacon and mashed potatoes, with biscuit and butter; second course: blanc mange; third course: birthday cake; fourth course: roast peanuts and cereal coffee; fifth course: Baldwin apples; and to match each course, such appetites

as are found only in the simple, sturdy life of a real winter camp.

The reading of the "Lure of the Labrador Wild" was begun Saturday afternoon, and after supper there was a call for more of the story. So we followed the fortunes of those three brave men,—Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., Dillon Wallace and the faithful "George," on their sad journey and through their strange, disheartening experiences. It was near bedtime when, pausing for a moment while wood was put on the fire, I glanced forward into the chapters that were to come. Scanning a few pages I said:

"Boys, we are to have a Bible reading tomorrow evening. In the afternoon while service is in progress in the Chapel at Good Will I intend reading chapters to you out of this book, and I venture to say that no sermon preached in New England tomorrow will be more impressive than what we will hear and learn," and soon after this remark we went to our beds.

The next afternoon, Wishus looked across the room to me from the corner where he was ensconced near the fire.

"What do you suppose they are doing in the Chapel at Good Will now?" he asked. "Do you know what time it is?"

It was ten minutes past two and I said: "Wishus, the service is in progress at this very moment and

I suspect that just now they are singing. What do you suppose they will sing this afternoon?"

"It might be 'How Firm a Foundation,'" said Wishus; and we all joined in singing that sacred hymn.

"What else?" I asked, as the last line was sung. "What else would they be likely to sing?"

"It might be 'My Faith Looks up to Thee,'" said one of the boys, "they sing it often;" and so that loved hymn and "Rock of Ages" with one or two others entered into our impromptu service of song.

Then we took up the narrative of Hubbard's journey in the wilds of Labrador. None of us had read the book, but some of our number knew that Hubbard was to die. We followed their fortunes until it seemed as though we knew those three men,—Hubbard, Wallace and "George." There was a breathless silence in camp that, alone, profoundly impressed me as I continued to read. We had reached the account of that Sunday, the twenty-seventh day of October, when Wallace returned from a trip into the woods, whither he had gone leaving Hubbard in the camp alone. "As I approached," says Wallace, "stepping noiselessly on the mossy carpet of the forest I saw Hubbard sitting alone by the bright burning fire, mending his moccasins. Something in his attitude made me pause; he was bare-headed and his long, unkempt hair hung half-way down to his shoulders. As he

sat there in the red glow of the fire with the somber wood beyond and the lonely stretch of lake below and I took note of his emaciated form and his features so haggard and drawn, I seemed for the first time to realize fully the condition to which the boy had been brought by his sufferings. And while I stood there, still unobserved, I heard him humming softly to himself:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"How strangely the old hymn sounded among those solitudes! After a little I again started to advance, and as I stepped upon a dry branch Hubbard stopped his singing and looked up quickly.

" 'Wallace,' he exclaimed, 'I am glad to see you! George and I have been having a long Sunday talk and we have——' "

It seemed as though every one of my hearers had come to love those three men. There was a great tug at my heart, a breaking of my voice and in the hope that I might go on with the reading I held the book silently for a moment. We could almost hear each others hearts beat in sympathy for those sufferers in the far north. Unable to read aloud further that saddest of all narratives of modern times, I passed the book to Clark. He took it from my hand and continued reading to the end of the chapter.

"I don't see how Clark could ever read that

aloud," said one of the boys the next day. "It was so sad that I could hardly stand it myself."

Sunday evening the Bible reading was given,—a topic that took us from Genesis to Revelation, an hour which we will not forget—and before we retired we had followed Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.'s lifeless body from the wilds of Labrador to its last resting place in Haverstraw, N. Y., and breathed a sigh of relief, I fancy, at the thought that there is an end to all human suffering and disappointment.

Oh, Hubbard; the story of thy suffering has made me strong; thy faith was beautiful; thy patience was beyond my understanding.

It is pleasant to note the different uses to which a given article may be devoted when men and boys are really put to it and it is surprising what service the most commonplace articles may render if drafted by determined spirits. It was the middle of Monday afternoon when the strong cord that had been tied about our bundles of bedding, brought into camp for our comfort, was stretched across the sitting-room. The blankets, which I submit were never intended for any such purpose, were brought down from the chambers and fastened to the cord so that they separated the north third of the sitting-room, giving a space for the entertainers, one door opening into the kitchen at the east end and a window opening to the veranda at the other. The lid, which I assume was intended to remain always at its place in the top of the stove, was

attached to the lid-lifter and carried to the veranda, where the powder for blue and red fire could be spread on it, held close to the window, and burned for the illuminating of the tableaux; an eight foot log, some twelve inches in diameter, was taken into the cottage to be used in one of the most stirring scenes in the entertainment, taking the place of a cannon. Other prosaic articles were drafted into service, for much had been undertaken and the resources of our camp were slender. When the time came, every one of the eight persons for whom "the show had been got up" was in his place, curious, critical and expectant

When the "overture" had been furnished by the graphophone from the farmhouse, with the understanding that twenty-four more selections were to follow in the course of the evening, the curtain rose, or rather, the suspended blankets were pushed aside, and a male quartet sang a song so full of localisms and personalities that it must have been written for the occasion. It went to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and ran about as follows:

"The White House boys are a jolly crowd,
They are, they are;
The White House boys are a jolly crowd,
They are, they are;
They've caught no fish,
But we don't wish,
To touch them in their tender spot;
But we're very glad to welcome them here tonight.

The White House boys make quite good cooks,
Quite good, quite good.
The White House boys make quite good cooks,
Quite good, quite good.
We cannot hope to please them all
As they drop in for a friendly call
But we'll do the very best that we can do."

In response to an encore another verse was added:

"We gave a show on Monday night,
We did, we did;
We gave a show on Monday night,
We did, we did;
We quite outshowed the White House crowd
We sang so gaily, high and loud,
But on Wednesday night they'll do the best they can."

After much other music, a three-part charade which had been dignified by advertisement as a three-act drama, held the attention of the audience. The first part, a scene in which three or four boys were planning for a camp next summer and in which many things, wise and otherwise, were said, gave a slight clue to what was to follow; the second scene, in which "Chick," in his law office, had much trouble with a deaf caller, who was told repeatedly to "Come in," but failed to hear the summons, and made a lot of bother by continued knocking, threw much light on the word that was being acted; but the third, a scene in a fort with David Wood, as sentinel, pacing up and down with

a broomstick for a rifle, and Clark in command, was a dead give-away.

The attack on the fort by a Spanish warship which Clark had sailing up the lake, was boldly repulsed by Clark's forces. The log having been aimed deliberately, and the commander's order to fire given, there was the report of a fire-cracker on the veranda, which, when we consider the tremendous noise which might be expected from a cannon of its size, might be regarded as an anti-climax. The setting off of the rest of the pack of fire-crackers on the veranda represented the cannonading of the enemy and the audience knew then that the charade was "Camp-come-fort."

In the series of tableaux which followed—the "Saving of the life of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas," "The Dying Gladiator" and "After the Battle"—the red and blue fire which MacDonald had put into the package for Franz to lug had a great effect and the old cambric flag, picked up by the boys in the morning, had a prominent place.

"It was a great show," said the White House boys when it was all over; "we can't begin to come up to it."

But when Thursday evening came, from the time the borrowed graphophone belched forth its first selection, until the last note had been struck, the White House boys held their own, and the Camp Comfort audience of ten souls listened and applauded.

Personalities are as fair for one side as the other and so, when the opening song was sung by a male trio, and found to contain references of a strong personal character, the audience could only listen and meditate. To the tune of "Marching Through Georgia" went the song of greeting:

"What a motley crowd it is that's gathered here tonight,
Coming from Camp Comfort,—that is almost out of sight;
Coming through the storm and over snow-drifts deep and
white

While we shall try to entertain you.

Chorus.

Cheer up, cheer up, you did the best you could;
Cheer up, cheer up, we really thought you would:
Now that you are seated we will show what we can do
While you sit silent and watch us.

Tableaux, songs and dialogues are all right in their place,
But we'll have you understand that we are in this race;
We will show you scenes tonight most marvelous for grace
While we shall try to entertain you.

Chorus.

Warren, Puss and Whitten seem to be out on a lark;
We think the very same is true of Nason and of Clark;
You'll hear some wise and witty things if you'll sit still and
hark,
While we shall try to entertain you."

Chorus.

There were four acts to the charade, with Gleason taking the part of the "Goody-good boy" in the first,—a boy unmercifully plagued by a young rascal; with Downey in the second scene welcom-

ing a young man to his law office for a conference over a father's will about which there had been much litigation; with Arey in the third, expressing surprise in a country grocery store at the way prices had "riz" till everything was too high for his pocketbook; and a school scene for the close that made it clear that "Good Will High School" was what the entertainers had in mind.

A series of tableaux, which under the glow of the red fire, were really fine, closed the entertainment, aside from the rest of the twenty-five selections on the graphophone which were warranted to be entirely different from those heard on Monday evening.

"It was fine; there really wasn't much to choose between the two evenings!" was the verdict of the audience.

"The gentlemen will please come to order," said the speaker of the House the next afternoon at two o'clock, in the sitting room of Camp Comfort. The boys had all gathered for the Legislative Session. After some trivial preliminaries had been attended to, the resolution which had been tabled three days before was taken up for discussion. It read;

"*Resolved*: that the return journey from camp to Good Will be made between the setting and the rising of the sun."

"Mr. Speaker!" exclaimed two or three boys at once,—*"Mr. Speaker!"*

"The gentleman from Good Will," said the speaker, and Mack proceeded to open the debate. He was followed by other speakers who, for one reason and another, wished to be heard upon the question. Various arguments were urged in favor of returning home in the night.

It was claimed that in the daytime the sun shining on the snow made it blinding to the eyes and this painful experience could be avoided if the trip were under the soft light of the moon; on the way over, the boys had eaten apples at the farmhouses and drunk much cold water—two bad things for pedestrians to do and all this could be avoided by a night journey; from eight o'clock till five the snow grew soft each day under the sun's rays and the walking grew harder all the time, while in the night the snow would be steadily hardening in the cold and walking would grow easier; the lower temperature of night was favorable to exercise while the warmth of mid-day resulted in perspiration and consequent discomfort as well as danger of taking cold; these and other arguments were presented in favor of the night journey.

"And then there is another reason that has not been mentioned," said one of the debaters. "We all know that something has happened to Bildad's pants and he can't go home in the daytime. He will have to go in the dark, anyway, and our party ought not to be separated; therefore we'll all have to go at night."

There was no mistaking the temper of the meeting; the majority were in favor of the shades of night for a return, but the other side was to be heard from; it had something to say.

Pat and Arey were the two who opposed the resolution. They stated clearly and calmly that the darkness of night would be depressing; that a kind of monotony on the way over had been relieved by meeting people in sleighs or on sleds, and asking them how far it was to the next place, and other questions; that it would be impossible to make the journey without some noise, anyway, and the people, if waked in the night by singing or shouting, would say, "That's them fellows going back" and it would give the people an unfavorable impression of Good Will; if a boy should give out, there would be some chance of his being overtaken by a team and helped along in the day, while at night such help would be altogether improbable; nobody had been hurt by the apples which had been so freely and kindly given to them on the way over, but such a treat on the way back was out of the question, unless the trip should be by daylight.

"It may be," said one of the youthful debaters, "that Bildad's pants are not fit for the journey; but you fellows better remember that there's a dog at about every farmhouse on the way home. If we go back in the night the dogs will get after us, and before we get half way home there won't

be a pair of pants in the crowd fit to be seen; we'll all be as badly off as Bildad."

When all had been said, ballots cast and the polls closed, a careful count was made and it was found that the affirmative had won, the vote being fifteen to two, and so the boys were to walk home in the night.

The dictionary says that a banquet is a "sumptuous feast." That is what we planned. There are many things expected at banquets which were out of the question in the camp. Our resources were exceedingly limited. But who shall say that blue points and soups and salads and creams and confections are necessary for a sumptuous feast? There are many things to be considered. It is difficult to draw the line. There is a variety of standards, too; on this particular occasion we set a standard of our own, and we had much pleasure in the doing of it.

After Will Mack, the leader of the White House crowd, had responded to the request to go away from Camp Comfort with his boys and to keep away for two hours or till notified that the banquet was ready, preparations began. The two long tables that had stood parallel in our dining and living room were placed so as to form an L, the white oil-cloth that covered them was treated to an extra rubbing and polishing which gave the whole place an expectant and appetizing air.

The white plates and cups were laid on the white

cloth and they seemed to be unusually white; a sprig of arbor-vitae was placed by each plate and by this time the atmosphere of the place seemed to be changed. The two birthday cakes, resplendent in white frosting, were placed on the white oilcloth and these, also, were wreathed with arbor-vitae. The two white dishes, with red apples, and wreathed with other sprigs of the same evergreen, added brilliancy to the appearance of the table. The two dishes of peanuts, fresh from the oven, were placed in position and given a finishing touch of evergreen. The nine young caterers in Camp Comfort,—I was only a witness to all this—were getting enthusiastic and each was having some part in the preparation.

The scent of Baldwin apples was in the air; the odor of crisp bacon floated in from the kitchen; so did the fragrance of boiling coffee. The kettle of blanc mange was half buried in a snow-drift lest it should not get cool in time to be served in its regular course.

The boys over at the White House were making a lot of noise by this time, while waiting; the lamps, with freshly polished chimneys were lighted and put in their places; chairs were set and then the door was opened and the banquet was on! A feast? If you doubt it, ask the boys. Sumptuous? Well, there is a variety of standards.

And after all, the interest centered not in the food but in what was to follow. A program had

been prepared and there were to be many speeches; the boys had worked on them half of the afternoon; some were to make their first effort.

"I can't go with you; I've got to get my speech ready," and other confessions of a feeling of unreadiness were heard that day.

When evening came Will Mack was toastmaster. The toasts and speakers were as follows:

- "The Joys of Tramping"—Clark.
- "Tramping it Alone"—Hinks.
- "The Way We Dress"—Gleason.
- "Manly Sports in Camp"—Arey.
- "Our Fishes and our Fisherman"—Wishus.
- "Sports at the White House"—Davis.
- "Sports at Camp Comfort"—Rawson.
- "Our Daily Program in Camp"—Whitten.
- "Our Music and Musicians"—Wood.
- "Our Friends on the Road"—Ducker.
- "Our Cooks"—Chick.
- "Art in Our Camps"—Thack.
- "The Opening of our Camp"—Franz.
- "Mr. Turner, our Host"—Hinckley.
- "Our Future"—Pat Downey.
- "The Homeward Trip"—Fletcher.

The white heat of interest was reached when Mack introduced Wishus. Wishus had never spoken at a banquet before; indeed he had never attended one. This was his first public speech, and he had had many misgivings through the day

and spent considerable time with pencil and paper in preparation for the event.

"Mr. Toastmaster," said Wishus, upon being introduced by Mack,—*"Mr. Toastmaster and My Little Heroes (great applause), doubtless there is no better fisherman in this camp than Willie Mack (applause). The success of his fishing (derisive laughter) may be laid to the fact that he makes his bait look like a worm (cheers), so that he may fool the fish. (Great applause.) So far the fishing in the lake has not been very exciting. (Sensation.) I don't know my piece very well. (Laughter.) I think I shall read it. (More laughter.) I will read it. (Prolonged laughter and applause.) The reason for this is that the fellows have been fishing with bait big enough for whales. (Continued applause.) Fishing is fun (applause) when there are no fellows around to pester or harass you. (Awful silence.) For instance, I started to go fishing the other day (applause) and some of the fellows were the cause of my not getting any fish for supper. (Derisive laughter.) This morning some one suggested that a prize be given to the fellow who caught the first fish. (Applause.) By rights it belongs to me (applause) for the reason I have already mentioned before. (Uproarious applause.) To fish all of the afternoon without catching anything seems a disgrace to fishermen. (Significant glances at one another by the banqueters.) This reminds me of an experience of*

mine. I was fishing in Sebago lake one day when I came to the conclusion that I would not catch anything. I decided to pull in my line and go home. I pulled it in and on the end of my line was (long pause by the speaker)—a salmon weighing twenty-five pounds. (Applause.) This is an example of what any one may do in the last minute. (Applause.) I would just like to mention that if anyone wants any bait he can come over to the White House and borrow our worm.” (Prolonged cheers.)

The boys were to start for home Thursday evening at half past eight. They had saved sixteen paper boxes which had been emptied of shredded wheat or other cooked cereals. These were their lunch boxes. Mrs. Turner was to provide their lunches and they were to be delivered at quarter past eight,—fifteen minutes before the start was to be made. These provisions arrived on time and the boys were greatly pleased to find that each box had been not only filled with food but fitted with a convenient handle so that they could be easily carried. A few “cat-tails” had been gathered and soaked in kerosene,—these make fine torches and the boys proposed to use them for their own good-cheer on the journey. The attempt of some of the party to sleep in the daytime so as to be in good trim for the night was, of course, a failure. We may eat to ward off approaching hunger; we

may drink against coming thirst; but we cannot do our sleeping in advance.

"Now bring out the sky-rockets," I said, "and we will touch them off. These are the ones Franz lugged over. This will be a symbolical exhibition. The way the rockets go up is the way you fellows start for home; the way the sticks come down is the way you arrive at Good Will at about seven o'clock tomorrow morning."

When the rockets had ascended in a blaze and the sticks had come down with a thud; when a song had been sung and "good-byes" said, the sixteen pilgrims started across the pond toward Newport village. The Roman candles, which they had asked that they might keep for a special purpose and which I had forgotten, began to show up as they marched; the "cat-tails" were lighted and when the party was half a mile from camp it resembled a torch-light parade, with Roman candle accompaniment, more than it did a bunch of fisherboys starting on a twenty-seven mile tramp over the snow in the night. They were going up like rockets. Would my jesting prediction prove true and would they come down like the sticks?

I had but one misgiving. The sky was heavily overcast with dark clouds; in fact it seemed that it might rain at any moment and if it should, a sorry crowd would be tramping through the wet and darkness toward Good Will.

"If I could see the moon shining clear and bright,

before I go to bed, I could lay me down and sleep," I said to Hinks who had stopped with me in order that Franz might have the homeward tramp. An hour later, just before retiring for the night, I looked out of the window; the moon was nearly full; the clouds had disappeared.

The next morning Hinks and I reached Good Will on the ten-ten train and learned that all of the boys were at home—having arrived at about seven o'clock, A M.; most of them were in their rooms and asleep.

"We will never forget it as long as we live; it was great," they said.

III

THAT TRAMP TO COBBOSSEECONTEE

It was January 2d, 1908. I had been calling on friends at Winthrop Center, Maine—New Year's calls I persisted in terming them—and at C. I. Bailey's I had stopped for supper. His man was to pilot me down to the little trolley station at the foot of the hill to take the car over the Gardiner, Augusta and Winthrop Electric Line to Winthrop where I could make close connections with the Maine Central for home on the late train. The pilot, with his lantern, made the walk through the icy fields easy, and as we walked we talked. We had been at the station two or three minutes when he said:

"You know I was a student at Oak Grove Seminary for a time."

"No, I didn't know it. You must have met some of the Good Will boys in athletics."

He assured me that he had.

"By the way," I said, "last year some of our boys made a trip to Sebec Lake in March. It was thirty and one-half miles, anyway, and they lost their way on the Lake at the end and put in several extra miles of travel. It was a good athletic stunt for them."

"I should have thought it a rather hard trip for them," replied the pilot. "Wasn't it?"

"I do not think so. Nearly every one of them is planning for a similar trip this year, only they'd like it a little longer. I'm trying to arrange for a trip to Sebec Lake, but it calls for a tramp of something like twenty-five miles, then twenty miles by rail, and an additional tramp of seven miles to the camp. I'm afraid that the last seven miles, after a ride in the warm cars—say, see here! A trip from Good Will to this place would be just about the right distance. Never thought of it before. Don't you suppose I could arrange it?"

"I don't see why not," replied the pilot.

"I would like to see Harris Woodman or Harry Wilkins about it and—here comes the car; I'll write to one or the other or both of them. Good-night."

I entered the car. It is only a few minutes' ride to the next station and the car stopped. To my surprise and delight Harris Woodman and Harry Wilkins, the young men I had mentioned, boarded the car and sat down behind me. After an eager greeting I said:

"Say, an idea has just entered my head."

"A rare occurrence?" queried Wilkins, laughing.

"It has occurred before—once or twice," I replied, with mock seriousness.

Wilkins and I have known each other for years; have fished together for bass in rain and sunshine,

and made some good catches under circumstances that compelled us to share the honors.

As the car glided toward Winthrop we talked of the possibility of some of the Good Will boys taking a trip to the shores of Cobbosseecontee in the spring recess; but the distance was short and the car moved rapidly and too soon the end of the trolley line was reached.

"Good-night, Woodman. I'll write," and we three had separated.

The next day I wrote this letter:

"MY DEAR HARRIS:

While riding home last night on the train, after parting with you, I did a lot of thinking—good thoughts they were, too. When I told you that I had got an idea in my head you expressed surprise. The more I think of it the more surprised I am that that particular idea had not entered my head at an earlier date. The idea of a tramp across country to Cobbosseecontee appeals to me. It is just about the right distance. It would take the boys through a pleasant part of the country but away from railways—steam and electric. If you can find out anything about accommodations for a party of sixteen or eighteen, which has any encouragement in it for me, I shall be glad to hear from you. In the meantime I will try to keep my hopes down until there is some basis for them to rest upon. If there is anything in sight in the way of cottage accommodations I would like to come and look the ground over before the snow gets deep. Of course there are many details that I would have to arrange later—as to where we would get our provisions, the best way of shipping them, etc. I neglected to say in our hurried interview last evening that we would expect to furnish our own blankets—just as we did last year; I mean the extra blankets necessary on account of the cold weather,

over and above the number ordinarily in use in the cottages. I also neglected to say, what you doubtless understand, that, while we could not pay a large price for the cottages, we would expect to pay a reasonable rental. I think the cottages we had last year were one dollar a day not including fuel.

I am sending in this mail an account of our trip last year which will give you a little idea of how the thing was managed and a suggestion as to how I propose to carry out the trip this year, wherever we go. You understand, of course, that the boys who would be with me are the older, stronger boys—most of them in the High School—and all of them boys who are working mornings and nights and Saturdays at a stated price per hour to pay their expenses at Good Will. They are all 'Buckminster boys'—no kids.

In your investigation as to the possibilities for us, please do not urge the matter upon cottage owners. Just find out if you can how they feel about renting their cottages for a month and we will do the rest.

Sincerely yours."

The following letter was received in reply:

"I was glad to receive your letter of the third and have carefully noted its contents. I am this day writing Aunt Hannah regarding her cottage on the Island, which we mentioned on the car that evening. If we can secure these two cottages, with their log cabin, I should think you would be pretty well fixed as far as sleeping accommodations go. Now, supposing we could get only one of these camps—would it do to get one on another island about three-quarters of a mile away or would you prefer to have them all within hailing distance? I ask this because I have another cottage or two in mind whose owners I might see any time and make inquiries.

"Hoping that we may be able to bring the matter to a head and placing my services entirely at your disposal, I am,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"HARRIS S. WOODMAN."

Other letters passed between us. I made a trip to Winthrop to examine the location and the cottages. It was finally arranged that the party should occupy two cottages—one on the west shore of Cobbosseecontee, nearly a mile from Winthrop Center, another on an island nearly a mile from the shore. The two cottages would face each other; an equal number of boys would be in each; B. A. Greenwood would lead one group while I would lead the other. It was arranged that groceries should be ordered in two lots—the second lot an exact duplicate of the first and all delivered to the cottages. A bill of fare was arranged so that both parties would fare alike. The really serious matter was the proper division of the eighteen boys so that the interests of the camps would be evenly balanced. What if all the boys who knew how to cook should be in one party; or all of the good singers? It was finally decided that the leaders should draw lots, but with the understanding that if, by lot, the division proved to be hopelessly one-sided in cooking or musical ability, some further adjustment might be made. The division proved to be as follows, and no change was necessary or desired.

In Mr. Greenwood's party: Gilbert Arey, Fred Cook, Dexter Davis, Wm. Bradbury, Albert Lush, Berton Cook, Harry Fletcher, Fred Rawson, Willard Burt.

In my own party: Harold Whittier, Luther Brackett, Harold Wilson, Horace Davis, David

Dorwood, Robert Tucker, George Coleman, Chas. Warren, Hollis Simpson.

Two or three meetings of these boys were held in order to make arrangements. A letter from Harris Woodman was read at one of the meetings in which he said:

"C. M. Bailey wishes me to inform you that he will give the boys their supper at the cottage next Saturday evening, and that he pleases to have the function referred to as 'The Old Deacon's Lunch.' "

At another meeting it was announced that the Winthrop Center Brass Band would be on hand Monday evening; that the boys would be expected to be in the church services and Sunday School on Sunday and would be very welcome.

Among the eighteen who craved the privilege of the tramp were three whose endurance was questioned. They were Dexter, Wilson and Fred Cook. But these three were persistent.

I had planned to go to the camp the day before they were to start and open the cottages. In order to do this I would need the assistance of one of the boys, but, when the day came to start, and it was learned that the boy selected for the service had not had much experience in cooking and because each boy in the party was counting on the tramp, it was decided that two young cooks be selected who were not on the list. At twelve-forty-five Jeff Jessup and Ned Moody were notified that they were

to take the one-nine train for Winthrop. It was their first knowledge of the fact, but they were on hand when the time came.

Perhaps a fairer morning than Friday, March twentieth, dawned sometime in the past; if so it must have been in sunny Italy or, perchance, in Southern California, where the uninitiated suppose that there are no weather calamities. The moon was near full at the time of the start; the stars were bright in the heavens; the walking was fairly good; the air was bracing. The hour fixed for the start was four o'clock; but, as every boy was ready fifteen minutes earlier there was no reason for sitting about idly waiting for four o'clock to come. So the start was made at three-forty-five A. M.

To Dorwood had been committed certain messages, prepared by men at Good Will, which were to be read to the pilgrims at intervals. The time for the opening of some of them was indicated on the envelopes; others—especially the blue envelopes, containing messages from Mr. Barnard—were to be opened at such times as pleased the crowd.

At seven o'clock the boys were to have a hot breakfast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Benson, in Oakland, and, at the hour appointed, the boys were there and had made the first nine miles, and had also had quite a rest. Great kindness was shown the travelers by Mr. and Mrs. Benson and a few of the neighbors; and be it said, also, that a much better breakfast than had been ordered or

promised was served to them. Here, too, the first message was opened and read. It was from B. A. Greenwood, who was to leave Good Will by train later in the day, and join the boys in camp. The message ran thus:

"The practice of perseverance is the discipline of the noblest virtues. To run well we must run to the end. It is not the fighting but the conquering that gives a hero his title to renown."

The next message was opened at eight o'clock. It was from C. F. Nutter and as follows:

" 'Tis said 'He can who thinks he can,'
So keep a-goin'—
Put aches away and be a man
And keep a-goin'.
Tell Kiko—Cook and Gil and Dave
To keep a-goin'
The prestige of Good Will to save—
Now keep a-goin'."

Then came the contents of a blue envelope—one of Mr. Barnard's messages—which said:

"Don't think of the miles you have gone or have to go! Think simply that you are going to keep right on trudging till two o'clock."

An envelope marked "Eight-forty-three A. M." was opened on time and was found to have this for encouragement:

"As long as life remaineth
So long shall hope exist!"

It was from E. C. McDonald.

At nine o'clock, as the wanderers plodded through Belgrade, Principal Watson's message was delivered, as follows:

" 'Jeder weiss am besten, wo der Schuh ihn druckt.'
('No one knows so well where the shoe hurts as he who has it on.')

Sehr aufrichtig und immer derselbe,—Herr Watson."

Then, out of a blue envelope, Mr. Barnard spoke again:

"Don't run: don't walk fast: don't stop to rest or you'll stiffen up and walking after that will be hard. Keep right on walking slowly and if you are tired simply slow up a bit, but keep on!"

At ten o'clock the envelope marked for that hour was opened and had this sentiment to inspire the trampers:

"Remember, you are all invited to 'The Old Deacon's Lunch' Saturday night.—G. W. Hinckley."

Another Barnard message ran thus:

"If you happen to be real tired just now, keep pegging ahead slowly and don't look ahead. Keep your eyes on the ground about six feet in front of you. It's restful."

At eleven came this message from Dorward's pocket:

"The band concert is to be Monday evening at the cottage on the shore. Meet me there!—G. W. Hinckley."

One o'clock found the crowd a bit scattered. Some were footsore; one or two were lagging, but

the envelope designated to be opened at that time read thus:

"Remember that dinner is ready for you at the camp. We are waiting for you.—G. W. Hinckley.

'He can who thinks he can!' "

Another blue envelope yielded this:

"Nothing hurts a foot more than a wrinkle in the toe of a stocking. Better take your stocking off and put it on again. It will rest your foot, if your foot burns and aches."

Mr. Barnard spoke from another blue envelope:

"If you are tired and someone is just ahead of you it is much easier for you to walk ahead of him than behind him. Ask him to let you lead."

Mr. Greenwood's last attempt to give strength to the weary was worded thus:

"O, the chowders we have eatened,
And the chocolate that was sweetened;
How we wish we had some more
As we near Cobbossee's shore!

We will try to forget
That our feet are awful wet,
And press on, with courage steady,
Trusting, hoping, supper's ready!"

At two o'clock in camp, all things being in readiness, Ted and Jeff got permission to go to Winthrop Center to meet the plodding boys. At three-fifteen I was sitting alone in the cottage when I heard

voices, and, going to the veranda, I saw them coming into the grove. They were singing to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":

"We're here, we're here because we're here,
We're here because we're here."

Five minutes later, at three-twenty P. M., the last boy to arrive was in camp. They had traveled over thirty-five miles; had stopped for one meal and a rest; they had been just eleven and one-half hours on the way. At four o'clock dinner was served. Gil and Chick were the first to leave the table.

"Where are you going? " I asked, as I granted their request to be excused.

"Just out on the lake for a little exercise," said Gil, seriously. "I've a little headache and I want to see if I can walk it off."

"Ah," said Whit, recalling some happy incidents, "the people cheered us along the way. It gave us lots of courage to have somebody come out and wave a hand or a hat and say 'Three cheers for the Good Will boys!' One place, too, an old veteran had us cheer the flag and we did it and then he cheered us. It—well, it gave us courage; it made us feel good."

But, one at a time, the boys crept up stairs to the one big room, used as a bedroom for all who stop at that cottage. In the center of the room an iron rod, an inch in diameter, extends from

the floor to the ridge-board—about fifteen feet. It is a support for the floor. It is taken for granted that the first two boys who went upstairs shinned that rod; all the rest had to do it. As each weary pilgrim reached the head of the stairs and glanced around for a place to rest, the query always came from those who had preceded him:

“Have you shinned that rod? ”

“No.”

“Well, you must before you can lie down.”

“Have the rest of you fellows done it? ”

“Sure; every one of us! ”

And so each one shinned the iron rod before he lay down.

It was to the Friends' Church at Winthrop Center that we had been invited for the Sunday service, and at nine-thirty A. M. we turned our steps thither. The bell in the tower had been rung at nine; it would ring again at five minutes of ten and continue until ten, when the organ voluntary would begin. Fred was sick; too sick to leave the cottage on the Island, but not too sick to remain alone. All the rest of the two groups attended the service.

The afternoon was quiet; some read by themselves in each cottage and in each cottage there were some reading aloud. At half-past six the boys came to the shore from the Island, all except the sick boy Fred, his brother Bert, and Ned, the cook, who had volunteered to stay with him. But it was thought unsafe for him to be longer without

a physician's aid and a doctor was called who with Harris Woodman went to the Island to see the young sufferer while the rest were in the service.

The vestry was filled to overflowing at the evening service; so packed that Deacon Bailey, the aged leader said that it would be uncomfortable to have a long meeting, and, in just one hour, the service closed. Singing—how the people sang, and the Good Will boys, too—song after song, and prayers and testimonies till the time for the end came. The good doctor and Harris Woodman returned from the Island and reported Fred's pulse at one hundred and eight; his temperature at one hundred and two; but the boys were to administer remedies through the night and all hoped for better things in the morning. It had been a great Sunday. There were good prospects for a fine week.

MONDAY

Whether or not the uncertainties of life contribute anything to our enjoyment, it must be conceded that they add to the interest of living. There were uncertainties for the Islanders. It was possible that warm weather might so weaken the ice that the Islanders would be confined to their Island for an indefinite time. In fact, on several occasions, I had attempted to rally Mr. Greenwood upon the probability that he and his party would get imprisoned on the Island by the

weak ice and be compelled to remain there till the ice went out.

"It will be great sport to rescue you at the last moment," I had said. "You should have some red lights which you can use as signals at night. We will let one red light mean 'out of food'; two red lights, 'we have only one match left'; three red lights, 'we want a doctor,' etc."

He had listened to the raillery with characteristic good humor, but we both realized that underlying it all there was a serious possibility. To get caught on the Island and be kept there a week or two with only three days' provisions would not be an agreeable experience. When Monday morning came there were indications that just such an experience might be in store for them. It was soft weather with every prospect of a warm rain.

"Go over to the Island," I said to Coleman, "Go over to the Island and tell them that Fred must be brought to the shore at once. It's going to rain; there is soft weather ahead and he must be got over here before it comes or he may get caught on the Island and the doctor not be able to get to him."

Coleman started out; but it grew warm and dark fast. The snow was melting; the ice might be weakening; a downpour was imminent. But it was a full hour before one of the boys on shore exclaimed:

"Here they come with Fred," and four boys were seen crossing the lake bringing the sick one on a cot. They were singing songs and shouting all sorts of sentiments and this relieved the scene of what otherwise might have been features unpleasantly suggestive, if not really pathetic; and Fred's temperature stayed up at one hundred and two and his pulse at one hundred and eight.

But there were alleviating circumstances—Fred was where the doctor could see him; and he was where he could hear the band play, if the band came.

And the band did come! There were probabilities of disappointment, for rain was certain. Trips to Winthrop Center in the morning by one group; another to Winthrop Center to be shown through the big oil-cloth mill there—these trips had been taken under lowering and threatening clouds. So bad was the traveling on the Lake that the Islanders—many of them already with wet feet—were invited to stop on shore to supper rather than go to the Island and get back just in time for the concert "if the band came."

Of course the Islanders accepted the invitation and it was a happy arrangement all around, but for one circumstance. The provisions had in the main been carefully ordered and all provisions had been put up in duplicate packages. There was in the cottage on shore enough of several different foods for a meal for ten, but the dupli-

cate provisions, in every case, were over on the Island. A compromise was effected and Ted and Jeff, combining their skill, got up an abundant supper for all.

But now it was raining. A well-known band-leader of Portland was under appointment to come to Winthrop Center to meet and lead the band; but would he be willing to accompany the band down through the fields, over the muddy road in a drizzling rain and murky darkness, just to gratify a small company of boys? Wouldn't he go on a strike and say, "The trip from Portland to Winthrop Center is enough for me" ?

And then, there was the band, too; what would the players say? There were not half a dozen in the twenty or twenty-five members that had ever met any one in our party; wouldn't they all strike? We feared it; but it was a crowd of optimists and they all said: "Perhaps they will come."

There was another difficulty: The tramp on the ice in a rain-storm from the shore to the Island would be gloomy enough in the daytime; but what about it in the blackness of a stormy night? There were grave questions, also, whether they would be able to find the Island if they started, for there was no one there, and no light to guide. Finally Al Lush and Ned Moody went over the route before dark and set a lighted green lantern in front of the cottage. It was an unerring guide—or we thought it would be.

It was a quarter before eight when Whittier tumbled breathlessly into the cottage out of the darkness and exclaimed "They're coming, sure as you're born!" and a scene of general good-feeling and excitement followed. A two-horse bus or some vehicle of the kind stopped in front of the cottage and the occupants gave a cheer for Good Will which was immediately followed by a rousing cheer from the boys for "The band! The band! The band!" How the first selection quickened the blood of the Good Will boys! It was worth while to watch Pussy's face—Pussy whose father was himself a band-master in his day.

After two or three selections the leader said: "We will play 'Marching Through Georgia' and can't the boys sing it as we play?" Now nothing could have been easier for Good Will as one of their best songs—"Honor to our graduates"—goes to that air and the four verses with the chorus were sung:

"Awake! Awake! and raise a rousing song,
Awake! Awake! and sing it all day long.
Honor to our graduates, the cheerful and the strong,
While we are loyal to Good Will."

So the next two hours passed; two or three band selections, each applauded by the boys, and then one or two songs by the boys, applauded by the band, till ten o'clock came, with three stanzas of "America" by both band and boys and Good Will's

"Good night" song. There were twenty-three players in the band; there were twenty-one singers in the Good Will crowd.

But what about the Islanders? The green light shining so brightly before the concert was now invisible; either the fog and rain were so thick as to obscure it, or, for want of oil, it had gone out.

"Leave a light in the window for at least fifteen minutes after we start," said Mr. Greenwood, "so that in case we fail to find the Island we can make our way back."

Ten minutes after the Islanders started some of the shore boys watched the receding lantern carried by Mr. Greenwood.

"I tell you," said Whittier, "they are swinging away to the right. They are all off the track."

"Of course they are," said Dorwood, who had just come upon the veranda.

"I believe it myself," I confessed; "they will probably go past the Island and wander around on the other side. We will leave the light in the window all night, for not until morning will we know where they are. We ought to have given them a red light to burn as a signal that they had reached the cottage and then we would have known."

The watchers stood on the veranda and strained their eyes following the faint glimmer of the receding lantern away to the west of the Island and gazed till there was no longer a glimmer to follow.

"It's no use," they said. "All we can do is to leave the lamp a-burning for we've nothing to go after them with; they've got our lantern."

Then they went to bed and listened to the rain upon the roof until one after another was lulled to sleep.

"But I wish I knew that those fellows were under shelter," I said. And then I, too, must have slept, for, upon opening my eyes, I discovered that the sun was shining in through the east window.

TUESDAY

Tuesday was a day in camp. Anyone who has ever given himself up to the pleasure of such a day knows what it means. No amount of explanation to those who have never done it can convey much of an idea of its significance. "A day in camp." How short it is! How interesting! How enjoyable! There is everything doing and nothing in particular. No record can be kept that does it justice; its joys cannot be put upon paper; printers' ink destroys its very atmosphere. But it may be stated here that we learned at an early hour that the Islanders were all safe; that our party was increased in size by the arrival of Sam Allen from Good Will; and, at the close of the day, the shore group made a trip to the Island and spent the evening there.

The sun was warm and bright in the morning; Fred's pulse was normal; it was thought that his

temperature must be nearly so and at eight o'clock he got up. When he came down stairs the rest had been to breakfast. Kiko, Whittier and Chick had been for an hour in their ordinary, indoor garb, on the veranda writing letters; one of the boys was skeeing; another was out at the ice-boat which was moored near the cottage ten rods from the shore.

"This is a wonderful climate," I remarked as I stood near the letter writers where I had been enjoying the warm sunshine and looking out over the Lake; "a wonderful climate; here is an ice-boat on ice a foot thick; boys on the veranda, bare-headed and in their shirt-sleeves writing letters, just as they would in August; and there is a boy a quarter of a mile off shore skating, and there is another over there on skees."

"We might go in swimming," said Kiko and then, as though a sudden inspiration had come to him, he turned to me and said:

"Can we?"

"Certainly," I replied, "the open water ten feet wide between the shore and the outer edge of the ice is all right if you want to try it. If you are going to do these things," I added, "some one might launch Woodman's canoe and add to the gaiety of the occasion."

The suggestions were soon acted upon and anyone standing upon the veranda might have seen Fred Cook sitting in the cottage by the open fire, and enjoying it; Bradbury skipping about on

skees; Dorwood on the ice-boat a few rods from the shore; Jeff, the cook, playing on land, barefooted in front of the cottage; Tucker, sliding on the lake using Woodman's hand-sled; Coleman skating far off in the middle of the Lake; two or three sitting upon the veranda writing letters in the sunshine; Wilson paddling along the shore-front in Woodman's canoe, while Whittier, Brackett and Chick went in swimming. These courageous swimmers were soon joined by Jeff, Dorwood, Bradbury, Kiko and Coleman. Jeff yielded to the temptation to throw snowballs at the swimmers after he had got out of the water but Tucker, who in the meantime had taken to the sled, quickly responded and, as Jeff was not yet dressed, he withdrew from the contest.

"Oh, say, this is a little hard on a fellow's feet," cried Whittier as he emerged from the water to the ice on the Lake side of the open stretch along the shore; "my but it's hard on the feet!"

"Say how, shall we get in?" said Kiko as he stood upon the slanting ice that sloped towards the open water, ready for his plunge. "Shall I sit down and slide in or shall I lie down and roll down the slope?"

He sat down on the upper edge of the icy plane while he was speaking and stretched out his legs as though he must first settle this problem as to the method. The inquiry, however, was unnecessary; nor did anyone have time to offer a reply.

Kiko answered it himself; but not with any extended discussion of ways and means. No sooner had he asked the question than he began slipping down the smooth incline, and there was no way of stopping himself. Kiko's face had been one shining smile; in an instant it looked like a thick cloud, as he slid helplessly forward. He reached out his hand nervously as though he wanted to catch hold of something but no man ever succeeded in catching hold of such a vast smooth surface. Ice-tongs or a chisel in Kiko's hands might have availed something but tender fingers of flesh and blood were useless. Slip!—Slip!—Splash!! Kiko was in and whether he had sat down and slid in or lain down and rolled in was of little account. But his entrance into the chilling wave was unmarred by any accident—his course had been smooth enough—while Brackett, who took more time to deliberate, struck a piece of floating ice in such a way that a piece of skin was taken off the bridge of his nose, the scar of which remained for many days as silent proof that he, too, "went in."

"This is really a wonderful climate," I repeated; "Florida is all right for those who like it and so is Southern California. But there is probably no other place in the world where one can do so many things in one day as here at Cobbosseecontee."

"Did you mention our ball-playing," asked Chick? "You know we've been playing ball too."

"Oh, no," I replied, "there are many other

sports that our climate affords—in fact they are too numerous to mention.”

I cannot tell what the Islanders did after their guests left that night; but when the visitors had returned to their own cottage on the shore the ties of friendship between them strengthened rapidly as we lingered before the open fire and piled on big sticks and sang Good Will songs and changed off to sacred hymns, following the whim of Bradbury who led grotesquely with a forlorn little harmonica. Nearly all the familiar sacred hymns were struck by him and for him to hit one meant that all would sing; and the flames died out and the great glowing coals crumbled in the fireplace and the boys assumed drowsy attitudes but refused to move or break the spell till crumbling coals had become ashes and midnight arrived and a chill crept up our backs.

“Do you suppose we’ll get a chance at ice-boating while we’re here? ” asked one of the boys.

“I don’t know; don’t you hope for it nor mention it.”

And we said “Good-night! ”

WEDNESDAY

There was no early-rising the next morning. It had come off cold during the night—“ripping cold,” the boys said. Everything was frozen. The proprietor was slow in getting under way; the clerk had to make a new hole through the ice

to get water; Jeff seemed to be supremely indifferent to the appetites which the cold weather was whetting. It was eight o'clock when a knock came at the door. Harry Wilkins of Winthrop Center wanted the rudder to his ice-boat—the rudder that he kept in the cottage. His arrival created something of a sensation and the boys finished their breakfasts as soon as they could. By ten o'clock a fleet of five ice-boats was gliding over the Lake—scudding before the brisk breeze or tacking into it and each boat had its quota of Good Will boys, either from the shore or the Island.

Some of the men who pledged themselves to help provide the supper for Wednesday evening had been exceedingly busy the night before; in fact, as late as ten-thirty o'clock it was ascertained that one man, at least, was still at work on pies for the coming supper. In his office that afternoon Deacon Bailey remarked to someone within hearing: "I am going home a little early today; I have a bit of cooking to do" and he did his part well.

There was an informal gathering in the vestry at about half past five; and, at six o'clock, the first tables in the dining-room were filled. It was a fine supper—well-cooked and well-served and the men who provided it may always smile as they think of it, as we will who partook of it. It was eight o'clock before all of the people present had partaken of the supper and then came the concert. The Winthrop Center brass band played.

When the time came for the boys to sing their first selection they went upon the platform and to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket" sang their greeting thus:

"In beautiful Winthrop there dwelleth a deacon,
A man who has lived till he calls himself old;
He showed us his heart while we camped at the lakeshore,
And did us some favors that here must be told:
He came down to see us, he lunched us, he pleased us,
He made an occasion that we'll not forget;
He welcomed us, sang with us, shook hands with all of us;
Everyone said 'twas the finest time yet;
This very old deacon, this youth-loving deacon,
This warm-hearted deacon we honor and love.

We know a young man who is sometimes called Harris;
But everyone knows that Woodman is his name;
He's done some things lately for which we are grateful,
And we will now proceed to rehearse the same.
He made all the plans for our stay at the lakeside,
He gave us the key to the cottage as well,
He ordered our groceries, he aided us daily,
Would take half the night all his kindness to tell:
This gay Harris Woodman, this warm-hearted Woodman,
This helpful young Woodman we greet with a yell.

Would hardly be fair if we mentioned the deacon
And young Harris Woodman and praised only these;
We've found Winthrop Center as full of kind people
As any old forest is full of big trees.
The welcome on Sunday, both morning and evening,
Has found a quick answer in every boy's heart;
The supper tonight has just strengthened these friendships,
And made it still harder for us to depart:
Kind friends in Old Winthrop, good friends at the Center,
Strong friends in Old Winthrop from whom we must part.

O, Co-bossy-so-bossy-con-te-co-bo-coss:

O, Con-te-ko-so-bossy-so-bossy-con:

The beautiful lake in the town of Old Winthrop,

The Cobbosseecontee, we're camping upon.

The snow is all melting, the ice is all slushy,

And soon we must leave for our home at Good Will,

But where'er we go we will cherish this evening,

Though we wander far, we'll remember thee still;

O, Cobbosseecontee, O, Contee-so-bossy;

O, Cobbosseecontee, O, so-bossy-Con."

THURSDAY

Thursday was the last "day in camp." There was more ice-boating. The boys wrote many letters; there was much talk about the homeward trip; Mr. Greenwood in ice-boating collided with another boat—a collision in which Mr. Greenwood himself and the boat piloted by the other man were disabled. The other man and Mr. Greenwood's boat escaped injury. Fred was rapidly recovering; provisions were getting low though there was still plenty to eat; there was a general air about the camp which seemed to say:

"We cannot stay here much longer."

That evening the boys sang their "Good Night" song to the Deacon and his household and then proceeded to the home of C. I. Bailey, where they sang the same song again and finally responded to a kind invitation to "Come in"; then in front of the "Highlands" they repeated the same selection—a farewell serenade for all who heard it. It

was only a coincidence that, wherever the boys sang this song in front of a house, during their visits to the Center the electric lights were always turned on in honor of the serenaders just as they reached the lines:

"Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light."

It was just ten minutes past seven the next morning when the boys started on their homeward trip. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

There were three routes left to the choice of the boys. The one involving a walk from Winthrop Center to Oakland, twenty-three miles, and a trolley ride of twelve miles through Oakland and Waterville and Fairfield to Shawmut and a walk of three miles from Shawmut to Good Will was the route which proved attractive to most of them. The first who arrived at Good Will reached home at six-twenty P. M. The last arrivals were at nine-ten P. M.; these were Simpson, Dorwood and Whittier who had walked all the way and contrived to lengthen the trip to about forty-two miles.

It was an outing entirely unlike any the Good Will boys had ever undertaken; it had been a test of the endurance of some and a benefit to all; it had been made memorable by the thoughtfulness and the continued kindness of good friends in Winthrop Center.

IV

THROUGH THE SNOW TO SEBEC

While journeying one day on the Maine Central Railroad between Portland, Maine, and my home I met Wainwright Cushing, a public spirited citizen and a man in full sympathy with me in my efforts to extend a helping hand to others. In a brief conversation on the train that day he made a proposition that started my blood and quickened my pulse. He told me that he owned a cottage on the shore of Sebec Lake in Piscataquis County, Maine, and if I would lead a party of boys to it, the cottage should be at my disposal for a week—two weeks if I wanted it. The trip was to be made, however, at a time when Mr. Cushing or his family would not be occupying the cottage, and this would mean late autumn or early spring. At first thought this condition would be fatal to the project, because school begins in September, and a vacation any time after that and before summer is out of the question. Schools are in session at Good Will until June and a trip of more than a day or two could not be undertaken.

There was an arrangement, however, which might be made and this was later discussed. The spring vacation comes in March—March with its high

winds and heavy snows; its soft rains, slush and mud. No one can tell which will predominate in Maine in the month of March—cold and snow or mud and rain. But this, beyond all question, would be the time for a trip; and no doubt the uncertainty of weather conditions and the varied travelling would prove an additional test of pluck and endurance, even if they did not add to the enjoyment.

But when the time came there were so many uncertainties and the journey was so long that a compromise was effected and the boys made "That Tramp to Sebesticook."

The next year there were fresh rumors among the boys of a trip to Sebec Lake but a tramp was made to Cobbosseecontee which was duly chronicled by the scribe.

Both of these trips were interesting and enjoyable to the boys, but their hearts turned toward Sebec Lake, and so did mine. Thus it came to pass that one day in November I said to a group of boys—possible comrades on such a journey:

"I am going to Foxcroft this week; I shall see Mr. Cushing who two years ago made a proposition which resulted in the March tramps which I have enjoyed and when I came back I will know whether or not the Sebec Lake trip is feasible."

The boys listened intently.

"It will be a hard trip if we make it," I added.

"We can do it and we want it," chorused the

boys. "We can make a harder trip than we made last year anyway, and we want to get far up in the woods."

From Foxcroft the next week I mailed postal cards to several of the boys whom I fancied would make the trip. The cards were written in order but before they were in the mail they had got woefully mixed. They were as follows:

To Norman Hinckley:

I saw Mr. Cushing the owner of

To Burton Cook:

says he will have a dinner ready for us. I will make

To Horace Davis:

Dexter, thirty-two miles, stop

To George Coleman:

of it in March. I think

To Fred Cook:

to Sebec. Mr. Mayo, a business man of Foxcroft

To Dexter Davis:

over night and the next day go

To Frank Nason:

he says we can have the use

To John Bradbury:

further arrangements in Dexter today and

To Archie MacDougal:

the best plan will be to tramp to

To Rex Fairchild:

the cottage at Sebec Lake, and

To Robert Tucker:

more details before I sleep tonight.

To Edmund Brown:

will know

These cards, as I have already stated, were written in order, but when they reached Good Will they were as badly disarranged as when they were finally dropped into the mail box at Foxcroft, and not one of them alone conveyed much information to the recipients. But when they had been collected at Good Will and arranged, the boys had the following, which was sufficient for my purpose at the time:

"I saw Mr. Cushing, the owner of the cottage at Sebec Lake, and he says we can have the use of it in March. I think the best plan will be to tramp to Dexter, thirty-two miles, stop over night, and the next day go to Sebec. Mr. Mayo, a business man of Foxcroft says he will have a dinner ready for us. I will make further arrangements in Dexter today and will know more details before I sleep tonight."

On the trip to Cobbosseecontee in the year 1908 a series of messages were read at intervals to the boys, at such times as were designated on the sealed envelopes in which they had been delivered to different members of the party. These "wireless" messages were from friends at Good Will. Several weeks before the tramp to Sebec Lake was to begin messages began to arrive to be used on the occasion

but which were not to be seen or heard by the pedestrians until the times designated on the envelopes. As the boys who were to make the journey were members of the Good Will Y. M. C. A., many of the messages were from directors of boys' work; several of them were from State and International Secretaries. The reader will agree with me, that these greetings were appropriate and well calculated to act as a tonic, should the pedestrians prove to be weak.

C. C. Robinson, at that time Maine State Secretary of Boys' Work, opened his message with lines from Edmund Vance Cook, and had this cheering bit for the travellers:

“Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful;
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble is a ton or a trouble is an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only—how did you take it?

You were beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face,
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could;
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why the Critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,
And, whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—how did you die?

With kindest regards,"

Lewis W. Dunn, then the New Hampshire State Secretary of Boys' Work, also quoted verse that seemed to anticipate troubles of various kinds for the pedestrians. His message read:

"To the Good Will 'Hikers':

Apply this sample of 'Good Cheer Salve' prepared by Herbert Kaufmann to the blister on your heel. It's guaranteed to ease the irritation or money refunded.

'Who's to blame if you by worry
Fill each waking hour with dread?
Does the fault belong to others?
Isn't it your own instead?

Here's a sunny plain and cheery,
There's a valley dark and damp;
It's for you to choose between them.
Where will be your daily camp?

Might as well be bright and smiling.
All depends upon your mind;
Might as well enjoy the melon
As to only eat the rind.'

Sincerely yours,"

Anxious to add my own word of mental stimulus, I entrusted one of the boys with the following, and this, like all the other messages was marked to be opened at a stated time. The "stated times" extended all the way from "just before starting from Good Will," on the first day, and "after dinner at Hartland," to various times the second day—such times as 7.20, 8.35, 9.15, 10.20, 10.55 A. M., 1.20, 1.55, 2.10 P. M. and so on through the days.

"Fellows:—

I am reminding you that on Monday of this week Edward Payson Weston, the famous pedestrian, started on his walk from New York City to San Francisco. The day was the seventy-first anniversary of his birth. There is a difference between seventeen and seventy-one; the difference in training and experience is in his favor; the difference in endurance ought to be in your favor. His journey is four thousand three hundred miles; yours is fifty-two. He went thirty miles the first day; you must do twenty today. Your goal is nearer than his; you must all win out, and win out in good shape."

David R. Porter, International Secretary to High and Preparatory Schools, greeted the youthful pedestrians thus:

"Robert Louis Stevenson in spite of constant illness was a great walker, and as a greeting for this trip or a message for the journey there is nothing anywhere more heartening than this: 'To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive.'"

E. B. Hinkley, Yale '10, furnished this for a spur to any who needed it:

"To the light-hearted, the heavy-footed, and the game ones:—

Once there lived, and walked, and fished, a man; and he did little else—save that he thought the while that he was living, walking and fishing. He did not care much for social times; a friend or two who could hold a rod and catch trout were sufficient for him. But he could walk well, and he did walk; he could fish well, and he was a famous fisherman; and, since he lived well, he thought well. All unexpectedly, there was a loud call in our great country for just such a man as I am telling you about; and the man, who had never done anything but walk and fish and think, put his wonderful personality before the world forever, so well did he obey the call of his countrymen. The words of the proud patriot are still ringing in the ears of all who love the United States of America. 'But as for me, give me Liberty, or give me death!' But why do I speak of him to you who are off on a walking tour? Just because I believe that you are getting into your personality something of the power and vigor of Patrick Henry; it is a brand of strength that one cannot gain by riding on trolley cars, and it travels from the toes up.

Yours all the way,"

G. R. Merriam, Director of Boys' Work, Portland, Me., encouraged the party thus:

"Greetings from the Student, Junior, and Employed Boy's Departments of the Young Men's Christian Association, Portland, Maine, to the Good Will Farm, Y. M. C. A., boys on the 'Hike' to Sebec Lake.

Say fellows, do any of you wish you hadn't come? I know you don't, I wish I could be with you myself. Are your feet sore? Joints stiff? Never mind little things like that, you'll forget all about those things in a few days. And think how you will sleep tonight!

Some day you'll thank God that you had the opportunity and the physical strength to take such a 'Hike.' It is only

a few miles more to the Lake. Take it easy but get there. Don't forget—you have an aim—"I press toward the mark," 'Quit you like men, be strong.'

Your true friend,"

E. M. Robinson, International Secretary of Boys' Work, forwarded this for the inspiration of all who should hear it:

"To the Good Will Association Boys on their thirty-two mile tramp I should like to quote the words which Spenser wrote so long ago:

'When ye houses were made of straw
Ye men were made of oak;
Now ye houses are made of oak
And ye men are made of straw.'

"I consider this tramp which the boys are undertaking a most excellent thing in the cultivation of the oak timber of Good Will. I cannot help thinking of that memorable walk of Adoniram Judson's; the miles he walked on the blistering sands as a prisoner, when every footprint left its bloody track from his blistered feet.

"One of our Boys' Departments has organized as 'The City of Sparta,' and in certain respects which you can easily imagine, they are endeavoring to produce a Spartan character.

"If I were writing a letter which G. W. Hinckley was not to see, I might mention also one or more of the virtues of the aboriginal Indians, for they had virtues as well as vices, and our present civilization is weaker because the white papooses of our cities are pampered rather than trained to endure."

W. H. Burger, State Secretary of Boys' Work, New York, had an inspiring message in the following language:

"To the Good Will Trampers:

When the Norman conqueror of Britain stepped from a small boat onto the shore of the enemy's country, he stumbled and fell prone upon the beach. A courtier standing by remarked in an undertone, 'My! but that is a bad sign.' William's quick ear caught the remark of the courtier and instead of rising at once to his feet, he dug his fingers down into the gravel and then, raising himself to his full height and lifting his hands above his head, he declared, 'Thus do I seize the land.'

It was this spirit of indomitable and unconquerable perseverance which made him master of all England a few weeks later.

With kind regards, etc."

There was a deal of good cheer in the greeting of W. H. Gibson, State Secretary of Boys' Work in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which ran thus:

"To the Good Will Boys:—

Here is a bit of verse by Riley which I want to give you as my message:

'It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y rain's my choice.

In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little shift o' clouds 'll shet
The sun off now and then;
They ain't no sense as I can see
In mortals such as you and me
A-faultin' Nature's wise intents,
And lockin' horns with Providence.'

May this tramp be the best ever."

Secretary R. A. Jordan, of the Bangor Y. M. C. A., and a director of the Good Will Home Association, hinted at larger things than the Sebec trip, when he greeted the boys in characteristic fashion, saying:

"Some one has said, 'It is as easy to do great things as small if you only know how.' The only way to learn to do great things is to do small things well; put up a good fight in this hike and it helps you in the bigger hike called life. Keep on going."

And C. B. Horton, at that time State Secretary of Boys' Work, Pennsylvania, seemed to hit the nail on the head, as had all the rest, when he wrote:

"'Tis the coward who quits to misfortune;
'Tis the calf who bawls all the day;
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.

The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire;
The battle is fought on the home stretch
And won 'tween the flag and the wire."

* * * * *

It was a particularly happy bunch of boys that retired on the night of March 17 at Good Will a little earlier than usual. It was an equally happy bunch that jumped out of the beds the next morning when Curtis, having been impressed the night before with his responsibility for waking the boys,

made a round of the rooms and thumped on the door promptly at four o'clock.

For twenty minutes there was life, abundant life; noise, irrepressible noise, and enthusiasm without limit. At the end of that time I returned from a trip to the veranda and said:

"Boys, we are in the midst of a blizzard that bids fair to increase in fierceness and last at least a day or two; the wind blows a gale from the north-east and the air is full of snow."

Then there was quiet on the second floor in Buckminster; a wave of silence made slow progress on the first floor where several of the boys had slept, but the news finally reached every pair of ears and each heart and there was depression of spirits.

But it proved to be only a March squall for at four forty-five the wind had backed into the north-west and stars were in sight overhead. At five fifteen eighteen boys with cheers and calls started from the Buckminster, at the same time that the morning train from the North slowed down at Good Will station to take on Principal Watson, the two cooks and myself.

As we journeyed to the South it seemed to us that the boys were fortunate; the traveling was good; for the snow squall of a few minutes had improved the walking, if indeed enough snow had fallen to have any effect at all, and the temperature was ideal for the trip. But five miles east of Waterville appearances began to change. More snow had

fallen; the trees were laden with it, and though it was such a scene as we had never witnessed before—the branches of the pines and spruce bending under their white load and making a fairy picture of rare beauty—I was confident that further north where the boys were tramping the snow was as deep, perhaps several inches deeper, and progress must be slow and difficult. After changing cars at Newport, every possible doubt was removed; for, before reaching Dexter the train was moving through snow six inches deep—eight inches—ten inches—a foot or more; and I knew that the Good Will boys must be facing the stunt of their lives. To add to the difficulty the wind had begun to blow and as the snow was light it was scudding in clouds across lakes and over hills, filling in roads. What would pedestrians do on such a day and in such conditions? But this was a March trip; it had been understood from the beginning that there would be uncertainties, hard experiences, unfavorable weather and a lack of many of the features that make a summer outing enjoyable.

When we stepped from the train at Dexter, Wilson, a former Good Will boy, a student in the Dexter High School, was waiting for us. He had come to the train to see if we were on board. No one in Dexter had regarded it as probable that we would make the start in a blizzard, and a blizzard—not the western blizzard, but the only kind we have in

Maine, which is a heavy snow storm and very low temperature—had been in progress all night.

"Of course," said men who knew about the proposed tramp, "they will wait till the roads are open and conditions favorable."

But we had arrived, the boys were somewhere between Dexter and Good Will; beyond that we had no knowledge. By using a telephone we learned later that the Good Will party was in Canaan village at 8.20 A. M., and the boys had telephoned to Hartland that they would take dinner in that place, but would be at least an hour and a half behind their schedule on account of unbroken roads.

It was a quiet afternoon that the two boys and I spent in the cottage; but we speculated much as to when the boys would arrive and as the hours wore by we began to watch.

"I think they will be here at quarter past five," said Jeff.

"I say it will be quarter of six," said Chauncey, the cookee.

I assured them that so far as I could judge the boys would arrive at just 6.20 P. M.

But quarter past five came and passed; so did quarter of six and even six twenty, and the sun set, and there was no token that the boys were near; and "Three were fagged out and all were very tired" even at the noon hour as far away as Hartland.

I looked out of the window across the lake at

short but irregular intervals. I sat in front of the open fire and tried to "just set and not think," but that was out of the question. I went to the cabinet organ several times and improvised, but each time I found myself producing minor chords and following mournful strains.

I tried to turn the lights higher, but could add nothing to the cheerfulness of the place; it was cheerful enough as it was but something was lacking. Supper was ready. It is sorrowful to prepare supper for twenty and have no one present at supper time but the two cooks and yourself. It was long after the glow had faded from the west and the lamps had been lighted that the cook and the cookee came in from the veranda and said:

"It's so dark now that we can't see; it's no use to try to watch any longer."

It was twenty minutes after that when there was a sound of many voices out on the lake; a team appeared and the boys began to cheer. And answering cheers went back to them from the veranda.

"The boys are all here but one," said Mr. Watson, "I am here to report that just as we were taking the train at Hartland, Lute said to one of the other fellows:

" 'Don't you tell Mr. Watson, but I am going to walk to Dexter'; and turning about Lute walked in another direction. I have telephoned to a man on the route over which he will probably go to speak to him when he passes, and if Lute will not stop,

the man is instructed to stop him by force or keep him and bring him through in a sleigh. Lute is one of the boys who was fagged out at Hartland. I did not know what had happened till just as the train was to start for Pittsfield, and I have done all that I could. What I fear is that he will get tired and fall out by the way—I can't tell what will happen."

"He should not have done it; the boys were to keep together," was about all that I could say.

Mr. Watson was to pass the night in the village with friends, and left the cottage to ride back with Wilson.

After they had gone, I learned something of the boys' experiences on their journey.

Soon after leaving Good Will in the morning they began to encounter heavy roads, but the first six miles were made with comparative ease. After leaving Canaan the snow deepened; it was necessary for them to break the road most of the way and this they did, the leader holding his position for ten minutes, then falling to the rear, letting the next in order lead for the same length of time.

They had reached Hartland safely though some were very tired; they had taken dinner and a rest; an effort had been made to secure a team or teams to help them the last sixteen miles from Hartland to Dexter, but the stage carrying the United States mail had not been able to get through and no one was willing to "harness up" and try it.

It was finally decided to make the rest of the journey to Dexter by way of the Seabasticook and Moosehead Railroad to Pittsfield and thence by way of the Maine Central to the village. Mr. Brawn and Wilson had heard of this and did not start out to meet the party, but were at the Dexter station to greet them instead and to bring them to the cottage. All were feeling finely and were in good spirits; but it was a grave question what had become of Lute. He was a lost comrade; he was lost through his own determination to do the thing which others had undertaken and been forced to give up.

The evening was like other evenings in such a place and under like circumstances. The supper was hearty and enjoyed; the cabinet organ was brought into service; the fire on the hearth blazed high or burned low as much or little wood was placed upon it; there were stockings to be mended and shoes to be dried; fruit to be eaten and songs to be hummed. In the course of the long evening some quiet games were played; the open fire was watched and enjoyed. Experiences along the way were related; accounts of the visits to the public library, mills, and other places in Pittsfield while waiting for the train were given; and finally and at a seasonable hour, the boys, tired and happy, except that they did not know what had become of Lute, went upstairs to their beds.

With all the party in one big sleeping room there

was much social merriment at first; then voices became fewer. At last lights were out. It was dark; it was silent. Then there was measured breathing in all parts of the room. Then the alarm clock which Jeff had set to go off at ten-thirty got in its spiteful and disturbing work.

"Bur—bur-r-r-r bur-r-r-r-r", went the nickel-plated timepiece.

"Jeff, Jeff," shouted one of the boys, "it's time to get up and start the fire; but there was no response from Jeff's bed. From another corner, however, someone answering between a muttering and a groan said:

"I should hate to have to get up so early."

That was the last word from the weary trampers that night except that Lush had the toothache, for which there was no relief.

"We haven't a thing here for toothache," I explained. "Your teeth should have been in good condition before you started for the woods. I've heard that ice-cold water or ice itself will benumb the nerve in a tooth but I have never tried it and I don't know."

Then Lush went downstairs in the dark and was gone long enough to give the suggested cure for toothache a fair trial. Softly and cautiously he crept up the stairs again in the dark, and as he got into bed he explained to his bed fellow:

"I put some snow on my tooth and I have about killed myself; I hope I'll live."

But there was no reply. It was the last word for the night.

We should all have been asleep then; we would have been, but I could not for a time get out of my thought the absent member of the party.

"If I could only know where he is," I said in my heart.

How could I know or guess that at the very moment he was less than half a mile from the cottage, in the middle of the lake, tramping through the snow and the cold and the wind, straining his eyes for the vision of a lighted window? How could I know that he was whistling, calling and then listening, hoping that through the night there might come to him an answering call?

Later on we got the whole story from Lute himself. When he said to Lush "I am going to walk to Dexter" he meant every word he uttered. He left the boys at the hotel in Hartland with the "do or die" spirit strong in him. From Hartland to St. Albans was comparatively easy but beyond St. Albans the strong wind and the drifting snow made the going hard. It was nine o'clock when he reached Dexter. He inquired the way to the El-kinstown Club and was soon out in the country again wading through heavy snow and facing the wind. He reached the lake, and looked in vain for a light on the farther shore. He tried to shout but it was useless against the wind. "I wish I had asked that man more carefully about it," he said

to himself, and he retraced his steps to the village.

It was now getting late, but he got minute instructions as to how to reach the Club House, and started off again. He reached the lake and this time continued far out on its snow laden surface. Somewhere in that dark rim of trees was his goal, but there was no light and his loudest cries awakened no response.

It was after midnight. There was but one thing to do; he returned to the hotel in Dexter. Weary enough to sleep anywhere, he rapped on the door and rattled the knob, but no one seemed to hear. Seeing a lighted house in the distance, he approached and rang the bell with a feeling of uncertainty. But it was the home of Mr. Smart, who had heard of our lost boy, and who gave him a warm welcome, and best of all a cozy room for the night.

"Oh Gee!" exclaimed Lute, "Don't that bed look good!" And in a little while he was fast asleep.

He had "walked to Dexter" even as he had said he would.

* * * * *

A real peril had been faced on the journey from Dexter to the cottage at Deep Cove Point. There was nothing dangerous in the walk; there was nothing serious to be feared in the surroundings;

but there was ground for suspicion and uneasiness on my part. As the boys walked toward Foxcroft the warmth from the sun increased; the boys quickened their pace and when they reached the village they were perspiring freely. To have boarded a sleigh then, for a ride through the woods, would have resulted in disaster without doubt; but the time taken for dinner was something of a safeguard. There was not an overcoat in the party; what use had they for extra clothing of any kind? The real risk was run when they seated themselves in the sleigh, their clothing still warm and damp from the twelve mile tramp, and settled down for the ride through the forest and up the lake. It was more than a risk; it would be safe to say that colds and fevers were sure to result. But, strange to relate, only one boy succumbed before the test; that boy was Kiko.

It was after midnight when hoarse sounds proceeded from the room in which Principal Watson and his party of pedestrians were resting. It was still later when, unable to sleep because of anxiety, I arose and lighting a candle made my way out of my room through the dining-room and kitchen to their headquarters.

Kiko was asleep; but his hoarse coughing was ominous. There was no question about it; his crimson cheeks and short breath told the story; Kiko was sick. The chill he had experienced the day before, when he had been forced to sit in the

sleigh after his warm walk, had got in its work; fever had followed.

At an earlier hour than anyone had planned, all were up in the morning. It was Sunday—our only Sunday—in the woods. The cook and cookee did their work well; it was always thus, and at a seasonable hour the table was cleared and we were ready for the day.

It was a perfect morning; the icebound, snow-covered lake glistened in the sunlight; Boarstone Mountain, white, dignified, silent, seemed to be only a mile away.

"I have decided I want to climb that mountain," said one of the boys, "do you suppose we can do it today?"

"That mountain!" I exclaimed. "Why that is old Boarstone; it's the highest peak but one I believe in Maine; it is second to Katahdin at least, but it's more than a dozen miles away. To climb it you will have to overcome ten or a dozen miles of snow five feet deep in the forest, and then you will only be at the foot of it; no one could reach the summit now."

A look of disappointment was the only reply.

At 10.30 A. M. a big chunk was added to the fuel that blazed in the open fireplace; chairs were arranged for the service, and the worshippers were seated ready for a meeting somewhat unlike those that were just beginning at that hour in the churches in Maine "settlements."

"What hymns will probably be sung in chapel at Good Will today?" I asked.

"'Coronation' might be one of them," remarked "Allops."

"And 'Bethany,'" suggested "College."

"And 'Abide with Me' might be the closing one," added Brad.

"All right; then we will sing these three;" and with this announcement the service opened.

When sermon time came there was no discourse; instead we gave our attention to the measuring of ourselves, and it came about in a peculiar way.

A few weeks before I had had an idle half hour in a student's room in Bowdoin College. From the center table I had taken up a little vellum-covered book entitled "Self Measurement," written by President William DeWitt Hyde. I was more than interested in it; I was delighted as I turned its pages and became acquainted with its contents.

"In the book President Hyde has placed a chart or scale; through the center of the scale he has placed ten qualities which he calls fundamental; if when the questions are asked you can answer 'yes' to those above the line you will mark yourself plus; if to those below the line you must answer 'yes,' then you must mark yourself minus; when we are through you will add together your plus figures and your minus figures and subtract the smaller number from the larger. The author says: 'Every sentence in the body of this book except

the final sentence in each section which assigns the rank is a question rather than a statement.' Now take your pencils. Peggy will distribute sheets of paper; think as I read and then mark yourself to the best of your judgment. Are you ready?

"We will take first the matter of physique or body. Of course I will not read all the questions which President Hyde asks, but just enough so that you can measure yourselves intelligently.

"President Hyde says: 'Are you careless about diet, irregular at meals, constantly catching cold from wet feet or undue exposure? Do you neglect to take outdoor exercise every day? Do you sit up late at night? Have you a silly ambition to take the highest rank in school or society, no matter what havoc it works to your health? Then you are defective; your rank is minus one.

" 'Do you overeat to the point of dullness or dyspepsia; do you plunge into exciting pleasure to the extent that you become disinclined to systematic work and simple pleasures; do you indulge appetites, in themselves innocent, to the point of exhaustion? Then you are intemperate; your rank is minus two.

" 'Do you for yourself or others carry overwork, under-rest, strain, worry, exposure, unwholesome diet, unsanitary surroundings, sensual indulgence to the point where you know they are shortening life? Then you are a murderer; your rank is minus three.

“ ‘Do you eat and drink what you need and no more; do you take exercise whenever you need it whether you want to or not; do you keep all the appetites and passions under such control that they ever serve and never injure your physical well-being? Then you are a receiver of God’s great gift of health and your rank is plus one.

“ ‘Do you plan to keep and increase your physical vigor; do you learn and play games that correct the unwholesome tendency of your business and profession; do you row and sail and swim and climb and hunt and fish and play golf or tennis; do you meet life as a conqueror? Then you have physical vigor; your rank is plus two.

“ ‘Do you radiate happiness, scatter good cheer, kindle enthusiasm wherever you go; do you enter with such intensity into whatever you undertake that men rally around you? Then you are a natural leader of men; your rank is plus three.’ ”

There was a pause. One or two of the boys looked anxious; one bit his lip in apparent perplexity; two or three smiled slightly, and finally I could see that each one had placed plus or minus signs upon his paper which he believed to be fair and just to himself.

Then followed the reading of chapters on “Property,” “Pleasure,” “Science,” “Art,” “Family,” “Country,” and “Religion,” with abundant time for thought and marking between the chapters. Then the papers were collected; a prayer was



"THE SNOW WAS DEEP"



offered; the closing song sung; and the service was ended.

"I was minus ten," said one of the boys, as he put his pencil in his pocket with a sigh.

"I wasn't anything," said another; "my plusses and minuses just balanced; I guess I don't amount to much anyway."

While still another volunteered this information:

"I was plus twenty, but I guess I must have made some mistake."

But whether anyone was really satisfied with the measurement of himself and the moral stature he had reached, I do not know.

"I am so constituted, boys," I said, "that I am human seven days in the week; I need exercise as much as I did yesterday or as I will tomorrow. I go a-walking and I am bound for Buck's Cove across the lake three miles away. Who goes?"

A chorus of "ayes" indicated that I would not be alone on the way.

"That's Granny Cross Mountain," I remarked, as I drew near the other side of the lake, "and right at the foot of it years ago I camped with a party of Good Will boys and my own family. One Sunday afternoon—I cannot tell just how many full weeks ago it was—I went to the top of the mountain, and to my delight found little bushes just black with shining huckleberries; the first I had ever seen in Maine. There are no huckleberries

there this afternoon, my lads; this is a different kind of an outing.

The cottage at Deep Cove Point is attractive and spacious; but it is so deep in the woods and so far from other occupied dwellings that we were inclined to speak of it as "Camp" instead of cottage and this term was used ten times in conversation where "Cottage" was used once. The hours in camp moved happily and swiftly; there was much talk about many things; indoor games were played which aroused considerable interest; the piano was played some, and the graphophone was in almost constant use. It was announced at the beginning that only Mr. Watson and myself were to operate the machine—not because the management was difficult but as a precaution against breakage or careless use; it was the easiest way of avoiding accident but we were in danger of degenerating into mere turners of crank—organ grinders, if you please; for from early rising till the last light was out the graphophone was going or soon to start up again. Some years we had enjoyed much singing in camp, and if there were musicians among us they were encouraged and urged to do their best for the entertainment of the company; but in this case only a change of record and a turning of the crank was desired. A good old-fashioned sing seemed out of the question—"Let's have the graphophone;" Kiko, who was the best musician in the party, might have given us some inspiring

music but—"Let's have the graphophone;" there were sacred songs, secular songs, and Good Will songs which are a kind of a cross between the two, which might have been sung around the blazing fire at any time, but "Let's have the graphophone." It was a source of amusement, it is true, but it was bound to bring about a crisis soon or late and it did, but the crisis was late—too late to prevent disappointment to some of us.

One of the questions, often asked before we started on the tramp, and asked by those who were not going and had never been on such a journey, was this:

"What can you find to do in the woods in winter?"

Let it be said in reply that there is no end of amusement in a March camp in Maine. These amusements are not the same as one enjoys in the summer; with snow on the ground and the north-west winds sweeping across miles of lake between you and the arctic region one does not stretch himself upon turf in the shade or swing under leafy branches in a hammock nor troll in the early morning nor row just for exercise at evening; if these are the only things one can enjoy in the woods he must wait for the summer. But winter—and March is a part of winter in Maine—has a full assortment of outdoor diversions for those who like them.

To begin with, no one at Big Cove Camp ques-

tioned the existence of the spectre moose, for there was ample evidence that this creature lived in the Maine forest, and who could tell how near he might be to us at any time. This monarch of the woods first created an excitement in the winter of 1901-2. Men of a skeptical turn have tried to disprove the story and have asserted their belief that there is no such giant moose in Maine. But there is; of course there is, and every one of us believed it.

The boys made frequent tramps across the lake and into the forest and frequent reports were brought back of thrilling approaches to his spectre moose-ship; sometimes a track had been seen, sometimes there were brought back labored and ingenious arguments to prove that although no signs of this formidable creature had been discovered he must be somewhere in our vicinity, and once a party which had been to the top of Pine Mountain reported that there was a place on the summit where there were many deer tracks and something had been lying down. Presumably the "something" was a herd of deer but who could say that the spectre moose of northern Maine had not put in a night there since the last snow storm. It was enough to start one's blood to think of it.

Then there was fishing through the ice. On Monday evening Mr. Watson said: "I am going to the head of the lake fishing tomorrow," and nine boys declared they were going with him. They

went. Before the start there were several hours of earnest discussion as to the best kind of bait to use, the most approved hook to try, the probability of a fine catch, and rumors of a big run of smelt up near the "Lake House" were related to stir interest and whet enthusiasm.

In the morning the party, headed by Principal Watson, moved single file to the northwest over the lake, and returned in the afternoon. When they returned, we learned that one pickerel had been caught. It was ten inches long. It represented one inch of fish for each of the ten fishermen. What better thing could have happened for the amusement and edification of those who had lingered in the camp?

A second expedition after fish was organized the next day which resulted in only ten inches less of fish, but it was fun—of course it was—and fishless trips are not characteristic of March alone; they have been heard of even in the bright summer time.

And the snow was a source of endless interest and amusement. For instance, on Wednesday morning I was standing in a group of boys; Pod was so near me that I felt quite sure he would respond when I called indirectly for a companion. No one had stood the journey better than Pod; no one was readier for a skirmish at a moment's notice; no one entered more fully into the outdoor sports,

"I am going for a twenty minutes' walk over the lake," I said, "twenty minutes out and twenty minutes back. You see I've got to do something for a change. I want one fellow for company—only one. Who goes?"

"I do," said Pod.

"Good enough," I said, "come on."

Straight to the northeast we traveled; the crust was hard, the sun was shining brightly, and the lake was like a spotless floor carpeted with crystals. We talked of many things; of the crispness of the air, of the apparent friendliness of Boarstone Mountain as it stood, seeming so near to us and yet so far away; of the good spirit in camp; of the prospect that Kiko would recover without having pneumonia, and that Bud, who had been sick all night and suffered pains that we could neither relieve nor understand, would come out all right.

Then I stopped. Backing off from Pod till I stood three feet from him I looked him squarely in the eye. Pod smiled.

"We are a mile from camp, aren't we?" I asked.

"All of that I should think," he replied.

"And the fellows are all in the cottage out of hearing of us, aren't they?"

"Guess they are," said Pod, still unsuspecting.

"I don't suppose they would hear us if we should shout would they?" I continued.

"Doubtful," said Pod, now wondering what I was driving at.

"They wouldn't be likely to hear if you should call for help, would they?"

"I can't tell," said Pod, smiling, but beginning to get suspicious.

"Do you know why I came out here with you?" I queried, still gazing steadfastly into his eye.

"For a walk, I suppose," answered Pod.

"Well, I will tell you. I came—" and making a sudden spring at Pod I put an arm around his neck, thrust one foot between his knees, and in an instant we were in the fiercest kind of a combat.

"I came—let go my collar—out here so that I—no you don't, old man, you didn't get me then—so't I could—put—you down—and—oh you are choking me, you rascal, you scoundrel—let go—so't I could put you on your back—and—

Pod was fighting for all he was worth; he was getting short-winded, his breath came thick and fast; he panted. He said when we got back that I wheezed. Perhaps I did, but the struggle went furiously and joyously on till we seemed to be balanced in the air for half a minute and it was clear that we would both go over, but in which direction was still unsettled until—thud; we were both down and Pod went first, and was the under one in the conflict.

Straightening his arms out in the snow as I sat astride him I finished my remark which had been interrupted: "Came out here so I could put you down and give your peachy cheeks the biggest

rub they have had in many a long day, sonny; take that," and with these words I began to rub his cheeks vigorously with frozen snow.

"Let me up. Let me—"

"No you don't. Lie still and take some more of it. Take that," and the process continued till Pod submitted, without struggling, to the snowy ordeal. Then releasing him I extended both my hands, which he seized, laughingly, and struggled to his feet.

Fun? Well, it was unlike anything I ever did in a summer camp; and, with our arms over each other's shoulders, rosy-faced Pod and I trudged happily back toward the cottage. We had gone a quarter of a mile, I think, toward the camp and the subject of conversation had changed two or three times. I was telling Pod what I had heard the boys say and what I had read about the spectre-moose when a sentence which I attempted was broken short off in the midst.

"No," I was saying, "there is no probability that the fellows will see him; it is safe to say that the big moose is not within fifty miles of us, but it is pleasant to keep up the bluff and—look out—what are you—let go I tell you—let go," but Pod had watched his chance, taken me unawares, and thrusting his foot between my knees as I walked, and seizing me about the neck at the same instant, he had me prostrate in the snow with only the briefest kind of a struggle on my part.

"Do you know what I have got you down here for," he said, as he sat astride my prostrate body, and reached out each hand to gather material; "'twas so I could—" and then he gave my face the severest rubbing with that sandy crisp snow that I had ever experienced.

Then after Pod had released me and with extended hands helped me to my feet, happy in a comradeship which had been strengthened by this snowy encounter, we trudged back to camp.

There are things which one can do on a summer outing, but he cannot take a walk like that; nor will he return to a canvas tent in July or August with cheeks as rosy as were Pod's on that winter morning.

* * * * *

Organized outdoor sports also have a place in a March camp. Field-day athletics came off in due form, there were the "shot put," when a big snow ball was used instead of a shot; the "hammer throw" when the camp axe was substituted for the hammer, and which always landed in the deep snow, head down, handle perpendicular. There were dashes of different distances, the throwing of the snowball, in place of the baseball, and jumping; all these and other events were carefully recorded, by a duly appointed scorer, and the records were finally lost.

A lot of boys can be trusted to improvise amusements which will prove entirely satisfactory to

themselves on such an occasion. "Plugging" snowballs at a hole in the gable-end of the ice-house at Deep Cove was one of these; this was a daily amusement until the end.

Jumping from the roof of the cottage onto a high snow-drift bid fair to be equally popular until one of the boys in a "flying high jump" landed with one foot in the drift and the other on the end of an upright post which was concealed in the snow. The incident suggested the possibility of other hidden objects in the drift and that kind of jumping was abandoned without advice or argument.

Snow quoits were popular, and, so far as we know, an entirely new game, for which the Sebec hikers should receive due credit. Snow quoits cannot be played in summer time, mind you; they are a March game in the woods, on ice, when the snow is deep and soft. A hole must first be dug through the snow to the ice; then a hole, eighteen inches in diameter, must be cut through the ice to water. The water will come up to the top of the ice, but no farther. This leaves a hole in the snow perhaps two feet in diameter, and as deep as the snow happens to be—two feet, three feet, more or less. A supply of snowballs must be made—these are to be round, hard, and smooth; each player should have the same number ready—four or six.

The players take their stand at a distance from the hole agreed upon before the game begins. Each player pitches his snowballs, trying to send

as many as possible into the water in the hole. Many of the balls will land in the sides of the hole and be imbedded in the damp snow, but these do not count. Only those that land plump in the water are to be credited. After the game is ended the balls in the water must be got out in some way, and this task is regarded as good exercise and a fitting penalty for the one who made the poorest score. In snow quoits, as in the summer game, eleven is the full score.

* * * * *

In the narrow limits of a winter camp in deep woods life would become monotonous if definite plans were not made to get variety. The monotony would not settle down on the camp in one day or in three; but beyond that time, in a boys' camp, there would be grave danger.

I had definite plans for variety. I had told my rugged young companions about them before we left home. I did not ask whether they had adopted the same plans but I supposed they had. I knew the graphophone was to be there, but I had given it only a small place in my scheme for evening amusements. The program as I had it in mind called for a camp fire on Tuesday evening. At this function each person was to place a stick on the fire, tell a story, or sing a song or crack a joke. Wednesday evening there was to be a competitive entertainment. Mr. Watson's section was to give

one-half of the program; my section was to give the other half; each section was to have the other fellows for an audience. As I looked the party over it seemed to me that, in ability, the division was eminently fair and equal. Thursday evening there was to be a banquet—such a banquet as the ordinary camp larder would afford, and a few extra dishes for which special supplies had been purchased.

Life in camp went as usual Tuesday: there was lots of fun in door and out, and the graphophone was always available. Kiko was still in bed coughing badly; Bud was all out of condition, but the rest were in rugged health and the best of spirits. Just after the supper dishes were removed from the dining room, there was a knock at the door; two Foxcroft Academy students had come from a nearby camp to spend the evening; they were welcome, indeed, for they would add two persons to the party, and perhaps they would add each his stick to the fire and his voice to story telling and song. The popper was on duty as they entered; two or three boys were fussing over the fire and the odor of fresh pop corn loaded the air. A few minutes later the graphophone was stopped, for the hour of the campfire had come.

"Who'll be first?" I asked.

There was an awkward silence; no one moved.

"The first will be a round in three parts," I announced, and Rose, College and I took our stand

near the piano, and after College had placed a small stick on the fire, we performed our stunt. We had quietly rehearsed the old round which was popular in my boyhood but which Rose and College had never heard. In honor of the "cuckoo clock" which had contributed considerable to our amusement at times by its timely or untimely cuckooing, we inserted the word "clock" and sang:

"Sweet the pleasure of the spring,
When we hear the cuckoo clock sing"

—sang it till all three of us were into it and all out again; in fact we sang it till the boisterous laughter of the audience made it useless for us to sing any longer and we sat down. Then I made a mistake; at least I still think that had I related some brief incident others might have followed. But lest the other parts should be short, and the exercises come to an early end, I had prepared to take some time myself and, placing a stick on the fire, I half read and half related from memory the following experience in an earlier camp:

"I told you that sometime I would give you an account of my first camping experience. It was in Connecticut, and there were three of us in the party.

"Ben and Rad and I used to talk a great deal about the woods. We wanted to go camping. Ben had no parents, Rad's were willing he should go, but my own parents objected. Father thought it was

foolishness for us to go off and sleep under a tent, and mother was afraid if we went something would happen. And she was right. Something happened the very first day we were in camp. Mother was always right. When I was seventeen years old father told me he could not educate me, but if I wanted to leave home and try to get an education, and 'shift for myself,' I could go. I accepted his offer, but after that I spent considerable time on the farm helping him. One day I said to my parents, 'I see it's no use, you don't want me to camp out, and so I won't do it, not till I'm twenty-one, and then we'll see.' I was twenty-one the twenty-seventh day of July, and we three fellows, Ben, Rad and I, had all our plans laid to camp out the twenty-eighth of that self-same month. But it rained all night and when morning came it was hopelessly wet. But the neighbors said about ten o'clock that it probably wouldn't rain any more, and so we hurried around and got started about eleven. We didn't need sunshine, we thought, and the mist and fog could not dampen our ardor. We proposed to spend four days on the shores of West Pond, a sheet of water in the north part of the town. It was seven miles from our homes, and by one o'clock we were there, and the driver had started back with the team. He was to come for us four days later. I knew what time it was, for I had taught school the winter before, and had bought a Swiss watch with a part of my winter's salary.

"Everything was wet. We pitched a wet tent on wet ground, under wet trees. Hurriedly throwing our goods under the tent, we went to the boat which we had rented—a long, narrow structure, with decided tendencies to leakage, but the bottom had been treated to a fresh coat of tar that very morning. There was a rope but no anchor, and we selected a round stone of about twenty pounds weight to take its place. This we fastened to the rope and called it the 'Kellec,' though where we got the name I cannot tell.

"Rad said he was 'hungry as twenty bears,' and Ben said he 'lowed that he couldn't stand it much longer without something to eat,' for we had tasted nothing since early breakfast. So we rowed the boat out to the fishing ground, and baited our hooks. How the fish did bite! Not 'speckled beauties,' but yellow perch and hornpout. On such food did we propose to live for four days.

"'Just feel of this water,' said Rad, when we had caught fish enough for a meal. 'Let's have a swim.'

"'All right, let's,' replied Ben and I together, and we proceeded to prepare for a plunge in the middle of the pond. Rad and Ben were quickly in the water, but I dreaded the plunge. It seemed as though I ought not to dive, but I couldn't tell why, and it required all the courage I could muster. The other fellows both acted nervous, and when I came up from my dive, and the boat was between

them and myself, I heard one of them say to the other in a startled tone, 'Where's George?' as though they were expecting something would happen. We soon tired of the swim, for we had been accustomed to the salt water of Long Island Sound, and this inland pond lacked the buoyancy of the sea. We all clambered into the boat at once and stood up. The boat tipped to one side. Each one instinctively stepped to the opposite side to right it, and quicker than I can tell it, the boat was bottom side up, we were in the pond and our clothing was floating about us.

"It seemed to us a huge joke. We laughed and engaged in all manner of pleasantries while we were turning the boat over and trying to bail it out with a tin pail which had been stored under a seat. But our efforts were useless. 'Fellows,' I said, when the seriousness of the situation dawned upon me, 'This is no joke. We'd better stop laughing, for we are a long way from shore and we'll need all the strength we have before we get there.' And they both agreed.

"'Come,' I said to Ben, 'Can't you help me head this old tub toward the shore?' and we labored hard, greatly puzzled over the way the boat kept bottom side up, and the difficulty we were having in heading it toward the shore. While we were still trying for it, I discovered that Rad was two or three rods from us and swimming shoreward.

"'Where are you going, Rad?' I exclaimed.

“‘Going ashore with these clothes,’ he replied, as he continued his course.

“‘Come back, Rad, come back,’ I pleaded.

“‘No,’ he replied, ‘I’m all right, I’ve got an oar in case I get tired.’

“‘See here,’ I shouted, ‘You are not going home to report us in the bottom of this pond, and we’re not going home to report you there. We’ll go home together, or we’ll go down together. Come back.’

“Reluctantly he obeyed the command which I really had no right to give, and returned to us. Rad was one side the boat, Ben was the other side, and I at the end farthest from the shore. The boat was wrong end to and bottom side up, but it was the best we could do, and so all three laboring to help the clumsy thing along we began to make a little progress. But we had gone only a few rods when Rad turned deathly pale and said: ‘It’s all up, fellows, I can’t—go—any—further.’

“‘Climb on to the boat,’ we both exclaimed in a breath. He summoned up strength and made a spring, but the boat rolled over and Rad was in the water. The second time he failed, but the third time, aided by Ben’s strong arm, he succeeded in getting a hold, and the work of getting to the shore was left to two of us. Our progress was slow. The wind which came up shortly after we began to fish, had driven the mist away, and the sun had been shining hotly. As Rad lay on the freshly

tarred bottom of the boat, and Ben and I labored silently, a black cloud shut out the sun and we heard the first mutterings of a coming storm.

"‘I say, fellows,’ suddenly exclaimed Ben, ‘the Kellec’s dragging, and has been all the time. We’re stupid.’

"‘He made a sudden dive and came up with the ‘Kellec’ slipped off the rope, and the stone which had retarded our progress and which had served to keep the boat wrong side up, went to the bottom, and I suppose it’s still there. It didn’t take long with the rope tied around Ben’s arm, and Ben leading off, while I pushed, to reach the shore. And when we stood on a round, solid ledge on the east side of the pond, I said:

"‘Boys, if we never had anything to thank God for before, we have now.’

"‘We looked out on the lake and could see three straw hats floating to the south. There were three garments in the boat, my pants, Ben’s shirt and vest. The rest of our clothing was out in the pond.

"‘We can get it all,’ we said, ‘except our shoes.’

"‘But a surprise was in store for us. We righted the boat and rowed out to the scene of the mishap, and learned that clothing will sink.

"‘I’ll tell you,’ said Rad, ‘why my pants sunk. My jack-knife was in the pocket.’

"‘Mine too,’ said Ben.

"‘I can tell you then why my vest sunk, I suppose,’ said I. ‘My new watch that I had to have

last winter and paid for this spring was in the pocket.' But it's a fact that clothing will sink anyway.

"We recovered our hats and went to camp. We kept up good courage, till, wearing the three garments which had been found in the boat, I started for the nearest farms to borrow dry garments for three of us, and assured the boys I would travel and borrow till I had secured enough for all. Then Rad's courage failed.

"'Ben,' he exclaimed, as he lay disconsolate under the tent, 'I'm tired of this. Can't we go home in some way?'

"But neighbors were kind and the garments were secured, and we had a comfortable night, after we had eaten a seven o'clock dinner of cakes and fried fish, and drank coffee of our own drawing. But the team didn't come after us. We didn't wait for it. Our friends scarcely knew us, as in borrowed garments we reached home, and we were so footsore from walking seven miles in borrowed shoes, which probably had never fitted anyone, that we hardly knew ourselves.

"This happened years ago. Ben studied law in New York State; Rad is a practising physician in Connecticut; I entered the ministry, and have spent my life so far in Maine. But let me give you this bit of advice, boys. When you go in swimming leave your clothing on the shore."

After a bit of rather indifferent hand-clapping,

Peggy, who sat near the fireplace, arose, placed a stick on the fire and in admirable form recited "The Deacon's Ride." When Peggy got through there was a round of applause. Then there was a hush. No one moved.

"Who is next?" I asked, but there was no reply.

The awkwardness increased, and it dawned upon me that there had been no preparation for the occasion by anyone except those that had said their say and already done their part. It was a wretched failure—this so-called "camp fire"—and I thought I knew why. There seemed to be an unwritten law in camp, or at least there was an unexpressed theory, that it wasn't worth while to get ready to entertain the rest, when right in the corner of the room was the graphophone that could be wound up and started on its mission at a moment's notice.

"Camp fire is at an end," I said, and someone else said: "Let's have the graphophone"; and so we had it, and popped corn and munched it till the hour grew late and the Foxcroft Academy students who had been silent witnesses of the failure of one feature of the week's program, said "Good night" and started across the glistening snow over the drifts to their own lodgings.

The next day I said nothing about the plan for the evening, but quietly resolved that unless others mentioned the proposed entertainment, it should go by default. I was interested—intensely interested—to see what would come of it. Kiko

was now in bed; Bud's head was bandaged, but he suffered less pain. Peggy came in from a long tramp on the crust and a mountain climb with a headache; but the rest were in fine fettle. Not a word was said about the entertainment, and the evening was passed as others had been with games, some conversation, and alas, and alack! the graphophone. So far the program was *nil* and I was laying it to that "talking machine" over in the corner grinding out its songs, band music and jokes in response to the turning of the crank.

About nine o'clock Thursday morning, as Allops came from a game of water quoits, he asked me some question about the banquet.

"What banquet?" I asked, as though it were a new idea to me, for it was the first time that any part of the program for the week had been first mentioned by any but myself.

"Why, the banquet tonight," replied Allops. "It was the camp fire night before last, and the entertai—well, there was to have been an entertainment or a show or something last night and a banquet tonight."

"I'll tell you frankly," I said to Allops, "that just as the boy who was eating the apple said 'there ain't going to be no core,' so 'there ain't going to be no banquet.'"

Allops seemed to be very thoughtful for a couple of minutes and then, without comment, he moved slowly away.

I noticed not long after Allops left that some mysterious movements were in progress. Occasionally the door into the south room would open and a boy would pass in or out and then the door would shut quickly. Kiko was now up and able to sit by the fireplace and read; Bud could sit up at intervals for a few minutes, till the pains in his head would send him back to bed again. Once when the door into the south room opened I thought I heard the crackle of burning wood, but that did not seem probable to me, for though there was a Franklin fireplace in that room, no fire had been started there to my knowledge or under my direction and I knew of no reason why the Franklin should be used.

About eleven o'clock two boys came to me, and in a very formal but cordial manner, informed me that my presence was greatly desired in the next room. I responded to the call and as I entered a great fire was blazing in the Franklin and had already diffused a pleasant warmth through the room; there was a general air of comfort and brightness that I had not seen there before. Moreover, there was an air of expectancy—a something that seemed to say, "we wonder how it will work and how our little scheme will pan out."

"This easy chair is for you," said College, as he stood behind a great rocker, his hands resting upon its back while he waited for me to be seated in it and in front of the hot blaze.

"Well, well," I exclaimed, as I sat down in the easy chair, "this is something like it. Who would think that an open fire would make so much difference in the appearance and atmosphere of a room? Isn't it fine?"

There was an awkward silence; I gazed steadfastly at the cheerful fire.

"You'll have to say it, College," said one of the boys, glancing at him.

"We—we wanted to asked about the banquet tonight," ventured College.

"What banquet?" quoth I, inquiringly.

"Why, we understood," said College, "that there was to be a camp fire night before last, an entertainment last night, and a banquet tonight."

"O yes," I said. "That *was* the plan, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied College, and he seemed to take hope that the scheme—the fire, the easy chair, and the great deference paid me as I had entered the room—was having the desired effect, "Yes, sir."

"Well, there isn't going to be any banquet. There was to have been a camp fire with burning sticks, and song and story in which all were to have had some share, each doing something for the entertainment of the others. The thing fell flat; only two or three of us raised a finger to add to its success. You all fell back on the graphophone. Last night there was to have been an entertainment.

It was announced before we left home that Wednesday evening would call for forethought and preparation. Various little things were brought to camp for that special purpose—red fire for tableaux, little disguises for faces, fireworks for an outdoor windup and the like. The boys all knew it. But not once yesterday was the evening's entertainment mentioned; you fell down again on the graphophone, and so long as one of us men will wind it up for you, you will all sit around and listen. You've heard me say 'I love,' and you've heard me say 'I hate.' You've heard me say in public and in private that there is just one thing I hate—I hate sin; but today I hate more than I ever hated before. I hate two things now—I hate sin and I hate a graphophone. The thing is here for our enjoyment; it ought to have been a source of pleasure at reasonable intervals. But it has been used and used, wound up and run down, wound up and run down, until it has interfered with outdoor sports and indoor enjoyment. You substituted it for the camp fire; by silent consent of all present it was substituted for an evening's entertainment that would call into activity the natural abilities of the fellows in camp and at the same time create a friendly rivalry. And now you say 'banquet'; but we'll substitute the graphophone for the banquet also. This is not a show of resentful spirit on my part; it is not retaliatory or anything of the kind. We could all have taken part in the pro-

posed camp fire and in the show and we didn't. Now we are nearing the time for the banquet which will require all of Jeff's time and all of Chaunce's time in the kitchen to get ready for it; for them it will be cook, cook, cook, in order that the rest may eat, eat, eat, tonight. Then there will be a raft of extra dishes which must be washed by a few after the thing is ended and the rest are in bed. We'll drop the eating and the post-prandial exercises. What you fellows were to have done you did not do; you substituted the graphophone. These other things did not affect the cook and the cookee. What they were to have done extra was to have come tonight in preparation for the banquet. By substituting the graphophone for the banquet Jeff and Chaunce will be relieved of any extra effort, just as the rest of you relieved yourselves of any extra effort for the enjoyment of the entire party on the previous evening. Do you see?"

"We'll help Jeff and Chaunce do the cooking," said College, hopefully.

"Jeff and Chaunce would have helped in the entertainment if you had not substituted the graphophone for a little effort. It's too late now."

And the fire crackled in the Franklin; and Bud, who had sat up and then taken to the bunk in the corner of the room with a bandage drawn over his eyes, turned uneasily on the blanket, and one or two of the boys went quietly out of the room, prob-

ably to report the outcome of the council and I was allowed to rock in silence before the cheerful blaze.

"Well," said College, "if I had only—"

And just then someone opened the door to pass into the other room and the graphophone belched out into "Annie Laurie."

"There it goes again," I said, "the substitute for conversation, the substitute for songs with your own God-given voices, the substitute for our whole program for our evenings here in camp, including the banquet. Wind it up and keep it going. There are two things I hate—I hate sin and I hate a graphophone."

* * * * *

We arose Friday morning early.

It rained.

"Will we go home today?" was the leading question.

"Probably not if the rain continues," was the uniform reply.

"I am glad it rains," I said to Mr. Watson in an undertone, "for this will give us one more day and night in camp. The 'sposh' is so deep on the lake, that we can not walk in it, and we will have to stay indoors and under cover. The boys can easily make a busy and interesting day of it. From what I have heard some of them say, I think that if we are here that they will run off such a program this

afternoon as they might have given Wednesday night, and just as soon as I see that they are taking that matter up and are going to carry it through, we will give directions for a banquet with post-prandial speaking tonight. Now that we are going to have this long rainy day in camp, it may be best that we have not yet exhausted our resource for entertainment, and we have not done that by any means—it is only the graphophone that is getting monotonous. This is going to be the most interesting day and evening of our entire stay in camp, for every boy is ready to do all in his power to make it a—What's that, way off at the end of the lake?"

I happened to glance out of the window, as I was speaking, and discovered two teams.

"Are those teams coming for us?" asked one of the boys. "What if they are?"

They were watched with interest until there was no further question. The teams arrived before eight o'clock.

"I told you not to come if it stormed," I said to the driver.

"Well, I was not quite sure," he replied, "and out at the village they said for me to come and so I came."

Each big pung was provided with a long, wide piece of white canvas, which when stretched over side stakes made a canopy that would protect from the rain.

There was a hurried folding of blankets, straight-

ening out of beds, arranging of dishes in the cupboard and adjusting of things generally in the cottage, as well as a hasty packing of valises and traveling bags. In an incredibly short space of time, all was ship shape at Deep Cove Point. The baggage was loaded and the start was made towards Foxcroft village.

The ride through the woods was not as enjoyable as it had been through the crisp atmosphere a few days ago. The trees were there, but their trunks were black in the rain, the pine branches seemed to hang disconsolately and when it did not rain the twigs kept dripping water which had already been received by them from the clouds. But there was fun enough along the way with songs and cheers and that night each of the boys slept in his own bed at Good Will, and the longest, hardest tramp that the Good Will boys had ever taken—that tramp to Sebec Lake—was a thing of the past.

V

SUMMER DAYS AT SEBEC LAKE

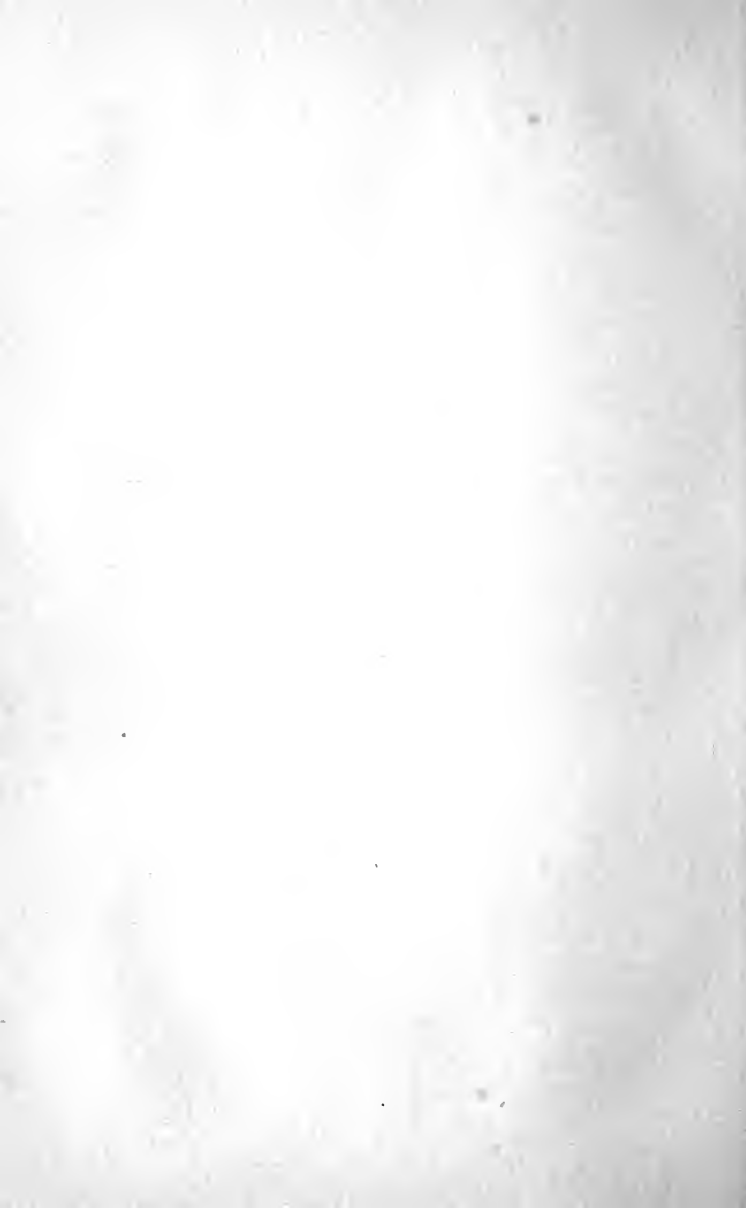
God made the country and boys. It does not appear that the country was created for boys only, but it is evident that the Creator intended that boys should live in it. It is the best place for them. This fact explains the locating of the Good Will Homes for boys at least three miles from a village. But, not satisfied with this, an arrangement has been made each year for ten years past by which a number of Good Will boys—ranging from six to fifty in number—could devote a few days each summer to a more complete return to Nature by a visit to lake or forest and a resort to canvas tents at night. The summer of 1900 was no exception to the rule. The man who usually arranges these trips and accompanies the boys, has learned by years of experiments and experience that if the fishing be good, twenty boys make the best party—as to numbers. In any camp of boys there will be two or three born fishermen. These fellows will want to fish most of the time. If allowed to do so, and there are only six or eight or ten or a dozen in the party, they either will catch more fish than can be eaten, and a wicked waste follows, or they must be restrained in their love for fishing—a

restriction which boys do not enjoy. If there are more than twenty in the party, the fishermen are not likely to catch fish enough, even though the fishing be abundant, and so the party is deprived of what they usually count on as a part of camp life—namely, a diet consisting in part of fish. Given, a party of twenty, and you have fish enough for chowder and fries. Given, a party of forty or fifty, and a fish fry is never possible, and the chowders may degenerate into a Dutch stew.

But when the man with the boys planned to go one summer to Sebec Lake, he deliberately decided to restrict his party to six persons of which he himself should be one. Just how it came about he careth not to tell, but when the time came to start for Sebec on the 8th of August the party numbered seventeen. In this number were included one of the matrons at Good Will, two young ladies looking forward to their first camping experience, a girl nine years of age, and a woman who was wife of the man with the boys, as well as the mother of four of the above mentioned party. The remaining members may not be so easily dismissed. There was Blake, a high school boy of unusual strength. On this trip he was to be head cook. His muscular development is said to be due in part to his service in the Good Will bakery, where for two years he had put in some heavy work kneading bread; in part to his habit of boldly tackling any work on the farm which presents itself in the way of chopping,



ON THE ANNUAL HIKE



digging, or lifting, without regard to amount of muscle called for; in part to his love for athletics. Blake had just completed a ten days contract for bread-making for the Good Will Assembly, in which he with his one assistant had made all the bread consumed at the Assembly dining hall. The bread was often praised by the guests at the Assembly table, even though they did not know it was made by two boys, aged sixteen and fourteen years, and that one night at least they worked in the bakery till two o'clock, in a grim determination to see the baking through according to agreement. Some fellows of their age would have failed up; but Blake knows no such word. He had earned an outing and now was to take it. His assistant—the fourteen-year-old—was Dan McDonald, and he was also of the party to visit Sebec Lake. In muscular development and physical strength Dan was a close second to Blake, a lad of perfect health, and known for his faithfulness to duty. For their services as cooks on the trip, they were to receive all their expenses, and a small compensation besides.

Then there was a Yale student who had just completed his Sophomore year at that University and had acted as a substitute in the Good Will office during the summer absence of the book-keeper. This was his first trip into the Maine woods.

There was Nutter, a genuine fisherman, who has been a member of nearly all the Good Will parties "that ever were." Stalwart of figure, a lover of

woods and water, it must be a rare circumstance indeed that would keep him from such a trip as this party was to take. He is a fisherman because he was born so; and has become so accustomed to "catching fish" and getting a lot of them, that the use of a rod and reel was at first a trial of patience.

"Let me get hold of that line," he shouted excitedly, when he had been playing a good-sized bass for five minutes at Seabasticook one day, "let me get hold of that line and yank him in;" but the man in the boat quietly responded, "No; you are doing something more than yanking in fish now. You are taking your first lesson in the use of the rod. Give the fish a chance, and land him if you can." And when five minutes later the fish was in the bottom of the boat, Nutter sighed and exclaimed:

"I wanted to yank him in—I was afraid he would get away."

Then there were the two sons of the man with the boys—the older, who because of the generous framework for a good-sized man, on which he has succeeded in laying a blanket of firm flesh, is lovingly called "Jumbo;" and Ed Ben, the youngest boy in the party, twelve years of age.

Ed McDonald—so fair of countenance that long ago he was familiarly known as "Rosy"—was not to be left out. Ed has been grocery boy for three successive years at Good Will. He was responsible for the delivery of groceries to the various cottages,

and kept the record of all goods in his line delivered to the different families.

Sam was also one of the number. Sam has friends who will not let him forget some things. For instance, years ago he had a deal of difficulty with pronunciation. He himself relates, and his friends will not let him forget, that once in the Good Will school, when he was a small boy, as one of the other boys in the reading class got through with a paragraph in which occurred the words "fatigue" and "mucilage," Sam raised his hand.

"What mistake did he make, Sammy?" said the teacher.

"He mispronounced 'fat-i-goo,' " said Sam.

The teacher smiled, It was more than a smile from the class which greeted Sam. Somewhat nettled he exclaimed:

"Well, I don't care; he didn't pronounce 'muck-i-lage' right, anyhow."

Another one was Austin Robinson, the boy station agent at Good Will, who had visited Sebec Lake last spring with the man with the boys, in a preliminary trip to select a site for the camp of 1900.

To these were added Harry Kimball, a former Good Will boy, who was going to Sebec Lake with the rest "because he wanted to," and E. J. Gardiner, a young man, who was among the first Good Will boys, and who had never missed a Good Will Camp.

Under clear skies, in the forenoon of Aug. 9th,

the procession started. First there was a two-seated carriage carrying the ladies. Then came a three-seated wagon loaded with boys, hand-bags, and blankets; a two-seated wagon with a similar load of boys and dressing cases, and finally, a cart well loaded with tents and groceries. Canaan was reached soon after noon, and her stores yielded ginger snaps, cheese, crackers and bananas for the pilgrims. Sibley Pond was passed soon after one o'clock; and the Canaan hills disappeared, as the party moved forward to Hartland. At St. Albans a pond was passed.

"What lake is that?" inquired one of the party.

"That is Bear Pond," explained the man with the boys."

"Its shores are not bare," remarked one of the boys, reflectively.

"No," exclaimed another, "but I can't bear to pass it without stopping to fish."

"Well, you'll have to," said Sam, consolingly, "but you can just bear it in mind."

Then some of the party silently wondered whether a foreigner, learning the English language, would be able to get his bearings if he listened to such a conflagration. The English language is always interesting.

It was just dark when the pilgrims, having completed their first day's journey, alighted from the vehicles, in Mr. Ham's dooryard, and exchanged greetings with the family. Such visitors were not unexpected, for Mr. and Mrs. Ham had been noti-

fied that the party would appear to them about that time. The boys prepared supper in the yard; the ladies were invited into the house for the evening meal and for the night. But not a boy in the party was ready to accept such an invitation if it could have been extended. It was the original intention to pitch the tents in the Ham orchard for the night, but the plan was abandoned, and the boys decided to sleep in the barn. At an early hour they sought their resting-place. The majority repaired to the loft of the barn and spread blankets on straw four feet deep; two or three preferred to smooth out their blanket in the open field, and sleep "under the moon and stars," while Nutter and a companion made their bed on the bottom of the long hay rack, which stood on the barn floor. It was whispered that it would be a fine thing after Nutter and his companion were asleep, to quietly roll the hay rack out of the barn into the field. The suggestion was greeted with a suppressed giggle and expressions of approval, but the hay rack was not run out that night. Not till the return trip did Nutter get his midnight ride from the barn floor to the hay-field. Did the boys sleep? Some; but most of them knew when the first blush of dawn appeared, and when day broke. They knew when the cocks in the neighbors' yards answered crow to crow; and they heard the sound of the milk, striking the bottom of the empty tin pail, as the farm-hand began the milking of the first cow,

Breakfast was relished that morning, and at the early meal the boys had abundant proof of the kindheartedness of their hosts. But as soon as breakfast was over, the yard presented a business-like appearance. Horses were led to drink; boxes and packages were re-arranged in the wagons. The ladies' baggage was transferred from the house to the carriages, and when all was in readiness for the start, the man with the boys, standing on the veranda of the hospitable home, read a psalm of thanksgiving and offered a brief prayer. Then it was "good-bye" and away.

Two or three abandoned farms were passed—only two or three on the entire journey. But with so little to attract attention, some of the pilgrims resorted to wayside euchre as a means of shortening the hours. In this game two sides are chosen, but the "sides" usually consist of the persons sitting on either side of the wagon. For instance, those sitting on the left side of the wagon constitute one side, those on the right the other side. and the driver acts as referee. A set of values attaching to domestic stock and fowls is adopted. A horse counts 5; each cow, 5; but a white horse or cow counts 10. Sheep count 3 each; hens, one each; ducks, 2; turkeys, 3; crows, 10; hawks, 20; woodchucks, 10; pigs, dogs or cats, 5 each, etc.

Some one must keep "the count" with pencil and paper. It is usually decided before the game begins, at what point it shall commence and where it

shall end. Then those on the left side scan the fields and dooryards for such stock and poultry as has a fixed value on the schedule. All such animals, fowls or birds left of the road belong to the party on the left side of the wagon. The other side scans the fields on the right side in the same way. Simple as is the game, it nevertheless affords much amusement; sometimes leads to exciting episodes, and makes a ride interesting, which might otherwise prove tedious. The game also results in a knowledge of the character and quality of farming, which one would not otherwise obtain. Anyone who took part in the game on the trip could tell at the end of the journey the relative worth of sheep, neat cattle, horses and poultry through the country traversed. They could have also told of the absence of geese, the rarity of turkeys, and the unexpected scarcity of dogs in Piscataquis Co. No quarrel resulted from the game, though there were "some words" when Sam claimed that "owl" was three-fourths of a "fowl," and should be estimated accordingly; and also when he insisted upon having five added to the score of his side, when no horse was in sight, because it was a "one horse town" they were passing through. At Lower Abbott a telephone message was sent to the Lake House which filled Landlord Packard with consternation. "We want a late dinner and lodging for eighteen. Will come about 2 o'clock." The Lake House was filled with guests; there was not room for more.

But it rained so hard that the pitching of tents was impracticable, and something must be done. Arrangements were therefore made by which the ladies could have rooms in the house, and the boys could sleep in the bowling alley.

The next morning the party was again fortunate—weather was fine for the start to camp. At 6 A. M. the steamer, "Favorite," moved away from the wharf loaded with our baggage and a party of sixteen. Hermann and Rhodes had made an early start back to Good Will with the teams. It was well that some of us went to Birch Mountain the day before to select the camping site; for when the steamer stopped, the Captain said: "Here you are; this is Birch Mountain." "But this is not the spot we selected," said the man. "The spring is right there," said the Captain. "This is Birch Mountain. That to the right is Pine Mountain. That to the left is Granny Cross Mountain." The man with the boys insisted on being left at the site previously selected, which proved to be at the foot of Granny Cross Mountain. One of the ladies of the party said that the situation was "fine;" others described it as "grand," "beautiful," "lovely," and "exquisite." The boys had to introduce a new supply of adjectives. Nutter said it was "neat;" Kimball characterized it as "slick;" McDonald said 'twas a "dandy;" Jumbo called it a "peach," and Blake declared he "wouldn't camp anywhere else if he had to."

That afternoon five tents were put up—one for the ladies, three for boys, and the fifth a shelter for provisions. In all their camping experiences the boys had never pitched their tents so close to the water's edge. We had no tables or cooking conveniences, but Blake and Dan had dinner in good season, served in primitive fashion.

A few rods in the rear of the site of the tents begins the ascent of Granny Cross Mountain. High boulders and blocks of granite are thrown together in startling fashion, telling the story of frightful convulsions in ages past. The climb up the mountain is difficult—in places, impossible. The top is covered with huckleberry and blueberry bushes, at this time loaded with fruit, which added much to the table supply, as well as affording the boys many an impromptu repast. But the mountain was itself a constant joy. Its rugged sides, the short, but almost perilous ascent, the view from its summit of lake, mountain and forest, was worth a far more difficult journey.

By the way, the rocks about Sebec Lake are a feature in themselves. The late Dr. Bunker of Cambridge was a lover of "Sebec" and its rocky shores. In his last will and testament he left instructions that for his monument, a rock weighing not less than a ton should be transferred from the shores of Sebec Lake to his grave, and on one side, his name and the proper date should be placed. I sympathize with Dr. Bunker and also with the

author of our national hymn, in the sentiment "*I love thy rocks.*" I have no use for a sand hill, or an arid plain. It is true that Dr. Smith in the same immortal production said "*thy woods and templed hills*" but the hills he wrote of, and the hills we sing of, are either fertile, or rugged and rock-ribbed. Sand hills are never "templed." A temple on a sand hill cannot stand. Of a house it was said in sacred parable: "It was founded on a rock."

On Monday morning, Aug. 13th, a letter was mailed to New York, by the man with the boys, which read as follows:

Aug. 12, 1900.

My dear Brother:

This morning I assembled my family of fifteen persons around our breakfast—not breakfast table, for we have none; not in my home, for here in the wilderness we are homeless save for our canvas tents—and after reading a psalm, I offered prayer. Twice since then today, we have gathered on the bank of the lake, close to the water's edge, for meals. Aside from this it has been a day of quiet—of absolute rest. The morning I spent on top of Granny Cross Mountain; the afternoon, in the thick woods between mountain and lake. It has been a Sabbath unlike any other. I have enjoyed it—just one, but I would not like many such in a life time. I'd rather preach or make opportunities for others to preach than to spend my Sunday thus. But I've been close to Nature—to Nature in her rugged, as well as most beautiful forms. To me it is all delight, yet I'm sure if left to myself with Nature I could never have found Him. "From Nature to Nature's God" is not in me. For me, the Divine revelation in the written word was necessary. I am grateful beyond measure for the Divine record: "In the beginning God created" and all

that follows. I am glad for all the evidences of His power I see today, on every side, but am also rejoicing that "It is written" in the inspired page as well, that God is Infinite Love, as He is also Infinite Power. I have been in reminiscent mood today. Twenty years ago today I pledged, at the matrimonial altar, my love to the fairest of brides; I look back on twenty years of happy married life; I have with me in the Maine woods today the bride of twenty years ago, and our four children—all strong and well, all in love with their temporary surroundings. Tomorrow I go still deeper into the forest, to lakes to which we must take our boat by successive carries. Only four of us will undertake the trip. I'll tell you about it later.

Yours sincerely,

No doubt the writer of the letter was sincere and really intended to "go still deeper" into the forests, and he did, but not in the manner intended. Sebec Lake is thirteen miles long, and alone affords many trips and abundant recreating. But there are other lakes and ponds within reach. To the northeast, a mile and a half from Buck's Cove, is Buttermilk Pond. This is two miles long, and a mile wide. From it a beautiful view can be had of Boarstone Mountain, and the lake is reputed to have in its depths both togue and salmon. Seven minutes' walk from Long Pond is Crooked Pond; thirty minutes' walk from Crooked Pond takes one to Third Pond, and a short distance beyond this is Burden Pond. It was the purpose of the man with the boys to take three of their number Monday and start for a tour of these ponds. But the trip of a mile and a half through the forests, with a boat, is

not a matter to be undertaken without counting the cost. There were no canoes in use by us, but we had light canvas boats. It was our plan to carry the boat to Buttermilk Pond, thence to Crooked Pond, to Third Pond, and then leisurely return; trying the trout in Third, and stopping over night to fish for togue in Buttermilk. The man with the boys counselled a trip on the longest carry without the boat, in order to decide whether it was a trip worth the taking. This was a fortunate decision, for had we gone Monday, as first planned, we would have been in the woods Monday night with no shelter but the canvas boat—which would have been slender for four—during a pouring rain, which set in quite unexpectedly about nine o'clock in the evening. So the preliminary trip was made Monday by Nutter, Kimball and the men. The trip was decided as not only feasible but desirable. There the matter rested for a night and a day. The entry in a journal for that day was this:

“Fine day; poor fishing; Captain Crockett called at camp with Steamer ‘Golden Rod’ and took the boys for a sail. Jolly time. All the boys who happened to be in camp went, including the two cooks and the cookee. This made dinner very late. A big tree near fireplace was pushed over; fell into lake. Later the Yale student was on the end of it, chopping. He wore white pantaloons; lost balance—student, pants, axe, all go into water. Student’s person and his ardor both dampened. No perma-

nent injury. Man and two boys make trip to Buttermilk Pond; another party visited Willimantic. Ed Ben caught black bass from shore."

This last statement appears commonplace enough, and it is, but this particular bass was caught under these circumstances:

Ed Ben was fishing from the rocky shore—fishing for anything that might come his way. He finally had a "good bite," and soon learned that a fair-sized bass was on his hook. But before he could land him, the wary fish darted under a rock for refuge. At the same time Capt. Crockett arrived on the "Golden Rod" and invited the boys to take a trip eight miles down the lake. Ed wanted to go. With some of us it would have been a question of fish or excursion, but Ed planned for both, on the general principle, that when you go into the woods you had better take all that comes your way. So he clipped his line, and fastened it to a rock on the shore, and thus leaving the bass well hooked in readiness for his return, he embarked aboard the "Golden Rod" with the rest. On his return, three hours later, he went back to his half completed task and landed his fish successfully.

Near Sebec Lake small ponds, which in some places would be called beautiful, are regarded with indifference. Sebec outshines them, just as a magnificent cathedral belittles chapel and meeting-house, which otherwise would stand forth in beautiful proportion. At Granny Cross Cove starts a path

which leads to Bear Pond—a diamond in an emerald setting. Bear Pond is nearly circular, a third of a mile in diameter, and cherishes one little island on its bosom. On the island are half a dozen small trees. When the man with the boys said to Landlord Packard, "Is there anything in Bear Pond?" he replied, "There are some bass there," but he said this with a slighting air, which we did not understand. The next day Nutter, Kimball and Gardiner shouldered a boat, and made the carry to Bear Pond, returning with about a dozen bass. The size of these fish threw a flood of light on the Landlord's manner. They were small and dark-colored. This party returned at dinner time bringing their boat with them, but after dinner another party, led by the man with the boys, went over with a boat and spent the afternoon. More light on the Landlord's manner! The whole party caught only three fish—insignificant creatures which, so far as we knew, may have been all that Nutter, Kimball and Gardiner left. One black bass, and two white perch! But a lake dropped in the forest, surrounded with dense foliage of birch and popple, with here and there a dark evergreen, is an object of beauty, whether it has fish within its depths or not.

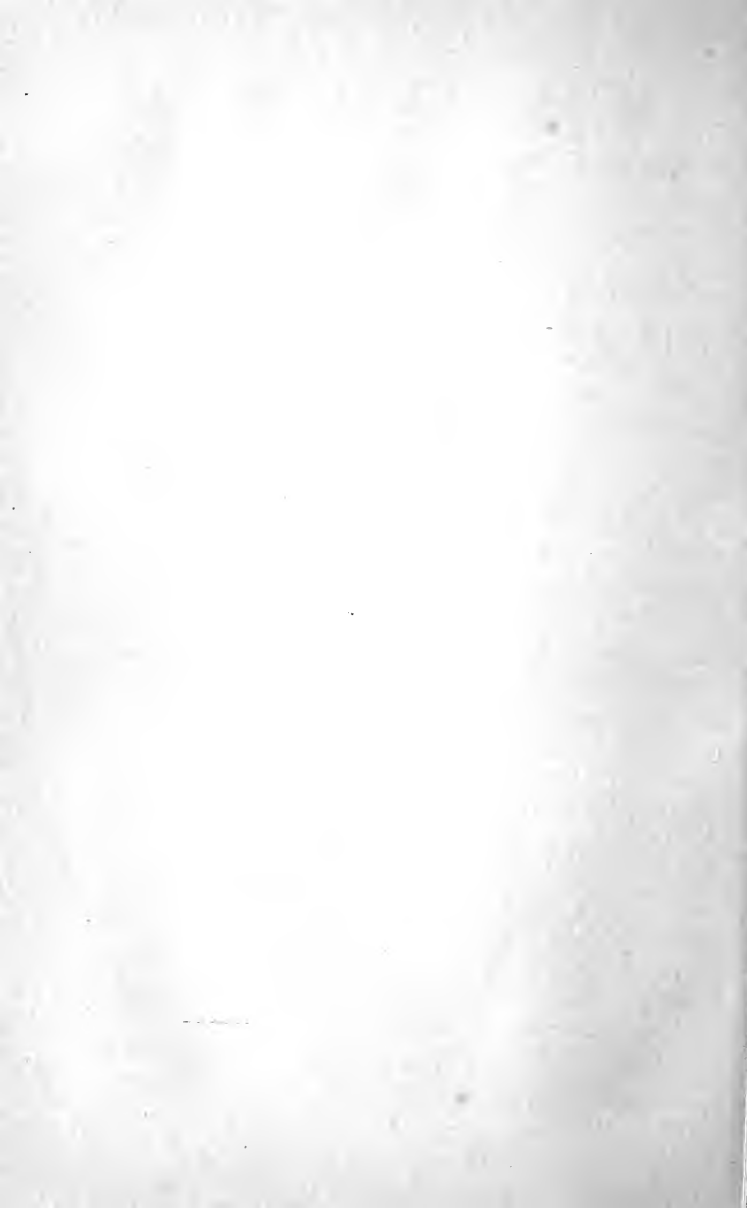
The visit to Bear Pond threw light on something else, for the man with the boys. He had been to Buttermilk Pond the day before to see if a trip, the plan of which he had for some time cherished, was feasible. He also followed the boys on their way



ALONG THE RIVER ROAD ABOVE BINGHAM



ON LITTLE BEAR POND



to Bear Pond, when they walked freely along under the boat as though they went for pleasure. He said the carry was a great success: it was fine; could be done any day, etc. The whole thing was done so easily that, when at Bear Pond he wanted to stay a little longer, he proposed that two boys should stay with him and fish, taking the boat back later. Sam and Ed McDonald stayed. The two young ladies returned to camp, as did also the rest of the boys. It occurred to the man that the mother of four of the campers might like to see this pond in the heart of the forest, and McDonald went back to the camp to escort her over. After she had made a tour of the pond the return to camp with the boats began. To the man with the boys, the boat looked like a very clumsy, unwieldy affair. It had not seemed so when it moved along so steadily, perched on the heads of the four strong fellows who transferred it across the carry. But it did look awkward enough now—and heavy. McDonald and Sam looked sober. There was an air about them which said they were sorry they were there. They cast their eye along the length of the boat. How light, and short, and graceful she had appeared when gliding on the waters of Sebec, or even of Bear Pond; how ungainly and undesirable she appeared on land, waiting to be toted through the woods.

“Which end will you take?” said the man with the boys, solemnly.

"It don't make a diff of bitterness to me," said Sam, smiling.

"Let me take the head end," said McDonald, cheerfully, "that's the heaviest."

"No," said the man, "I'll take that end myself."

The mother took the fishrods, the man's cap, which was decorated with a supply of fishhooks and various kinds of artificial bait, and the camera, and went ahead. The three in some way inverted the boat and got under it, and after straightening up were ready for the trip. The man had the lead; McDonald had the opposite end, while Sam was midway between stem and stern. But though the man had the lead he did not have control. Sometimes the boat would shoot ahead, sometimes slow up—the velocity depending on the other two quite as much as upon himself. But he had one advantage. Though his head was up in the boat, he could see the rocks, when he was within three or four feet of them, in time to avoid a stumble himself, and also to caution his fellow laborers. "Rocks," "big log," "corduroy," "bad place," "very bad place," "smooth path," "mud hole," "the worst yet," and other information was furnished by him unsparingly.

"I can't—lift—much in here," grunted Sam, under the boat, "you've got all the heft of it yourself."

"Come on," said the man, "I'm all right."

"Hi!" exclaims McDonald, as the boat lurches'

and nearly upsets its carriers; "struck my foot—'gainst a stone—didn't see it—in time." But notwithstanding all these difficulties progress was rapid. The entire distance to be made was less than half a mile.

"Shall we stop and rest?" asked the man in the lead.

"No, siree," puffs the rear boy; "the other fellows didn't rest but twice; we won't rest but once. See?"

"Yes," the man could see, and approved of the vision. When the halt came, Sam insisted that he had not been able to do his part, being in the middle of the procession, and not able to lift much. He would gladly exchange with the leader. This the man consented to do, and could have wept over the decision ten minutes later. Taking his place under the middle of the inverted craft, he placed his shoulders and back against the burden. The procession started. Sam steps up onto a rock in the way; the man straightens up instantly, to be sure and carry his part. Sam stoops down on his onward march, the boat descends, with him, on the luckless middle man. For an instant the burden is overpowering; but Ed, the rear man, steps onto the same rock. The boat rises; the middle man straightens, down comes the boat—fearful thump on the man's head—but onward moves the triumphal procession.

The man in the middle is at the mercy of the

other two. He does not know when the boat is to rise, or when it is to lower; when it is to lurch to the right, or sway to the left; he is simply under the boat to have his shoulders burdened and unburdened, his head thumped, his back bent double—a series of unpremeditated punishments inflicted by the young fellows who are really carrying the boat. He doesn't know anything. He simply wonders. He wonders why the other fellows go so fast—why they don't go faster—why the boat comes down on his shoulders so heavy at times—why at others the boat doesn't touch him—why he ever took the middle position anyway—what the bill for damages to the boat will be in case his head goes through it—whether there will be an end of the carry. He hears the voice of the mother of his children shouting in sweet, warning voice: "There's a big log across the path here, but he doesn't care; a log's as good as anything. It only means that Sam will step up on it, and then step down; that the boat will rise and fall with him, and that he—the middle man—will get full benefit at no extra cost; that before he recovers himself, Ed, at the rear, will rise and fall in the same way.

But there's an end to even the longest carry. There is light in the woods. Sebec Lake is just ahead. At last the boat is turned over and lowered to the ground. The man wipes beads of sweat from his brow; he is dizzy. Sam and McDonald

seem for a moment to be staggering, but it is his vision that is at fault.

He rights himself and takes inventory of personal results. He has a spinal column—he is sure of that—and it seems to have been wrenched. Then he seems to have two spinal columns, yes, three of them, and all seem to be broken in two places at least.

It is only half a mile from Sebec Lake to Bear Pond; but the man had endured much on the homeward journey under the boat.

"Boys," he said at the supper table that night, "It isn't more than nine miles from Bear Pond to Sebec Lake. Anyone who says it is ten miles across there, either deliberately exaggerates, or has been across under a boat, as the middle man. It's only nine miles—put it down as nine, anyway. I have been the whole length of it."

* * * * *

"Oh, oh, do you see it?" It was the middle of the forenoon; the voice of a young woman rang through the woods, from a boat just off shore. There was a tremor of delight in the voice. Yes, we could all see it—a patch of blue sky overhead, and a bright spot on the mountain across the lake, where the sun's rays were flooding a small area with brightness. We had been looking for sunshine for two days, and for two days it had rained. The poor weather was disarranging our plans, and

there was a feeling that the ladies in the party might get despondent over the continued dampness. And now the sunshine was surely coming. Several days of bright weather followed this clearing off. The morning after the sunshine, the trip to the Buttermilk Ponds, which had been twice postponed on account of the weather, was undertaken. Two young ladies and several boys were to accompany the party across the carry, for the sake of a look at Buttermilk, and the walk through the woods. The boys aided in carrying the boat, while the ladies carried oars, camera, caps and other light articles. The man insisted that the trip should be an old fashioned one—such as were indulged in before the advent of canned goods, and that the supplies should consist of corn meal, salt pork, with dependence upon fish for further food. There were to be five pounds pork, ten pounds meal, and salt sufficient. Just why the boy should have thought three quarts of salt necessary, the writer cannot tell; but the supplies were as above stated, with the salt added. At the last moment the man slipped into the tin pail a few crackers, eight boiled eggs, and a box of baked beans. It was well he did.

After crossing the carry, between Sebec Lake and Buttermilk Pond, getting the boat into the lake and saying goodbye, the advanced party proceeded across Buttermilk Pond fishing. No fish. Having reached the opposite shore, Nutter and the man

followed Mud Benson Brook for some distance, catching trout for dinner. This is a rare brook. It is of itself an education in the love of natural scenery. It is such a brook as one must follow before he can resort to one of the established methods of getting to sleep, when tired or nervous, viz., by closing the eyes, and revisiting in imagination the shady nooks, the mossy stones, the little cascades and the cool shadows of a trout brook. The stones and boulders of Mud Benson Brook are covered with the greenest moss. One can walk the entire distance between Buttermilk Pond and Mud Benson Pond barefooted, stepping from rock to rock, from boulder to boulder, with the same amount of wear and tear one would experience in walking on a velvet croquet lawn—so complete is the covering of green, cool moss. We know, because we did it; and made the journey back again in the same way. If one can have such a brook to follow, it matters not so very much whether one catches trout, provided he has a love for the beautiful—for the most beautiful in nature. But they caught a few trout for dinner, and a part of the salt pork and corn meal was properly cooked to accompany the fried trout.

The man with the boys maintains that one ought to know his journey before he attempts to take a boat over it; so a trip was made empty-handed over the carry from Buttermilk Pond to Crooked Pond—a prospecting trip. The way was much of

it up hill, but it could be done, and the fellows decided to do it. As they returned to Buttermilk for the boat and its belongings, Kimball reached the shore first, and with an ejaculation of surprise exclaimed: "Say, what was that?"

"What was what?" said the man with the boys.

"Why, just as I came down here, something gave a yell and jumped into the water. I don't know who it was, or what it was. What do you 'spose?"

The rest of the party were not much given to speculation, and the matter for the time was dropped, but later a discovery was made which explained that noise and the jump into the water. It is an interesting fact that the frogs in Buttermilk Pond give a shrill cry, something like a short toot from a tiny tin trumpet, when so startled that they jump into the water. This was noticed repeatedly, but it was also noticed that the frogs on Crooked Pond and Third Pond have no such habit. No one in the party had ever known frogs to act so before, and they have been familiar with such creatures from early life.

The oars, blankets and food—the latter somewhat reduced by the noonday meal—were left in the boat for the carry, adding somewhat to the weight. But the load was lifted and the carry commenced. Up the hill, under the trees, over the stones and fallen logs, went the little party, conveying the boat in a different manner from either

the Little Bear Pond or the Buttermilk Pond carry, until the man said, "Let's rest. There," he continued, "I estimate that we have already come one fifth of the way. Four more efforts like this—the other four-fifths—will take us to Crooked Pond—easy, isn't it?"

The second fifth was taken; then the third and the fourth, with a short respite between them.

"Now for the last pull," said the man.

"I don't know about it," said Nutter. "It will have to be longer than the last ones, I'm afraid."

Then the load was lifted. Nutter was right. There was something wrong about the man's arithmetic, for, whatever may be taught in the public schools, and whatever the testimony of Daboll or Greenleaf, five fifths don't make the carry between Buttermilk and Crooked Ponds. It took two more carries of the average length to reach the shore—a new state of things—since the man had to acknowledge seven fifths in the whole. But let it be said here that owing to an improved method of carrying the boat, the return trip was made with only one rest, a stop long enough to take a picture of a cascade on the outlet to Crooked Pond at a point where carry and brook run parallel. Men said there were no trout in the brook at that season of the year; but the boys wanted to prove it, and did, by drowning two or three angle worms.

Crooked Pond is appropriately named, for the boatman must turn again and again, after leaving

the outlet, before he reaches the north end, or inlet. It is declared emphatically that there are no fish in Crooked Pond, though why a series of three ponds, the first and third of which have salmon and togue, or trout, should present a pond in which there are no fish to be caught, though both inlet and outlet abound in fish at certain seasons of the year, is hard to explain. It was noticed, however, that the shallow water of the pond abounds in small fish, from an inch to two inches long, and this raises the question whether there are not larger fish there too well fed on small fry to take the fisherman's bait. On the east side of Crooked Pond is the camp of game wardens Mayo and Guernsey. The party had been told of this place, which is left open to any and all comers, with the request that the visitor leave the dishes washed, and that he cut as much wood as he uses. It was going to rob the trip of half its poetry to stop in a camp, but all felt justified in doing it, especially as the dinner had made a hole in our supplies, and we had not caught many fish. The cabin would furnish good facilities for cooking the flapjacks and frying the pork, though we had done fairly well at noon, using one of the four tin plates for a frying pan. On our way up the pond to find the Third Pond, the shore at the camp was clear. We had only to return from the head of the lake, and enter our quarters for the night. But on our return a canoe was moored in front of the camp. The quarters

were taken. If on the principle of first come, first served, then we were too late. But all were thirsty and decided to go to the spring and incidentally to visit the cabin. The waters of the spring were like ice in coolness, and they drank again and again. Two men were cooking supper in front of the log camp. The boys had a few pleasant words of greeting and remained four or five minutes. The men were profane and obscene. The boys turned away from such dirtiness in disgust. The man with the boys led the way to the boat landing, and said to the boys, quietly, "Now, boys, what shall we do?"

"I wouldn't stay there with them if they'd give me the cabin," said one. "They talk like fools."

"I'd sleep in a mud hole," said another, indignantly, "before I'd stay and listen to that all night; and did you smell the liquor? Let's sleep out as we planned to do at first."

The man was more than pleased at this attitude of the boys, and the party went back to the north end of the pond. Pushing the boat up the brook as far as they could they came to the beginning of the carry. The sun was low in the west. Leaving the boat they took blankets and food and everything but the boat, and started for Third Pond which they reached just after sunset.

The woods were dark, but as the party came out to the shore of Third Pond, the light of the dying day was reflected in a wonderful manner on the

quiet waters. But the boys could not linger. They were in the forests of Maine. Darkness was but half an hour away, and a sleeping place had not been selected. Retracing their steps into the thick of the woods, they selected on high land a place for the night. The camp fire was lighted. That little package of beans was produced, and with it the last four boiled eggs. The theory is correct, namely, that one needs few provisions in the woods, with fish, and the fewer he takes, the less weight to lug, but the fish did not materialize, and there was the rub. There were just enough beans for supper. This left meal and pork for breakfast. There were bared heads, a word of prayer; then more wood on the camp fire, the spreading of blankets, and the stretching of weary forms upon them for the night, with nothing between the pilgrims and the starry heavens. It was "a night out."

There are two interesting things at Third Pond, viz., Gull Rock and a herony. Surprise is sometimes expressed by people who see large gulls inland, for there is a general impression that these birds belong to the salt seas only; but here on this little lake, a hundred and fifty miles inland, the gulls rear their young annually, and their calls are heard through the summer. The blue heron selects the inaccessible tops of the tall, almost branchless trees for the nest, and nothing but firearms can reach her. Judging from the sounds in the night,

Third Pond may also boast a "loonery" of no small proportions; for the cry of the loon scarcely ceased through the night—that is, when the boys were awake.

It was not sunrise, it was only early dawn, when Kimball started the fire and went to the pond for frogs' legs. When the rest arose, he had fried the flapjacks and pork—breakfast was ready. And it was good.

After breakfast the party was sitting at the end of the carry, on the south shore. "Well," said the man, "you fellows seem to be in a pensive mood this morning."

"I'm not sure that I know just what you mean by pensive," replied Jumbo, "but if to be pensive is to have a kind of stiffness in the joints, I'm pensive." To this sentiment the rest agreed. It was decided that no attempt to get the boat to Third Pond should be made as it was Saturday, and the return to Sebec Lake camp must be accomplished before dark. But the boys lingered on the shore of Third Pond, sitting on the stones, and looking off across the mountains, and watching loon and gull until the man remarked:

"Well, you don't any of you act as though you were aching to carry that boat through the woods."

"I'm aching somewhat," replied one of the boys cheerfully, "but the boat isn't in it."

The visit to Third Pond ended, and the return journey was begun. At noon the boys were back

at the inlet to Buttermilk Pond, having followed Mud Benson Brook again, and having caught no trout. "Do you remember, fellows, that I sent word to camp, yesterday, that we'd like to have some of the boys meet us on that side of the lake this noon, and help us get the boat back?"

"Yes," they all remembered. "And do you remember," said one, "that you told Gardiner that you wanted him to tell the fellows who came over to bring some food, as we might not catch any fish?"

"Upon my word I do," said the man with the boys, "and I'd forgotten it entirely. Well, let's go over to the carry and be there when they come. In case they don't come, we can fry some pork, cook some meal, have a feast of such things, pork and chicken feed, and rest till the cool of the day." Jumbo rowed the party across the lake. The landing was made and the fire kindled. "Now," said the man, "bring the meal and the pork; get some water in that tin pail, and we'll have dinner. It's our last meal on the trip." Nutter went to the boat for the things. "Say," he exclaimed, after a moment's silence, standing in the boat, "Where's—say, what did we do with the—why, with that pork, you know? It isn't here."

"What!" said the man, sharply.

"No sir, it isn't here, that's a fact," replied Nutter, solemnly. "Must be on the other side of this pond," ventured Kimball. "Or up on Crooked

Pond," ventured Jumbo. "Or up where we ate breakfast this morning, over on Third," added Kimball.

"But where *is* it?" said the man, desperately.

"I don't know," said Kimball, "I'm all twiz up again." ("Twiz up" is an expression introduced at Good Will by John Snagg, of New Jersey, four years ago. It means "perplexed, mixed up, bothered," and is used by Good Will boys when there is a very perplexing situation.) It was not going to take long to get dinner under those circumstances. The other supplies in hand consisted of about four pounds of corn meal, and three quarts of salt. There was a tin pail, a supply of lake water and a fire. One of the boys called attention to an incident in Jewish history when among other things "Salt, without prescribing how much," was insisted upon, an incident which was used by Rev. Dr. Vail, for the basis of the annual sermon at the Good Will Assembly and Boys' Encampment in 1899—a text and sermon which is often referred to by the boys. In twenty minutes the corn meal had been boiled, and the feast of corn mush and a practically unlimited supply of salt was before them. Kimball said it "seemed to satisfy hunger." Nutter said he had never eaten anything just like it, or at least had never had just such a meal. It had been planned to wait for help in getting the boat back; but half way across the carry were some raspberry bushes, on which still hung some

berries. It was unanimously decided to shoulder the boat and get there at the earliest moment. A speedy start was made, and five minutes later, Eccles, Blake and Dan McDonald met the weary pilgrims in the way.

That night, after camp had been reached and a hearty supper eaten; after a trip had been made to the blueberry bushes on Granny Cross Mountain; after a swim in the limpid water of Sebec Lake, the question which had been asked of the four was asked again:

"Say, did you really have a good time?"

"Good time!" exclaimed Kimball, "yes, siree, I wouldn't have missed it for ten dollars;" and then added reflectively, "and I wouldn't do it again for another ten." And to this sentiment, born of a two days' experience, the rest of the party assented. But it really was a good time.

The visitor to Sebec Lake has opportunities for several side trips, if he does not find sufficient enjoyment on the lake and its shores. It was understood by the boys, before they left home, that they would climb Boarstone Mt. before they returned. So on a Tuesday morning they made a fairly early start, going from camp, a distance of two miles, to the Lake House in boats. Nutter and Gardiner remained to keep camp; all the rest of the party went on the journey. At the Lake House a buckboard, in charge of an experienced driver, was ready for ten of the party; the

other five followed in a wagon. It is five miles from the Lake House to Onawa Lake, where the teams were to be left. Perhaps a rougher road exists in Maine, but none of the party had ever seen anything like it. At Cow Yard Falls a photo was taken; also a picture was taken of another pretty cascade, name unknown, a few rods from the latter place; both of these are on Ship Pond Stream. The five occupants of the wagon produced a new song of stirring character, though limited as to sentiment. It went to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and the chorus was as follows:

"On, on, on to Onawa,
On, on, on to Onawa,
On to, on to Onawa, on to, on to Onawa,
On to, on to, on to, on to Onawa."

Just before one reaches Onawa Lake, he comes to the trestle work of the C. P. R. R., a remarkable steel structure over 900 feet long, and at one point 165 feet high. Most of the party walked the length of the trestle, two or three not wishing to run the risk of dizziness. The others crossed the stream at the dam and went to the Onawa House by a woodsy path, made for the accommodation of tourists. Lunch was taken on the shore of Onawa Lake, at eleven o'clock, in order to get a good start for the mountain climb. People at the hotel were very reticent when questions were asked about the best route to take to get to the top of

Boarstone. One man was on the giving hand, and would doubtless have furnished valuable information, but he was promptly told to "go and clean that fish," and the man remaining in authority had nothing to say. Of course all this difficulty could have been removed by hiring a guide, but the party simply did not want a guide, and would not have one. Failing to get instructions the travellers started along the C. P. R. R. to the west. Some one had said the best place to start up was at Greenwood, but whether Greenwood was a station, a pond, a dead tree, or a curve in the road, no one in the party knew. They were to pass two ponds—this they did. They passed a third one. Three boys had gone far in advance of the rest of the party, and went beyond the place where a slight depression seemed to indicate a path. "We've found the path," they shouted to the fellows who were in advance, and who having thus been signalled, came back to join the rest. It was easy for a time to follow the slight trail, but it became less and less distinct. The three boys who had been called back, having gone beyond the place to start in from the railroad, again pushed their way beyond the main party. All traces of the path or trail had now disappeared; or they had wandered from it. Progress became exceedingly difficult. Fallen logs, accumulated brushwood and rolling stones made the journey hazardous. A look backward revealed a scene of great beauty, but before the

climbers was only the rocky side of the mountain half hidden with foliage. They came to a place where further progress seemed about impossible. "We simply can't go any farther," said the man to his daughter. "Oh, this is real easy," was her reply; and the boys and the two young ladies slowly moved upward. At last they came to an opening, where, looking upward, they could see a summit, apparently unapproachable from where they were, and on it appeared the three who had gone in advance.

"How did you get there?" was shouted to them.

The reply was: "Oh, you can't come. It would take you two weeks to get here."

That settled it. "I'll get there or I'll break my neck in trying," said one of the boys; and while the young ladies said nothing so desperate, the silent persistency with which they crept up the rocky steep showed that they would never stop till they had reached the summit.

"He can, who thinks he can"—a reference to Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's address at the Good Will Assembly, was occasionally shouted by way of encouragement; and once or twice the pronoun was changed for the benefit of the ladies. At last the lower of the two peaks was reached.

The pilgrims remained for a time on the summit of the mountain, studying the beautiful scene of forest and lake and river stretched beneath them, and watching the forest fire which was in progress

just below the summit, on the south side. All were suffering from thirst; but all felt repaid for the journey. It had been apparent to the man that they could never descend over the way they had made the ascent, for two reasons: it was so precipitous that it would be dangerous, and they could never have found the way back, as they had blazed no trees, or made any provision for the return. The man had felt confident that in some way, on the summit, they could get a clue to a safe return. A party was picking blueberries near the top that day, and from one of the men it was learned that a blazed path started from near where they were. It was decided to adopt that path. There was a great eagerness to do this, because the man said there was a spring near it on the way down. This trail proved to be a well trodden path, which it was a pleasure to follow, but which, had it been used in the ascent would have robbed the trip of much of its interest and excitement. On the way down a party of men were met, with spades, on their way up to fight the fire at the top. They told of a spring further down—"Close to the path—you'll see it." But they did not see it. Another party of men, on their way up, gave more definite instructions, both as to the spring, and the best way to get down. But they did not find the spring; the trees they had blazed were not found. Half way down the mountain they came to the trail which they had followed on the first part of the

ascent; the rest was simplicity itself, and the hotel was soon reached.

There was no real accident, the most serious happening being Ed Ben's getting stung with another hornet, making his third experience of that kind since he had reached Sebec, or as Ed Ben said:

"I've added one more sting to my collection."

The night after the trip to the summit of Boarstone was one of general restlessness. This may have been due to the weariness of some of the party, since it is possible to be too tired to sleep soundly. One of the young ladies was heard to enquire occasionally in her sleep, "But are you sure we are on the right path?" and after a few minutes silence she would repeat the question plaintively, "Are you sure this will get us to the top?"

But the best illustration of restlessness occurred in the boys' quarters and caused considerable comment. The Yale student and Ed Gardiner were fond of having camp fires all to themselves after everybody else had retired for the night, and sometimes these fires and their conversation extended into the wee small hours. It was so on the night in question. Everybody went to bed that night soon after dark except the two mentioned. The Yale student found it hard to reverse the order to which he had become accustomed at the University, and return to "early to bed and early to rise." Gardiner had been so long in

hospital service that day and night are much alike to him. His experiences caring for the sick have only strengthened the quality which originally recommended him to the position which he holds, namely, an indifference to the ordinary claims of sleep. So after the rest of the camp were quietly sleeping, they piled high the wood on the camp fire, and the grove lighted up with a red glow—an experience which all would have enjoyed, had they not been so “sleepy.” This couple had enjoyed a long, quiet talk, had put on the last wood for the night and had watched the flames as they grew smaller till there was only a flicker left.

It was half past one. They ought to have been in bed asleep. A slight crackling was heard in the bushes a few rods from the camp fire. It was only for an instant and then it ceased. Gardiner began talking to the student again, resuming the conversation where it had been interrupted by the noise. The sound was heard again—nearer and louder. The sound of irregular footfalls on the twigs and leaves was distinguished by both the young fellows. Conversation ceased. “What’s that?” whispered Gardiner. “Hist!” was the student’s reply, as both gazed in the direction of the noise. Gardiner had taken a revolver into the woods, and for a few days had carried it in his hip pocket, thinking he might need it for a signal if for no other purpose. But having had no use for it, he had put it into his travelling bag that morn-

ing. The travelling bag was in his tent. When the branches began to move, and the noise among the twigs came so painfully near, he instinctively put his hand into his hip pocket for the means of self defense. It was not there. A moment later the thick foliage parted, and the cause of it all appeared in the opening. It was Sam. In the uncertain light of the camp fire he presented a strange appearance. His face was ghastly white, his lips tightly compressed, his eyes seemed set, and stared into vacancy. He held an unlighted lantern in his hand. "Hello, Sam," said the student with an air of relief. "That you?" said Gardiner, mechanically. But Sam gave no reply. He moved quietly forward. It was plain that Sam was not responsible for what he did. He was asleep. With steady step he came nearer the fire—nearer the puzzled night watchers—but as he stopped a few feet from them, instead of noticing them, he seemed to be gazing past them, in the direction of Granny Cross Cove. "What's up now, Sam?" said Gardiner, as he scanned the strange figure—"Say, what's up?"

"I—have—troubles—of—my—own!" said Sam, in a tone which would never have been recognized as belonging to him.

"Say, what are you trying to do, anyway," said Gardiner, "trying to be funny?"

"Have troubles of my own—my *own*," said the awkward visitor, mournfully.

Sam gave the unlighted lantern a flourish, and

moved stiffly forward to the fireplace, made a circle about the dying embers, and then turned to leave the place. Gardiner and the student remained silent, watching the visitor's strange movements. As Sam reached the opening which he had made in the bushes, as he first appeared to them, he turned about, raised the lantern for a moment over his head, and with the same vacant stare in his eyes, said:

"Troubles—of—my—own!"

Then he disappeared.

"Say," said the student, "Sam's a sleepwalker, isn't he?"

"Looks like it," said Gardiner. "What they call a somnambulist. Say, we'd better get to bed, anyway."

There is always more pleasure in getting ready for a camping trip, or getting the tents up after the woods are reached, than in preparing for the return home. The camp of 1900 had been a happy success. The location was beautiful, the weather, with the exception of three days early in our stay at the lake, had been fine. Everybody with whom we had to deal in any way had been kind and helpful. The fishing had not been up to the expectation, but this may have been because too much had been expected. The cooking had been good. Blake and Dan had been very faithful. In fact, in Blake's honor, some one evolved the following:

"Oh, a very wonderful cook is Blake;
He's sometimes asleep and sometimes awake;
He can boil, he can fry, but he cannot bake;
But a wonderful cook is Blake."

This was a reference to the somewhat limited cooking facilities in the woods. The cooks had no oven. So their operations were confined to boiling and frying. There was also another song composed by an irresponsible member of the party. At the close of the camp an effort was made to get it for publication. No one seemed to know much about it except Sam. He said that he remembered something about it; he had forgotten the words and the tune, but the general sentiment remained with him. General sentiments are of no use in a condensed report like this; and Sam's contribution is worth no more, for the writer's purpose, than the testimony of those who had forgotten everything.

The day fixed for the breaking of camp was August 23rd—a good day for it, as the sky was cloudless at sunrise, and, as Blake said, the lake was as "calm as a hardwood floor." We do not like to dwell on the scenes of camp-breaking—the taking down of tents, the final plunge in the lake, the last handful of huckleberries fresh from the bush, the farewell look at everything to which we had become more or less attracted. No; there is a bit of pathos in it all. But the sun was bright; the steamer arrived at eight o'clock sharp.

It was sunset when the procession reached T. E.

Ham's house in Cambridge, but the good man and his household were on the lookout, and it was a tempting spread which had been prepared for the travellers. The ladies occupied rooms in the house; Gardiner slept in a hammock suspended from the posts of the veranda; Sam and the Yale student rolled themselves in blankets and slept out in the field, in the dew and under the stars; Nutter occupied a hay cart which stood on the barn floor, the rest—including the man with the boys—slept in the hay mow.

Probably everybody would have slept peacefully till the morn, but for a single occurrence. It happened that some of the party who occupied the hay mow were blessed with a generous covering for their skeletons—there was not a scrawny one among them. The rotund forms of Ed McDonald, Jumbo, and others, whom we need not specify, had been the objects of criticism several times on the journey. Nutter's reference to the hay mow as the "Fatties' Gallery," rankled in the bosom of each well-fed object of his wit.

It was after midnight when there was a rustle in the hay mow, followed a little later by a movement of the wheels on the barn floor—first slow, then faster, then a heavy thump and rattle as the hay wagon in which Nutter, author of the irreverent remark above quoted, was sleeping, rolled from the barn floor out into the field. After a period of silence the man who was with the boys crept cau-

tiously to the edge of the mow, to the railing of the "Fatties' Gallery" and peered out. The moonlight struggled through a thick mist which enshrouded the forms of Sam and the student. Nutter was trying to adjust himself to new conditions.

"Is that you, Nutter?" said the man with the boys.

"I think so," responded a voice out of the thick fog.

"How came you out there?" said the man in a tone of mock interest and sympathy.

"You can't prove it by me," said Nutter, "I don't know."

He never will know. Several efforts have been made to discover who started the wheels. It has been proved again and again that several of Nutter's companions—chiefly the fat ones—heard the wheels move and the general commotion when the wagon went out of the barn, and Sam has confessed that the noise "sounded awfully funny" to him. There have been some interesting rides—John Gilpin's, and Paul Revere's, and Sheridan's,—but Nutter's midnight ride from the barn to the hay-field—for certain fleshy fellows—has an interest all its own.

At an early hour the party said "Good-bye" to host and hostess, and started on the homeward way. Before sunset they caught a glimpse of Good Will Farm—a spot which means more to most of the party than lakeside camp or summer outing can ever mean—and an hour later all were at home again.

VI

MEMOIRS OF A CAMP FOR TWO

July 15. It has been understood between us for several days that we two—"Chick" and I—should start for Greenville, Maine, and go into the woods in the Moosehead Lake region this morning. I selected Chick as a comrade this year, as a sharer of the joys and vicissitudes of first days in camp, for several reasons. Chick knows how to cook; he is quiet in manner; he is companionable. Now, there are other fellows at Good Will who would have been pleased to take his place, and they would have met the requirements even to the art of cooking, but I had to select one of them and the above reasons are all valid. It would be rather hard for me to cook in the woods, hobbling about on two crutches; it's so far sometimes from the fireplace to the salt box and other things called for in getting a meal.

Nothing happened on our journey until we reached Dexter, something over fifty miles from home. Here a former Good Will boy boarded the train; said he was going to Greenville today and to Wilson Pond fishing tomorrow. I never start for Moosehead Lake that I don't unexpectedly find a Good Will boy somewhere on the way. This

time it is a "one time boy" who is now an ambitious junior in a New England college—success to him. And we journeyed together, Chick, the student and I.

At Foxcroft, we waited an hour for a belated train, and while waiting I fell in with an old-time friend, and a long-time Maine school teacher. We talked of the woods and of a curious and interesting controversy now in progress, a bloodless war over so-called "nature fakirs," the doings of the lower order of creation, the place of the imagination in the study of natural history, and kindred features of interest.

"Well," said my friend, "I owned a calf once; it died; it lay in the field not far from an old shed. You know that crows have their sentinels—their leaders and so forth; and a sentinel will alight in a place and if everything is all right the rest will follow. I've seen them do it lots of times. I wanted to shoot that crow and I could do it from the shed, while he (the crow) was at the carcass. So I went into the shed with my gun. But the crow saw me go in and he kept away. I left the shed and he saw me go out of the field and as soon as I was out of the way he went to the carcass of the calf and called the rest. Then I took a man with me and went into the shed; after we had been there a while, I sent the man away; but the crow stayed at a safe distance. I hadn't come out and he knew it. So I went away and the crow returned. I tried it

again and this time I took two men with me; and after staying in the shed a while the two departed; but the crow kept away: he knew one man was left in the shed and that he was in gun shot. So the next day I went to the shed again; there were four of us this time. After a while I sent three away and remained in the shed with my gun. The crow saw the three men leave the shed and the field; he had reached the limit of his ability to count; he couldn't tell the difference between four men and three men and he deliberately lighted on the carcass. I shot him."

Just as he reached the conclusion of his graphic little tale, the train for Greenville rounded the curve, and we boarded it for our destination.

At Drew's, which is the place where we leave trunks while we are in the woods, taking out such things as we need in our return to the primitive, we changed our clothes, divesting ourselves of all "fineries," donning woodsy attire.

"I'm enjoying this greatly," I said to Chick as we sat at the table. "Yes, I am; and do you know, Chick, that a man feels peculiar when he eats a meal like this and isn't sure that he will have another chance at a good meal for six weeks. Six weeks is a long time."

Chick smiled.

There was a confident quality to his smile, and I verily believe he thinks he can get good appetizing meals for me. Nor do I doubt it, for had I doubts,

he would not be going with me; but what's the harm of just asking a question? Yet I should not be much surprised if he got back at me soon, for these little pleasantries are chickens that do come home to roost.

For instance, last week I received in the mail a volume of national statistics—a Congressional Report—from our Senator, the Hon. Mark Petti-john.

"Just in the nick of time," I said ironically; "what would I have done for reading matter in the woods if Mark had not sent that volume. Just think of the happy hours I can spend in the wilderness reading statistics"—and as I said it I turned the pages so that a member of my family—one of my sons,—could see the solid pages of figures. Well, that was the end of it, I supposed, but to-day when at Drew's I unpacked the trunk which the son had packed for me and looked at the last moment, the first article to attract my attention was that volume of statistics. So for reading matter in camp, thanks to my own thoughtfulness and my son's facetiousness, we have the Bible and a volume of congressional figures.

There is no spring at the point where we camp and so the question of drinking water would be a serious one, were it not for the fact that the water in Wilson's Pond is clear as crystal and doubtless pure enough; but it is not cold.

"I'll tell you," said a guide to me today, "how

you can get cold water out of the lake. Attach a bottle or jug to a fish line and let it down sixty or seventy feet in the middle of the pond; then draw it up and it will be as cold as you want, for it will be from the bottom of the pond."

"But the bottle will be filled with the warmer water from near the surface," I said.

"To be sure," replied the guide, "but as soon as it gets down where it is cold the warm water will rise—warm water always rises—and the cold water takes its place."

"Ah!" said I.

July 16. The very first night I ever spent on this point was three years ago when Blake and I lived close to nature five weeks—he a college student earning one part of the wherewithal to carry himself through another year of studies. That night some wild beast was prowling about our tent; but after the first night we heard little or nothing from him. It was the same way last night but a different kind of beast.

Chick was asleep; he sleeps wonderfully whenever the mosquitos and midgets let up on him. I heard twigs cracking and the steps of an animal coming toward the tent. There was a pause of a full minute; then the creature bounded away. I heard his retreating footfalls and was pleased that he had left us. But before I could get asleep he returned and came nearer. I didn't like it. I let my imagination—what I have of one—take the reins. I

could see in my mind's eye, just outside my tent, any one of several terrible beasts, such as inhabit the Maine woods. Then the unwelcome visitor started on the run again, back into the woods, though all the while I had lain perfectly quiet and Chick was in the land of dreams, where no midgets are and where mosquitos neither bite nor buzz.

The next time he returned, and it was inside of ten minutes, he made approaches of a few feet, stopping for a long silence between each advance, until he was not, to the best of my knowledge, more than a rod from the tent. The situation seemed uncanny. I had left the lantern out at Greenville. My gun and rifle were down home—for I take a peculiar satisfaction in leaving firearms at home as I go into the woods in the summer, when there is nothing to shoot except in the wanton destruction of life. But I wished I knew what it was, just outside the canvas and what his plans were. I recall Manly Hardy's recent and explicit contrasting of the Maine bobcat and the Canadian Lynx. I could see the broad woolly paws of the one and the smooth cat-like paws of the other.

I reached out my hand and laid it on Chick's breast; it seemed full and strong and—too deep for a lynx to crush in with his jaws; just as a caribou's, according to Roosevelt, is too muscular for any such feat. I felt of my own chest; that, too, was lynx proof—bobcat proof—just like a caribou's. But

as I happened to touch my own flesh, I was annoyed to find that it was not like human flesh at all—it was rough, cold, pimply; for the first time in my life fear had given me “goose skin.”

I continued to think, but it didn't help me. I grew desperate. Wanting to say something, I raised the wall of the tent suddenly and shouted. I didn't expect the animal to understand my language, but I fancied he would take the hint that he wasn't wanted from the tone of my voice,—my general attitude.

“Get out of this,” I yelled.

The intruder had no idea of what was wanted and didn't move. I rather hoped, too, that my shout would awaken Chick so that I could feel that I had company; but mosquitos and midges had suspended operations pending the break of day and Chick was oblivious. About three minutes after my yell broke the stillness, that wild beast—whatever it was—went rushing through the woods making a great racket, having started from the point where I had last heard him, about a rod from the tent.

A rabbit makes a lot of noise in the dark.

* * * * *

This morning I said to Chick that we must decide what we would have for morning reading in camp.

“You may decide first whether it shall be the Old Testament or the New; if the Old, whether it

shall be historical, prophetic or devotional; if prophetic, whether major or minor prophets. If you decide on the New Testament, you must choose between the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Revelation." When we reached a final decision, it was the book of Proverbs. So today we began to read Solomon's Proverbs, "To give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion."

At dinner we had two guests, though any house-keeper would say that the first day in a new house, and before anything is set to rights, is not the best time to entertain. They paid us a compliment, however, by eating quite heartily of the food placed before them, "asking no questions for conscience' sake," and we were very happy.

One of our guests goes on two crutches; so do I—and as we sat around the fireplace there were, of course, four crutches, one for each of the party. I expected that crutches would be very inconvenient at times in the woods and they are; in fact, they are little short of a nuisance, but at the same time I am surprised to discover what a convenience they are. If one is leaning on a pair of crutches, he can do a deal of stirring among the dried leaves and branches without stooping; he can even poke the fire with his crutch and do many other similar things. And yet no one ever thinks of taking a crutch into the woods for convenience.

July 17. Chick and I had a long talk today about various things. He does not talk all the time—a most fortunate thing for me—but at times he is the best kind of a comrade because of what he says; at other times he is equally good because of the way he keeps silent. I would not want to begin camp with a mere talking machine; a sphinx would be equally undesirable. Chick can be either to me; but, as a matter of fact, he is neither, and that is one reason why I like him in camp.

I had read, not long ago, a magazine article about boys—an article which contained many statements about them. One was that boys do not care to be loved. Nothing had been said about the magazine article, but we were out trolling for salmon. It is understood that there are salmon in Wilson Pond, —near the bottom; I have never seen one of them and I would be a poor witness in an effort to prove that there are salmon in the pond, but there is no harm in trolling for them. Chick remarked that he remembered when I told him that I loved him.

“Tell me about it,” I said.

“It was when they were building the Manual Training Building at Good Will,” replied Chick, “and Prospect Cottage had been moved back to make room for it. They were going to make Prospect Cottage a part of the ‘Buckminster’ and it was propped up on piles of old railroad ties. You had your writing desk in one of the rooms—the old office—and the only way to get to it was to

walk from the ground up to the doorway on a narrow plank. I was looking around and you called me to you. You said, 'Did I ever tell you that I love you?' and I said, 'No, you never did,' and you said, 'Well, I'll tell you now, I do, so you'll know.' "

Chick is seventeen years old now; he must have been thirteen when he learned that a man loved him; but he gives me no hint that his feelings were hurt or his pride injured by the knowledge. Chick was a genuine boy then—a fair sample of boyhood, and he is an equally good sample of older boyhood now. When he fell into the reminiscent mood, and told me this incident, which I could not have possibly recalled and of which I had no recollection, I was reminded of that magazine article.

I do not write for magazines; perhaps no magazine would buy my wares, and what is the use; but had I the pen of a skilled writer, I would like to prepare an article on, "Some Wrong Statements About Boyhood." Some of these that I would write about are: (1) that boys do not care to be loved; (2) that boys are young savages; (3) that boys are of no value except as "Men of Tomorrow"; (4) that boys expect everything to be done for them and are unappreciative; (5) that boys are corrupted by a clean, wholesome knowledge of physiological facts too often withheld; (6) that boys have no use for religion, prayer being irksome, and thoughts of God repellent.

July 18. It was in my boyhood that I read of the Irish landlord, who taking an early morning stroll on his estate, met one of his tenants with a gun on his shoulder, although the privilege of hunting was not given to tenants. "Good morning, my lord," said the tenant, "you are out early to-day." "Yes," replied the landlord, "I am out after an appetite for my breakfast; but what are you out here for?" "I am out for a breakfast for my appetite," responded the tenant.

A somewhat similar situation was noted this morning when Chick and I were out in the boat—Chick after a fish for his appetite; I after an appetite for fish. Neither of us was successful. Chick caught nothing; and I failed to get an appetite. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," is a scripture capable of various interpretations; but it is true in the woods as elsewhere, that unless a man does something, he cannot have the appetite that makes eating a pleasure and digestion easy. And a man who must travel on crutches is not likely to do much in the thick woods. That's why it was as desirable that I should succeed in my search for an appetite for breakfast as it was that Chick should succeed in his search for a breakfast for his appetite.

July 19. We have no almanac or calendar in camp; but this morning we read the fourth chapter of Proverbs, which indicates that this is the fourth

full day in camp. It is not an eventful day; none of these camp days are. There is a simple routine, which is observed with considerable faithfulness, though the time varies a bit from day to day. This morning we took a dip at four-thirty o'clock instead of five, which is our custom. Last night, when we came in from fishing, it sounded as though there was a great orchestra somewhere in the distance—all the instruments playing one monotonous strain. We stopped and listened. It was the mosquitos. We estimated that there were forty million of them—a rough estimate; this is equal to half the population in the United States.

I wonder why the "nature fakirs" don't turn their attention to the mosquito. There is nothing else below man that exhibits such intelligence—such ingenuity. Dogs are patient; cats are relentless; foxes are crafty; wolves are ferocious; bobcats are savage; but mosquitos—the blood-thirsty denizens of the Maine woods in June—have all these qualities and several more which I have not mentioned. They are atrocious enemies. I think the word "atrocious" is a good one in this case, for it comes from "ater" which is the Latin for "dark" and these pests breed in the dark and do their worst work in the twilight. They are dastardly miscreants, bold fiends, cowardly villains. They sneak into our tent while we are away, and occupy secret places till we are undressed; they hide under the beds and remain silent till Chick and I have

said "good-night;" they crawl under the walls of our tent and celebrate the feat with unseemly noises.

As soon as we come in from the lake for the night, we build a tiny fire of paper in the tent and half smother it with cedar boughs. In three minutes the tent is filled with a sweet white smoke, so dense that man nor beast could live in it—so dense that it hides the ridgepole of the tent. The mosquitos lie low; not a buzz is heard. We could not breathe ourselves, only that our bed is four inches from the ground and the air is better there. We cover ourselves with blankets, rap a towel about the head, so that the only part of the body that is exposed is the tip of the nose and the nostrils. In ten minutes, or just as soon as we begin to doze, the smoke thins out and we hear a buzz. It is equivalent to, "Come on fellows; it's all over with." Then there come answering buzzes from all parts of the tent. The grand search for blood is on again.

Last night I thought that one buzz sounded like, "Where did they go?" and another like, "Their blood is for the swiftest," but it was probably imaginary. If our noses were woodchucks, it would take a dog some time to locate them; if our noses were mice, it would take a cat some time to discover them; if our noses were ground sparrows' nests, full of tender fledglings, it would take a fox some time to get at them. But our noses are just human noses with blood in them. The mosquitos

go straight for them and the noses of proud humanity—the crowning work of creation—are ruthlessly punctured by the proboscides of these pusillanimous insects. “Oh! why should the spirits of mortals be proud!” Mosquitos have no business in the Maine woods at this particular time anyway; but in all things the season is two weeks later than usual and we expect one more week of them—one week only. It’s a question of staying quality and we expect to win out.

July 20. I told Chick this morning that tomorrow would be Sunday; that though I would have no audience, I had better select a text; and that we would talk it over when the time came. Toward noon, he was cutting wood for the fireplace; I was in the tent and had just opened the Bible at random and was about to begin a search for a text when he called: “Oh my, come here and see these ants carrying off their eggs.” I left the Bible and the tent and joined him. He had dragged a part of a half decayed log into the kitchen—all the space around the fire place, where we cut wood, cook, and the like, is the kitchen—and had split it open. The log was the home of hundreds of great black ants that were in a state of greatest excitement, and were trying to carry innumerable pupae, larger than themselves, to places of safety. The pupae were large and white and there were enough to nearly fill a pint cup.

We talked about the ant, his natural history, and his habits, for a few minutes, then I went back to the tent and to the open Bible. Glancing at the page, my eyes fell on this: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

"O, come here," I cried to Chick, "and see what my eyes first fell on after examining those ants." It was just a coincidence and one that gave a moment's pleasure.

"What's the matter with those words for your text?" queried Chick, and I searched no farther.

A poster appeared in a conspicuous place in camp today, though probably no one but Chick and I ever will see it. It hung in the pantry—the pantry is the corner of the tent where Chick has nailed five packing cases, of various dimensions, together, into a symmetrical whole that contains our supplies—and it reads as follows:

Lost.

One fine, live male loon. Head and neck black, showing iridescence; beak black, dotted with white; breast pure white. A magnificent bird. For further particulars inquire at "The Camp."

The particulars are these: Chick was at work in the pantry, arranging our canned goods in a rather appetizing order on the pantry shelves. I was writing letters, and was sitting at the kitchen table,

facing the pond. The table is three feet from the water's edge. I heard a splash of water and, looking up, saw a loon sitting on the water, about two rods from the shore. He must have arrived there in a passage under water like a submarine boat and it was his coming to the surface which made the slight splash I heard. "Look out of the tent," I said to Chick in a low tone and Chick obeyed. The beautiful bird remained silent for a minute or two and three times I gave the loon call which these birds have often answered when at a distance. He turned about and heading toward the opposite shore half a mile away, he dove. "Now watch," I said, "and see how long he stays under and where he comes up." We watched. The seconds grew into minutes. "Well, what became of him," I said musingly. "I should say as much," quoted Chick. We continued to scan the smooth surface of the pond, but no loon appeared. Three minutes passed; five minutes went; ten minutes had gone. We gave it up. Our loons—for they belonged to us as much as to anyone—have called and answered, day after day, night after night, and have often come quite near to our camp; but since this one mysteriously disappeared, we have seen nothing of loons. He probably swam a long distance with only his bill out of the water and went so near the other shore before his body emerged that we could not distinguish him. But it may safely be said that Chick and I are not very close students of nature.

July 21. The rain fell in torrents last night. It began with a thunder storm. Not thunder claps, but continuous roarings and rattlings as the thunder seemed to travel over our heads from one horizon to the other. It is a joy to listen to the rain on the canvas. We retired early because it was drier in bed than anywhere else; then Chick began to talk. I wonder why it is that a boy, or man for that matter, will talk more freely lying down than he will standing or sitting. Chick was no sphinx last night. Perhaps the rain coming in torrents on our tents, the wind roaring in the tree tops above us, the water dashing against the rocky point in angry, ragged splashes, the dense darkness and the red lightnings, before the heaviest thunderings, served to loosen his tongue and his thoughts; anyway, from seven to eleven there was no cessation in all these phenomena, including Chick's display of conversational powers. Of course we slept late this morning. A guide in passing paddled his canoe to our point and left three letters; one from David Pontus saying that he comes Wednesday, one from a co-worker at Good Will saying that all are well at the Farm, and one from a Good Will boy, who hopes to visit my camp soon. It was Sunday in the woods. A chapter from the Bible; a short story fitting the day; two meals; a bit of letter writing; many thoughts of home and Good Will and friends here and there, and God. Then the day was done and we slept.

July 22. Chick has asked for stories lately and I have told him about some boys I have known, and other bits to take the place of stories which we would be reading had we brought any into camp; but we deliberately and purposely omitted them from our supplies. I asked him today if he had ever heard of the strange experience that Wishy Fleetfoot and I had on Upper Wilson Pond. Then, just to amuse him with the spinning of a yarn I told him this:

Fleetfoot's name was William, but he had two sets of front teeth and when he was a boy his schoolmates fancied that his dental outfit resembled a woodchuck's and so for a time he was called "Woodchuck," but this soon degenerated as all names with any flavor of dignity must degenerate in the mouths of boyhood into a nickname and he was called "Wishy,"—just "Wishy Fleetfoot." Wishy was about thirty years old when he guided me through the Wilson Pond region in the summer of 1853.

One afternoon we had caught one fish when Wishy broke his line. He said he thought the hook caught in a seam in a rock someway, for as he pulled hard, the hook seemed to loosen its hold on whatever it had hit, but at the same instant the line broke, so he lost part of the line and all of the hook. It spoiled his fishing and while I was trying for a fish to go with the one in the bottom of the boat, Wishy set about the task of dressing the fish I had

just caught. He was a bungler at dressing fish—as awkward a man with a knife as I ever saw. He began to dress that fish by cutting off its tail. He only got that far when I said;

“There’s a tempest coming, Wishy; get hold of that rope as quick as you can, pull up and we’ll get back to camp.”

Wishy obeyed my orders and I laid hold of the oars. He sat back in the boat as I began to row and suddenly said:

“What’s the use of taking this fish to camp; why not throw it over and let a fish hawk pick it up?”

It is not my custom to catch more fish than my party can eat and we had violated no custom or principle that day; we had erred only in capturing one fish not large enough for a full meal for us and the two men in camp.

“Oh, were there others in camp with you?” queried Chick interrupting me at the risk of breaking the thread of my story.

“Certainly,” I replied. “I neglected to say that Abraham Lincoln was my guest in camp for two weeks that summer, and after he arrived, we decided to invite Stephen A. Douglas to join us. Douglas ran up just to spend three or four days with us and got there the night before. We left the two men in camp talking politics. Lincoln was anxious that I should represent my district but Douglas thought I lacked political acumen. Well,

as I was saying, Wishy proposed that he throw the fish overboard, and I said, "It's a happy thought, Wishy, let her go," and overboard went that tailless fish. We supposed that it was dead and you can understand our surprise, Chick, when we saw that fish right itself and start for the depths of the pond.

"Well, I'll be bumped," exclaimed Wishy. "Say, fishy, here's your tail," and he picked up the tail that lay in the bottom of the boat and threw it back toward the place where the fish had gone down. Of course, we forgot all about the circumstance soon as we reached camp. The next morning Wishy began to talk about his line. He declared that five-sixths of it was in the pond and he wished he could get it. The water in Upper Wilson is as clear as crystal and that morning the surface was like a mirror in its smoothness. He thought he might be able to see the bottom and, by using a sinker and hook and another line, haul it up. So we went out to the place and as soon as the disturbance caused by our oars had passed, Wishy leaned over, and using his broad brimmed hat to shade the water, he peered into the depths. I had no idea that he would ever see that line again; to tell the truth I regarded our journey out there after it as a kind of fool's errand. But Wishy hadn't been scanning the bottom of the lake two minutes, when he gave a sudden little start as though he had caught sight of something. In the

new position he had taken by a slight shift of his body, he remained motionless for several minutes.

"What do you see? " I asked.

"Hist!" said Wishy in a hoarse whisper, and I waited another ten minutes. Then I ventured to repeat my question.

"What do you see? "

"Hist! I tell ye," whispered Wishy. Thinking that Wishy was trying to guy me, for we were like schoolmates when we got into a boat, I said:

"Come, Wishy, I am going back to camp."

"Don't, don't, I beg of you don't," was the pleading response in a low tone—"just look over the side of the boat; don't make any noise."

I was convinced by my comrade's earnest manner that he had discovered something very unusual beneath the surface; I also saw that, whatever he had discovered, I must move carefully or I could not share it with him. Taking off my broad-brimmed hat—we all wore hats in the woods back in the 50's—I shaded the water as Wishy was doing and peered into the depths.

How can I tell what I saw? Some thirty feet below was a rocky bottom. A few large boulders were scattered about. Two of these boulders lay close together, leaving a crevice of only an inch or two between them. The fish which Wishy had de-tailed the day before, and still later thrown into the water, had pushed its head into the crevice between the boulders. The tail which had been

ruthlessly detached by Wishy, was already a part of its owner's body again, but the work was not finished. When the hook was lost, it had been caught on the bottom and Wishy's theory was correct; he had pulled so hard on the line that the hook, lacking in temper, had bent out straight. The line and hook were both there. A larger fish than the one which had lost its tail was making use of it. He would pick up the hook which made an excellent needle, and backing off from the unfortunate companion, would dash with lightning rapidity toward the fish held in place by the two boulders. The movement was so swift that we could not follow it easily but in an instant we would see that this finny surgeon of Upper Wilson had pushed the straightened hook entirely through that part of his patient's body which protruded from beneath the boulders much as a woman pushes the needle through the stocking she is darning. Then the fish surgeon would swim around to the other side and pick up the needle and tug away at it until he had drawn the line through and made half a stitch. Then starting on that side, he would repeat the operation and the stitch would be completed. Two complete stitches had been taken before we began to watch the proceedings. Wishy and I watched while three others were taken and the work seemed complete. The surgeon fish moved away and disappeared.

"I'll tell you what I think, Wishy," said I. "The

job is completed to the old doctor's satisfaction, but the patient has got to stay in bed till the wound heals. See? We can't wait for that and we might as well go home. Your fish line is of more use down there than it ever will be to you."

We were just about to move, when we saw the surgeon coming majestically back, and circling around the spliced tail. He was followed by a small fish, such as I had never seen before. It had a large sharp dorsal fin like a black bass, but it could not have been a bass, for there are none in this part of the state and never have been. The fish that had done all this work for his afflicted fellow fish picked up one of the long ends of the line and swam slowly away till it was drawn tight as a fiddle string. Then the strange little fish with his dorsal fin erect, darted underneath the line close to the patient's body, with such rapidity that the fin cut the line off close up to the scales. Then the same operation was performed on the other side. The strange little fish went away, and while we still lingered and watched, the patient backed out of the crevice and tried his mended appendage. It was such an awkward movement that I couldn't help laughing. It was about as much like a fish's swim as my first steps on a pair of crutches was like a man's walk. It was so funny, in fact, that Wishy was convulsed with laughter, though he didn't dare to make any noise. I could feel the boat tremble as Wishy—who was quite

fat—shook with merriment. Suddenly there was a tiny splash as though some small object had fallen into the water, and Wishy stopped laughing. Both fish darted away as though frightened, and I saw Wishy's false teeth reach the bottom of the lake, close to the place where this operation had been performed.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried Wishy. "There goes my teeth!"

"I thought you said that Mr. Woodchuck Fleetfoot had two sets of natural front teeth," interrupted Chick, "and got his first name because of them."

"I did say that very thing," I retorted, "but they were his upper front teeth. Wishy lost his lower front teeth when he had bilious fever, at sixteen years of age. The attending physician gave him an overdose of calomel, and his teeth dropped out. But really the splicing of that fish's tail was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw. I have never read anything like it before nor did I ever see anything like it before or—

"What are you laughing at, Chick? You don't believe it? Who asked you to believe it, anyway? You said, 'Tell me a story,' and I told it. But I guess when I tell you that about a week later I caught that same fish in Upper Wilson Pond, you will have to believe it. Yes, I caught him. The tail had grown on and the stitches had been taken out; the scales were just forming on the joint. You don't believe it, Chick, you say you don't believe it? Then don't ask me to tell you any more stories."

VII.

LETTERS FROM A CAMP BY THE SEA

DEAR GOOD WILL RECORD:

We are here in camp. There are seventeen in the party. The camp is on the east shore of Eggemoggin Reach, not far from Sargentville, Me. There is not the first hint of dissipation or intemperance in camp, and yet I seem doomed to have suggestions of the spirituous attached to my outing this year. First I planned to camp three miles from Moosehead Lake, on the shores of a beautiful pond. After arrangements were all made, I realized that we were to camp at the foot of Rum Mountain. Later I learned our best fishing was to be done in Rum Pond. In July word came that the water in Wilson Pond—the site of the camp—was very high on account of a dam which had been built. I abandoned my plans, and was at a loss to know what to do. My thoughts turned to the sea. I was influenced somewhat, in forming my plans, by the poor health of one of the boys who was to accompany me, and by the hope that the sea air would prove beneficial to him. So the decision was finally reached that we come here—to this beautiful spot known as “Punch-Bowl.” Rum Mountain, Rum Pond and the Punch Bowl! If I

don't stay through my two weeks here I can probably go to Bluehill and camp at Toddy Pond. There is not much choice in nomenclature. Probably all these places were named before the passage of the prohibitory law—I cannot tell.

But this is an ideal spot for a camp by the sea. A few rods from the tents, between them and the shore, stands an old brick chimney. There has been some contention about its height, and so we counted the layers of bricks and then multiplied. We probably failed to allow enough for the mortar between the bricks, for by our calculation the chimney is seventy-two feet high, while we have been told since our measurement that it is just seventy-five feet. It was here, that years ago, the Egge-moggin Mining Co. commenced mining silver and copper. About \$30,000 was expended, and then the project was abandoned. The buildings burned—were struck by lightning, some one says—and this chimney now represents \$30,000 of the hopeful investors' money. I mean that this is the only thing in sight; but near by is a shaft filled with water to the brim. Considerable anxiety has been expressed lest some one of us fall into this deep hole, as though one would be more likely to drown in one hundred and ten feet of water than in twenty feet; but a well twenty feet deep, with six feet of water in it, would be a greater danger, by far, than is this hole of startling depth.

This old chimney has its uses. It is a landmark

for the boys, and go where they will, unless there is a fog, they can find their way back to camp. Then, too, on the south side, about thirty feet from the ground, there is a hole in it; and this has already served as a balloting place. Any question between the two tents full of boys—there are seven fellows in each tent—can be adjusted thus: each boy takes six stones and has his turn at throwing them at that hole in the chimney. The first question was which group of boys should go on the first fishing trip; that was when we had only one boat. It was Sam's ballot of five stones out of six which settled it. Sam sleeps in my tent.

By the way, we have four tents in our little canvas settlement—one in which the mother of two of the boys lives. She has her two daughters with her. One tent is the commissary's; the other two are for the boys. These tents are 12 by 14 feet, and seven boys are easily accommodated in each. One tent is supposed to be noisier than the other. As the boys sleep side by side—seven in a row—it has got abroad in our settlement in some way that, in one tent the seven sleep in a "row"—a continuous line, while in the other they sleep in a "row"—a noisy time or riot. So both are called the "Row" tent, the import of the name depending on the pronunciation. I will write again.

Yours, sleeping in a row,

DEAR GOOD WILL RECORD:

We have had a row in camp. It happened last night, and was a most friendly affair, but it made a great deal of noise while it lasted. You see, Sam came to camp with us, but only to stay two or three days, because he is to canvass for the Good Will Publishing Company. Monday night he went up to Sargentville with Blake and Kimball. They hinted to Sam that they would like some ice cream, but Sam was stolid. He wouldn't order for them, nor let them order at his expense, nor anything. They told him that if he didn't order, he would be "awfully sorry." But he couldn't be scared. So they came back to camp, and Sam was as defiant as that good natured soul can be. Sam has never been known to lose his temper, or, as the boys say, to "get mad." So he puts up with a lot of banter and loving imposition, from time to time, and enjoys it. Sam started off on his canvassing trip, and nothing had been done to make him sorry. The regrets were with Blake and Kimball.

"Why didn't we think to duck him," said Blake.

"If he comes again he'll get a ducking," said Kimball, "and don't you forget it."

Everybody in camp missed Sam during the three days of his absence. Many a time did one boy and another say, "I wish Sam were here," and last night he arrived. He had been very successful in canvassing, and came back to report, before starting on a longer trip. There was a smile of quiet satis-

faction on Blake's face; Kimball wore an expression of expectancy. They came to me to say that they proposed to duck Sam in the sea before they slept. There was no reason why I should object. When bed time came, for some reason not apparent to most of the boys, Kimball had an idea of turning in without undressing. Blake was already between the blankets without removing his clothing, but the boys did not notice it. Finally the light was put out.

"Isn't this nice," said Sam, as he stretched out under the blankets, "it's fun to camp out."

The other camp was quiet; ours was becoming so, when Kimball lifted up the end of the canvas, and saw that the boys from the other tent were in readiness to do their part. Then Blake and Kimball made a plunge for the unsuspecting Sam, and in a moment he had been dragged from under the tent.

"Oh! what you doing?" "Where you going?" "Let go!" and a score of other exclamations woke everybody but Damren, and outside the tent was the sound of a mighty struggle. As the party carried Sam down over the hill, we who were in the tent heard him saying, "I'm awfully sorry I didn't treat you," and then we could hear him pleading in tones of mock terror, "Don't drown me!" "Don't drown me!" Then there was a splash and a plunge. This morning Sam is quietly boasting that he is the only person in camp who has friends so devoted that when he wants a salt water bath, they will carry him to the water's edge, and put

him in. He declares he is the most fortunate fellow in camp. I think he may be right, in a measure, for the water is so cold here that it requires all the courage one can muster to go in, or, as Kimball said yesterday, "It takes a lot of sand to wade out up to your neck—a lot of real grit."

On the other hand, Holmes says the water is "slick." But each day we are in for a bath—most of us—though the water seems very cold to us, who have been accustomed to the waters of the lakes, or the Kennebec River.

We have discovered that we are catching more fish than we can eat, and so a halt has been called. The boys today are playing games, writing letters, watching the steam yachts of millionaires as they cruise through the Reach, occasionally exclaiming, "There's a bute!" and doing a lot of lazy, happy things. The northeast breeze blows into camp, right off the salt water. This is worthy of note. You understand that the northwest breeze is the clear weather breeze, and so, at most seaside resorts, the clear weather wind is over-land. But we are on the southeast shore of the Reach, and the clear weather breeze is direct from the sea. As a matter of fact, I must repeat it, this is an ideal camping place, and we are in the midst of a garden, bounded by the sea.

Yours in the garden,

DEAR GOOD WILL RECORD:

You know that we left Good Will on the afternoon train, and changing cars at Waterville, took the Bar Harbor express as far as Bangor. The boys had from 3 o'clock P. M. to bed time to see the city, except that they needed time for supper. This was procured at the Lowder, where they had a table and a room by themselves. Through the kindness of Secretary Jordan they were allowed to sleep in the Young Men's Christian Association gymnasium.

After taking breakfast at the Lowder, they boarded the "Cymbria" for the sail down the Penobscot. It is a rare sail. On the "Cymbria" I met Mr. Foster, of the Maine Lake Ice Co., and learned that the plant of this company is near the Punch Bowl. Mr. Foster is a Christian gentleman, and has shown us many courtesies. First he told us to come to the ice house for all the ice we wanted. We are now using one of his boats. Several of us have been shown by him over the entire plant—ice and granite—of his company. The Maine Lake Ice Company is not in the trust. The houses now hold 26,000 tons, but another house is to be built before winter. The ice comes from a lake of wonderful clearness half a mile away. An endless chain carries the ice from the lake to the ice houses, which stand on the shores of Eggemoggin Reach, where the largest sailing vessels can load. This is the longest ice chain in existence. A visit to the

pond—on the map as Walker's Pond—is worth the time and trouble. The Indian name is "Minnewaukon," "the place of beautiful waters." This lake so near our sea-side camp, makes a pleasing variety, and we have already caught a few black bass. I say "we," but must acknowledge that while "we" went after them, Kimball caught the only ones which were taken into the boat. The shores of Minnewaukon are beautiful. Our Sundays here are unlike those we have had in our former camps. Sometimes in the past we have had services to which the nearest neighbors were invited. Here we go to church five miles away; last evening we attended service in the Sargentville chapel, which proved to be too small to accommodate the people who assembled. Sargentville's summer visitors are of the very best class.

Yours 'twixt salt water and fresh,

DEAR RECORD:

I have concluded that boys were intended to live in the country and out of doors. President Hall, of Clark University, once exclaimed in a public address, "Oh, that we might put the schoolhouses on wheels and take these purblind boys into the country." But the boys, for six months of the year, at least, wouldn't care for the schoolhouse—tents would delight them. In our party this year are some fellows who have camped every summer for years. They know just how to act; they

are "old-timers," and adjust themselves to tent accommodations at once. There are also three or four fellows camping out for the first time in their lives. It is interesting to see how readily they take to camp life. One would think they had spent most of their days in just such a place as this, with a canvas for shelter. They seem to belong to all out-of-doors; all out-of-doors seems to belong to them.

The fellows in the next tent to mine sleep under the canvas at night; but at any time after day-break it's not much that can happen without their knowledge. If they hear a noise outside their tent, they do not get up and go to the end of the tent to look out; up goes the canvas wall, and there you have it—a long row of heads, each curious to know "what's up." They don't get up very early—the boys don't. The tent has a charm for a fellow, and he lingers in it often till breakfast is ready, and even after that, a boy is often found in tent reading or sleeping when the shade of a tree would seem to be so much better, and the heat and light under the close canvas is almost unendurable. The other day I came near a tent, and made a discovery. The tallest, or at least the longest boy in camp, probably, had his feet out one side the tent, and his head out at another. There he lay, reading; anyway, that's the way it looked, but I send you a photograph so you will understand. An old man

who saw the fellow, said, "that boy looked dreadfully long."

We had clams for dinner today.

From your friend on the clam flats,

DEAR GOOD WILL RECORD:

At the Punch Bowl one easily gets the impression that he is on an island. In fact, it was in my thought to write a little about the natural history of the island; then it occurred to me that we were on the mainland. I am glad we came to the sea shore this summer, for the boys are confronted with a multitude of new forms of life. The sea urchins, starfish, barnacles, limpets, snails, crabs, clams, as well as the various kinds of fish caught with hook and line, are full of interest. At least one of the party had never extracted a clam from its shells until he sat down to a meal of the bivalves here in camp. It's a great place for clams. I've been digging after them several times, and never saw them so thick anywhere. When I was a boy, if there came a heavy rain in the haying season, or in the hoeing time, and the clearing off was early in the day, the soil being too wet for the hoe, and the hay unfit to handle, father would take Beckwith's Almanac from the nail in the kitchen—the nail on which nothing but the almanac was ever hung, and say:

"Boys, if the tide's right you may go clamming today."

A brief consultation usually resulted in assurance that the tide permitted such a trip, and we would soon be on our way to Great Harbor or Sachem's Head. There was not much poetry in clam digging, in those days, but we were willing to dig a half bushel of them, for the sake of getting to the seashore. It was the price we had to pay for the outing.

Clam digging today on Eggemoggin Reach differs not from the clam digging of thirty years ago on Long Island Sound, in Connecticut, but it arouses different sentiments. The very first clam I pick out of its muddy environment brings up the days of boyhood, and I have a vision of the old farm horse, the drive through the village, the shore of the Sound, and Falkland Island in the midst of the bright waters. There's a trifle more poetry in clam digging today than there was then, but even now, the poetical element is not strong. It is not true fishing, anyway. But the clams themselves! You should see them disappear at dinner time, and the pile of shells that remain alone to tell the story.

Next to the festive clam, in the affection of the boys, is the flounder. This is because he can be captured in sufficient numbers to supply the table. The Punch Bowl yields a lot of them. Other bays and coves offer equally good fishing. One needs to know where to go, and then he needs a lot of patience in order to use proper language, when three out of four of his hauls prove to be sculpins. Why

some boys catch sculpins chiefly, and others in the same boat catch flounders, has not been fully explained. Last night Harry and I were fishing in a cove off little Deer Isle, when a resident on the Island, who had been out after driftwood, came alongside. As he passed us he said: "What be you fishing for?" to which I replied: "Flounders." "You're too far out, neighbor," he said, "Get nearer the shore." I thanked him, and asked if there was any way of catching flounders without catching sculpin. He told us, if we'd catch all the sculpins there are in the sea first, then we'd have clear flounder fishing. Roberts is of the opinion that he has caught nearly all the sculpins; anyway, after his continued luck with them, he don't see how there can be many left in the sea. While Kimball was taking a sculpin off his hook, he said to the fisherman who had advised us to change our location: "Say, did you ever see a horn-pout?"

"Yes, sir," the fisherman replied, "that is a horn-pout you have in your hand." That's one more name for the grotesque fish which so annoys the fellows when after flounders. Poor sculpin! He has already been referred to by our boys as the sculpin, scalpin, scorpin, and scallawag; and now we are told he is a horn-pout! It is good illustration of the value of scientific nomenclature, for if you say "horn-pout" to our boys and the lake fishers they understand you mean the "miller's-thumb" or "bull-head," but the salt water fisher-

man understands you mean the sculpin. Last night as Harry hauled in his seventh sculpin he exclaimed, "Hang those tormented old sculps. I'd like to smash the whole of them." I've asked Harry to eliminate three words from his vocabulary: they are "Hang," "Old," and "Tormented." He manages lately to get all these words into many of his sentences.

The time for our departure from this spot is near. We have done our last rowing, caught our last fish, had our last swim. There is a thick fog everywhere—not an unusual condition at the seashore. After supper tonight we gathered about the open fire, and in the gathering darkness, a trio of lusty voices sang this song, to the tune of "It was my last cigar," and the boys joined in the chorus:

"For thirteen happy, fleeting days
At Eggemoggin Reach
We've slept beneath the canvas tents
And sauntered on the beach.

CHORUS.

We're going to leave our camp,
We're going to leave our camp,
The fog has covered up the sea,
We're going to leave our camp.
We've listened to the noises
Where the boys slept in a row,
And heard the riot die away,
To breathings soft and low.

CHORUS.

We've heard some awful noises too,
But they are ended now;
Where naughty boys within their tent,
Stayed in a mighty row.

CHORUS.

We've smiled at Kimball's vain attempt
To hook the wily cod
While Holmes was catching flounders
Without a reel or rod.

CHORUS.

We've learned with unfeigned gratitude
That Dunn has learned to swim;
And only wish that Roberts, too,
Had boldly waded in."

CHORUS.

We leave here in the morning.
Yours in a fog bank,

VIII

MY THIRTEENTH TRIP

A man was going on a camping trip with some Good Will boys—the thirteenth trip of the kind. Every superstitious person knows what misfortunes cling, or are supposed to cling, to that number. It would seem a foregone conclusion that the thirteenth excursion of a given kind would be a gross failure at best. He was going to Greenville, Maine, on the shores of Moosehead Lake, and thence three miles through woods to Lower Wilson Pond, thence across the pond to camp “Idlewild,” where the party was to occupy the cottage by that name, and a tent. The ladies—a mother and her two daughters—were to occupy the cottage, and the rest were to occupy the tent. The cooking was to be done in the cottage; Roberts and Chisholm were to cook. In the party was a Harvard student—a young man who sang Harvard songs at the expense of “Old Yale,” and played Harvard airs on his mandolin till the entire party was more (or less) enthusiastic for Harvard. Someone has longed to write the songs of a nation: he who writes “catchy” songs for a college is a more potent factor in its life than some of us imagine. Let this young Harvard enthusiast be called “Crimson.”

There were several high school boys in the party, one of whom has such a predilection for punning that he can best be designated as "Baby Punster." He was the small boy of the party.

It was the plan to reach Greenville at noon and have the full afternoon to get to camp and settle. To do this they must arise at an early hour; take teams six miles to Benton Station, and get there in time to take the 7.05 train to the east. There were twelve in the party when we left Good Will, and one more—a young student—was added at Benton. We had been waiting at the station possibly five minutes, when two discoveries were made by the boys. First, they had come away in such haste that they had left fish rods at home: second, the train they had got up so early to meet would not connect with the train at Foxcroft for Greenville. They would therefore get to their destination the same moment they would if they had staid at home till the 1.05 P. M. train. They therefore had before them the prospects of a five hours' wait at Foxcroft. How cheering! Yet what else could one expect on his thirteenth trip of the kind?

Only a few years ago, crossing the Atlantic, the man had been told there was some one on board who was making his thirteenth trip across the ocean. It was understood at once that some disaster would overtake the passengers; and on that very trip the ship was on fire for five long hours. What else could be expected?

Jumbo was delegated to return home for the fish rods; and soon after he returned the train arrived. It brought the last member of the party, and there had been twelve.

"I shall hoo-doo the whole thing" he said, "I am number thirteen."

The thirteenth trip; thirteen in the party! But if they were going to Greenville again they would want to do just what they stumbled into doing that day, they would take that delightful morning ride from Good Will to Benton Station, stop off at Newport, spend four hours on Lake Sebasticook, catch all the white perch they could; dine at the Shaw House, and take the 2.35 P. M. train for Moosehead Lake and arrive there at 5.05. Its the happiest way to do; they found it so.

There seemed to be one disadvantage, however, in arriving so late. At Foxcroft the stop was so short that our baggage which had been checked to that station—thirteen pieces—could not be re-checked in time for the train, and they had to go on without it. Thus it happened that the ladies stopped at Gerrish's over night while the rest went over the pond to the cottage. This gave the ladies a quiet night of rest before going into camp; it gave the others a night at Idlewild with all the freedom that boys like the first night in the woods. The next day the baggage came and the ladies arrived in camp, leaving their hats at Gerrish's. Ordinarily this would have been a wise thing for

them to do; but two mornings later when Crimson and "No. 13" returned from Gerrish's with milk they told how the Gerrish house had burned to the ground in the night, and the ladies' hats had been consumed in the conflagration. "Didn't I tell you?" said the last one who had joined the party, "Didn't I tell you I was No. 13? Who knows what will happen next?"

It did look as though they were fated to petty evils; but when two days later they learned that in some unaccountable way the ladies' hats had been saved though practically everything else in the house had been burned, the props seemed to be knocked out from under the "thirteen" theory of disaster. But they still had No. 13 with them.

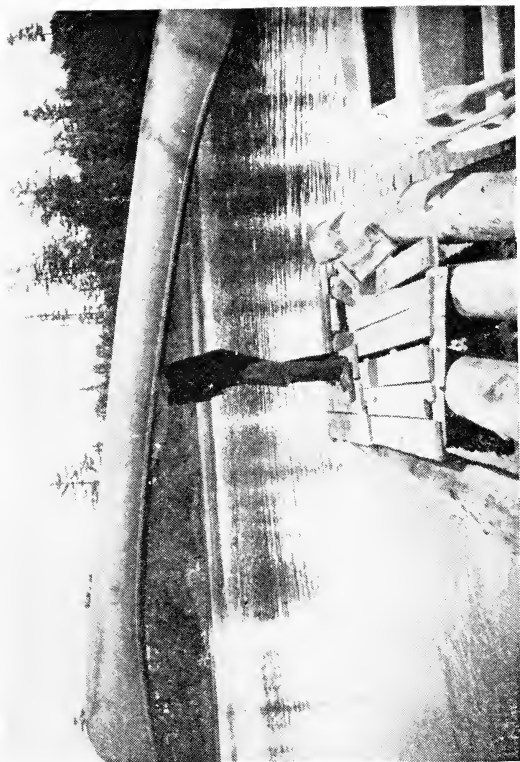
The Moosehead Lake region is beautiful. The most beautiful part of it includes Upper Wilson and Lower Wilson ponds. The camp was on the shore of the latter. From that point delightful trips can be made to interesting sections. A three mile buckboard ride takes one to the steamboat wharf at Greenville for a sail up the great lake. A mountain walk of twenty minutes from Lower Wilson brings one to Rum Pond—a pond whose trout rise to the fly, are reasonably ready to strike, but are neither large nor gamey.

Twelve minutes' walk from Lower Wilson, but in another direction, one arrives at Upper Wilson, the most picturesque of all the ponds in this vicinity. The fishing here is like that in Lower Wilson—not

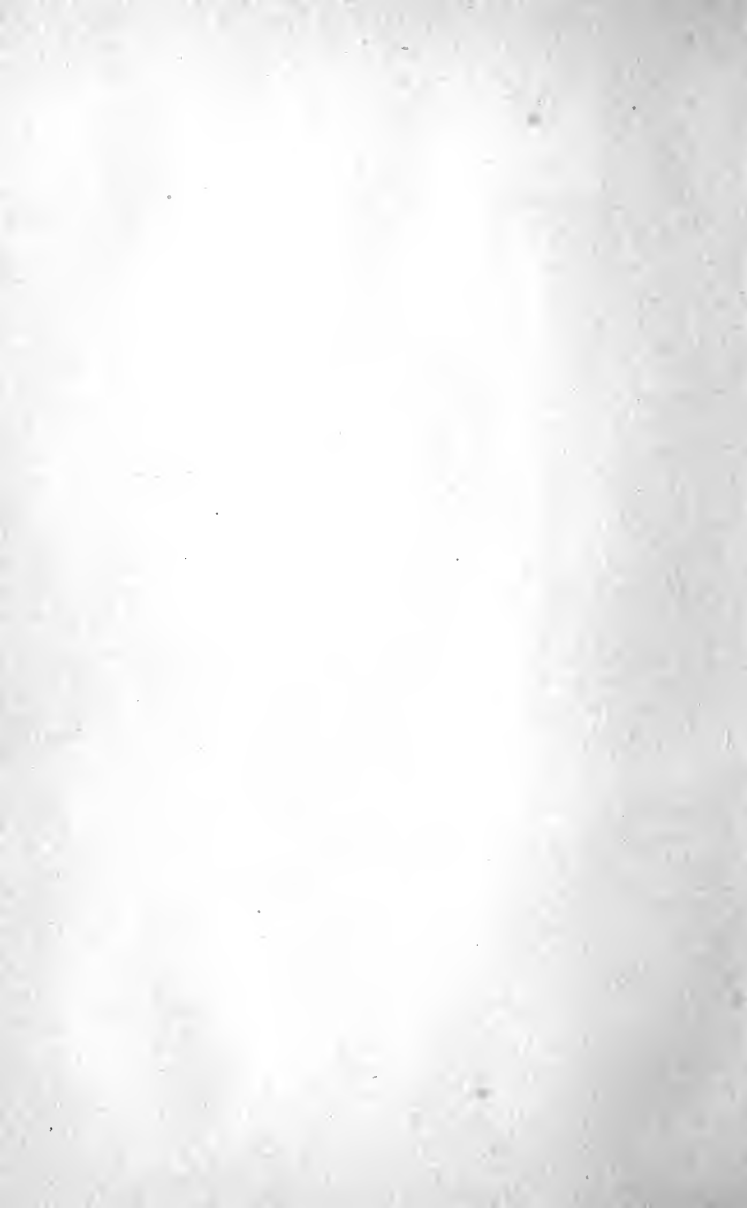
the best by any means, but the trout are large and lively. The only one the writer saw taken from either of the Wilson ponds was served at dinner in camp the second day—a fish lacking a little of being a four pounder. But if one does not catch a fish, a glimpse of the scenery amply repays one for his trip.

From Upper Wilson an interesting trip lies along the carry to Mountain Pond. There are no cottages or boats at this sheet of water except boats or canoes which parties take in for their own use. One should allow two hours for the tramp from Upper Wilson to Mountain Pond. The carry is through marshy places, up the steep mountain side several hundred feet, over sections of abandoned corduroy lumber roads and around Fogg Pond, in which there are no fish. It would prove to be a rather hard trip for an old man, impossible for the majority of ladies, but it is an ideal trip for boys who have any grit in them.

Having “done” Moosehead Lake, Rum Pond, Upper Wilson and Lower Wilson, Mountain Pond was next in order. A professional guide—some one who had a larger knowledge of the mountain path than the man with the boys who is himself a licensed guide—seemed desirable. The man acknowledged that his license did not insure the party against getting lost anywhere in the wilderness round about. Jacob Drew was chosen guide. “Jake” is equal to any task one may assign him



END OF THE CARRY AT UPPER WILSON POND



about this region. Whether it was due to the rarified atmosphere of the mountain side as the boys climbed, or to some other cause the punning fever reached its height on this trip, and "Baby Punster" was all the time happy.

The three ladies remained in camp, Roberts, Kelly, Chisholm and Eccles staying as a kind of body guard, and to keep camp. The rest made up the party and in it were included Crimson, Baby Punster, No. 13, the man, with the boys and Jake. This resulted in two licensed guides in the party, but they were soon designated as the guide, and *the* guide; emphasis on that little word expressing the boys' relative confidence in Jake as compared with the other. Crimson called attention to the way in which some of the party had been guying the guide, and suggested that the two men might be appropriately designated as "the guide," and the "guyed guide." This stroke had a dispiriting effect on the man with the boys, but delighted Baby Punster.

Everybody knows the evil which superstition sees in spilled salt. It was plain that the trip would be a quarrel from the start, when Jake, *the* guide, in packing provisions into the canoe accidentally broke the salt package and upset every particle of it—a quart at least upon the landing. What an omen of quarrels and bickerings and No. 13 was with them. To make matters theoretically and superstitiously worse, the entire salt

supply was again spilled on the ground soon after reaching Mountain Pond.

Leaving the boat and canoe on the beach near the Baker Cottage they started into the wilderness. They had gone but a short distance when Jake had to return for the axe which had been left at the landing. Crimson was not sure whether this was an "ax-ident" or the result of deliberate "ax-tion." At this Baby Punster whooped with joy. The party wanted to go through the woods quietly and if possible see deer and moose, for they were in the home of big game.

"Deer me," exclaimed Baby Punster, with a dejected air as the party trudged quietly along the rough path, "I do hope we can see a deer or a moose. I suppose it would be 'a-mooseing' to see some deer; but I suppose for the 'moosepart' that"—but Crimson interrupted him and declared that such rotten punning ought to be "punished" and that no punishment was too severe.

The boys supposed they were to sleep out—that is, to open their blankets under a tree, turn their feet toward a camp fire and go to sleep if they could, for the man with them had neglected to state that Jake had a tent all pitched at Mountain Pond, and ready for them. They were happily surprised, therefore, when they saw the canvas and were told that it was for them. It was lucky, too, that the tent was there, for it was the coldest night of the season.

While Jake made ready for a big camp fire the man with the boys, and Baby Punster were sent in a canoe over to an old boat which, because of holes in the bottom, had been placed on a raft by Jake a few days before. The raft supported this remnant of a boat in such a manner that with two persons only in it, the boat would not take more than two inches of water. It was too cold and windy to fish long, but enough were caught to afford fried trout for all. The man sat in one end of the old boat which was floating on the raft. Baby Punster sat in the other end. The fish began to nibble—that is they nibbled at Baby Punster's hook, and they got caught. One by one they began to land in the boat. He and the man would drop their baited hooks within two feet of each other; the man would have a nibble, then Baby Punster would pull in a fish. Nine trout—beautiful specimens—did Baby Punster pull in as they sat there in that old craft. All the man got was thirteen nibbles—little nibbles at that. Thus does a hook baited by a freckled faced boy have special fascination for the average fish; for there sat Baby Punster, freckled and noisy, on whose head a cap had not rested for a week, and around his hook did the fish gather and fool to their own destruction.

It was too cold to fish long, and at sunset everybody was in camp; Jake had a rousing fire just in front of it—a fire which the fitful wind fanned and whisked in every conceivable direction. The smoke

was blown into the open tent in clouds; the boys who were in there wiped tears from their eyes. The sparks alighted on a pair of blankets which had not been unrolled and which were just outside the tent. Good sized holes were burned before they were discovered. It was then decided that the fire must be moved further from the tent. It was done; the hot stones where the fire had been, gave out an agreeable warmth which Jumbo and Blake soon discovered. They sat on these hot stones so as to get over the chills they had experienced.

Everything went well at first; but Blake had a bunch of matches in his hip pocket. The heat from a big stone proved too much for them.

"Seems as though I smell brimstone" said Blake.

Jumbo sensed the situation but was silent. A moment later Blake comprehended his predicament. It was curious the way Blake woke up. There's hardly anything that will make a fellow move more lively than a good sized fire in his hip pocket.

But how the boys slept that night! The next morning was cold and clear. The man and Baby Punster went again to the old boat. It was the thirteenth day of August, the thirteenth trip and there were thirteen in the party. Something was sure to happen.

The man and Baby Punster began to catch trout. Crimson and No. 13 were fishing on the shore. The man saw Crimson attempt to

step from one rock to another. He slipped, extended his arm frantically and went head foremost into the water. For an instant there was no movement. The man had time to conclude that Crimson's head had struck a rock—that he was either killed instantly or stunned. If only stunned, his position with head in the water and feet on the rocks would mean death.

"Something has happened to Crimson" exclaimed the man who was with Baby Punster.

Just then Crimson's form rose from the water.

"Are you hurt Crimson?"

"Not much" he shouted back; "but I'm wet."

Then he took off all his clothing and spread it on the rocks to dry in the sun; and wrapped himself in the blanket which he had been using as a protection from the wind. He was not much hurt though his knees were bruised some.

In telling Baby Punster of it, Crimson said "My knees are lame, and it will not be 'a-kneesy' thing for me to walk back to camp. I may 'kneed' help." This remark received Baby Punster's unqualified approval.

While Crimson was drying off in the sun, and Number Thirteen was occasionally landing a trout on shore, Baby Punster and the man were having great success in the old boat. Baby Punster had caught twelve fish; then there came a pause. There were no fish; there were no nibbles. As near

as they could estimate they sat in silence thirteen minutes.

Then there was a twitch at Baby Punster's line—a cry of excitement from his lips—a splash of water—a short struggle—a flash of color, and the thirteenth fish lay glistening in the boat. It was the largest, handsomest fish caught on the trip.

And after all the trip was much like others. It is true that it was the thirteenth—and the best of all. There were thirteen in the party, and No. 13 proved to be a royal good fellow; the thirteenth fish was the finest caught; and the thirteenth day of August was the banner day. Taken all in all, if the writer could do it he would like to make his thirteenth trip over again, and if he could do so he would take No. 13 along, and would bank on the thirteenth day.

IX

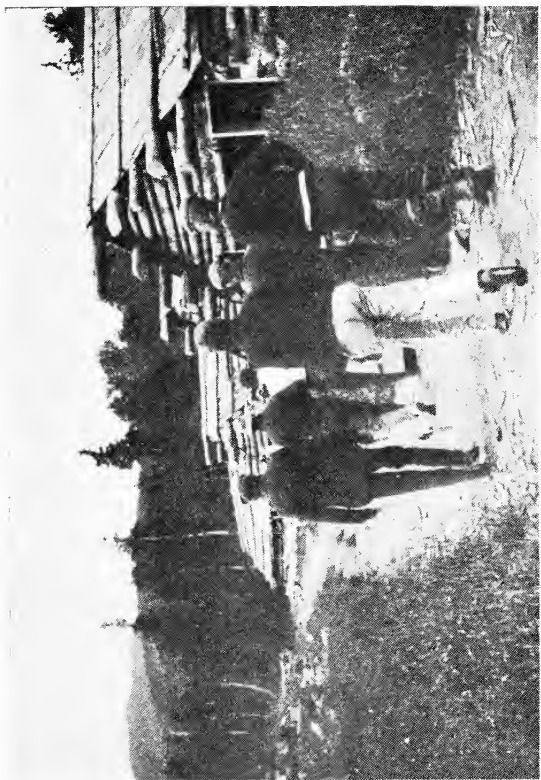
THE YEAR AFTER THE THIRTEENTH

This year my party numbered fourteen souls against thirteen a year ago. It was much like the former party for "Crimson" and "Baby Punster" were along; but "Tom" was a stranger, and the "Tarentumite"—a lover of the woods and lakes and a frequent comrade in my former camps had not before been to Moosehead Lake. He had a cottage and a tent—this, too, is an ideal arrangement for there are those who are as ill at ease under a canvas as I am under a shingled roof if there is a tent near by. Some of the party preferred "Idlewild"—the cottage secured for our use—as a sleeping place; but neither Jumbo, Tom, Crimson, McDonald nor myself had any use for other lodgings than those afforded by the tent with its soft light by day and its wax candle by night; its odor of grass and bunch-berry and mother earth; its absolute silence in the wee hours except as the breezes from off the lake would gently lift the unfastened walls or sway the open flap. Surely we had no quarrel with the Tarentumite, Baby Punster, Kimball and any others who willingly deprived themselves of the joy of the tent on the hill; but what are the woods for if not to be enjoyed in the open

and when is the forest at its best if not in the silence of the night?

In one respect the spirit of my party had changed since we arrived at "Idlewild," in 1902. At that time few of us had ever seen a live hedgehog. These creatures were interesting. We wanted to see them, and, having seen them we wished we might see a hedgepig—diminutive of hedgehog (?). When we met a hedgehog in the woods we watched him curiously and passed him or let him pass. The prints of their teeth on the two inch plank at our boat landing where they gnawed off the entire end of the planks in order to get what salt or grease, as we supposed, had given taste to the wood, were studied. But on the very last night Blake left his shoes on the veranda and the next morning discovered that one of these uncouth neighbors had gnawed the uppers leaving the lining, the soles, heels, shoe strings and eyelets. It was too late to seek an interview with the marauder that year, but when the party arrived this time, though Blake was not with it, there was enmity to the hedgehog and all his kin, and this, too, by common consent.

This explains the suddenness with which the ladies in Idlewild were awakened the first morning in the woods this year by the discharge of a revolver directly under the floor and the sound of half suppressed excitement over the slaying of the first hedgehog. This explains, too, the visit of the Tarentumite and earnest sympathizers to the ruins



ON THE WAY TO SQUAW POND



of a farm house in the rear of the cottage and tent—a rickety old building which has been headquarters for hedgehogs for years until floors and stairways have been nibbled and gnawed in a wonderful way—and their solemn vigil waiting for the spiny creatures to come out from under the house, while the hunted as solemnly waited for the hunters to retire or the moon to set, both of which things came to pass before there was any excitement; it also explains the thrilling time when a hedgehog was finally discovered one morning, just after day break on the back steps of “Idlewild”—a hedgehog that hesitated not to climb a tree while Tom and Sam were slaying its mate. But aside from this enmity against these ungainly creatures that leave their cruel spines about so carelessly (Sam found one of these spines in his nose between his eyes)—a more peaceful or happier party never visited the shores of Wilson Pond.

It should be recorded and kept in mind that an ideal spot for camping has not been selected unless it affords opportunity for side trips. If there is a village within three or five miles of camp some of the boys will want to visit it again and again, no matter how sleepy and forlorn the village may be, unless there are chances to satisfy the exploiting spirit in some other way. Wilson Pond offers side trips.

Rum Mountain is less than two miles away by boat or canoe. Weeks before we made the trip

I promised Tom that he should have a sleeping out experience. He was from out the state, but I am a registered guide and we would surely go together into the depths and taste the joys of a tentless trip. After reaching Rum Pond and making a brief stay for fly-fishing, we decided to go up some afternoon, take in the fly-fishing at sunset, sleep somewhere on the shore of the pond and try the early morning fishing with the fly again. Crimson wanted to go; so did Kimball and the Tarentumite; but had I not promised Tom that we would make the trip by ourselves? I assured these fellows that they could go with us, fish on the same pond and sleep in the same forest; but while Tom and I could fry our fish in a small pan and make our coffee in a small pot, to add three to our party would change the entire aspect of the trip. We did not care to help build a hotel for five, or to open a restaurant for the same number; we should therefore look out for ourselves and they might do the same.

This was satisfactory to all. We made the trip from Idlewild to the foot of Rum Mountain in the same canoe; but on Rum Pond we separated. It rained before we reached the pond. Tom and I went ashore and made preparations for the night. We built a lean-to or bower or something of the kind and only regretted that all our friends everywhere could not see it; we caught fish and fried them; made coffee and drank it and wondered how the other fellows were making it.

It rained. Just as we were landing at our shore for the last time before turning in for the night Crimson arrived. He had previously shouted to us on the pond asking if we had a spare candle in camp. He had come for the candle. We showed him our camp-fire; our protection of evergreen boughs; our bed for the night—a thing of indescribable attractiveness. Crimson was pleased with it all. He sat down on the bed close to where Tom had laid his revolver, which he had been wiping with his handkerchief. Crimson reached out to the foot of the bed and helped himself to some hard-tack—a part of our slender provisions for breakfast; then he took some more and some more. Tom cast anxious glances at me; but really it would not do to tell Crimson that our supplies were limited, for had we not assured Crimson that we were beautifully fixed and only wished that other fellows had things as well arranged. At last to our great relief Crimson said “good night” and we were alone.

It rained. Already it was late in the evening and for the sake of an early start in the morning we decided to retire. Absolute silence reigned in the woods except such noises as were made by the rain on the leaves, the pond, the frying-pan and the thick but by no means water-proof roof of boughs.

“Is your revolver loaded?” I said to Tom as we were taking all precautions for the night.

“That’s the trouble,” said Tom, “I can’t find it.”

"Can't find the revolver," I said with some anxiety, "We are in a pretty fix."

Then a search followed. There was no breeze to make the flame of a candle even flicker, and by the aid of it we hunted from our bed to the fireplace and back again, then under our bed of boughs, and over it and all about it.

"I can't imagine what became of it," said Tom, "unless Crimson swiped it?"

"He would have no reason for that," I ventured, "and I hardly credit it."

Still another search and then we decided that armless and defenceless we must bivouac in the woods.

It rained. We extinguished the flame of the little wax taper and listened to the rain drops and to the dripping of the roof upon our blankets. We were a long way from home—there was no mistake about that—and we were in the dark; in the woods; in the wet; in solitude profound; in a revolverless and defenceless condition. Where was that revolver anyway?

I was glad Tom slept, and when at last I heard his measured breathing I felt that I had a right to sleep myself—if I could.

I was awakened by some unusual heavy drops coming through the roof and striking in my ear. In attempting to move "out from under," I disturbed Tom. It was pleasant to know that he was there; it re-assured me to hear him speak my name.

"What?" I said.

"Are you going to take this path or are you going around the pond? I mean around the pond to the camp. Of course I don't mean home."

It rained. I was in the woods. It was night. I said in my heart, "This is lonesome, fearfully lonesome. I'd rather Tom wouldn't talk than to talk like that."

The night wore on; the dripping through the roof increased and I had to turn out once more. This startled my comrade.

"Late of Harvard College but sent home on account of his fishing," he said speaking very deliberately.

"What's that?" I asked as that peculiar forlorn feeling again stole over me.

"I said," replied Tom with a show of impatience, "Late of Harvard College but sent home on account of his fishing." Then he added timidly, "I intended it for a joke but I don't think 'twas very funny; jokes don't go well in a wet time like this anyway."

I pulled the wet blanket a little closer to me as an unusually big drop through the boughs overhead fell into my eye, and said in my heart:

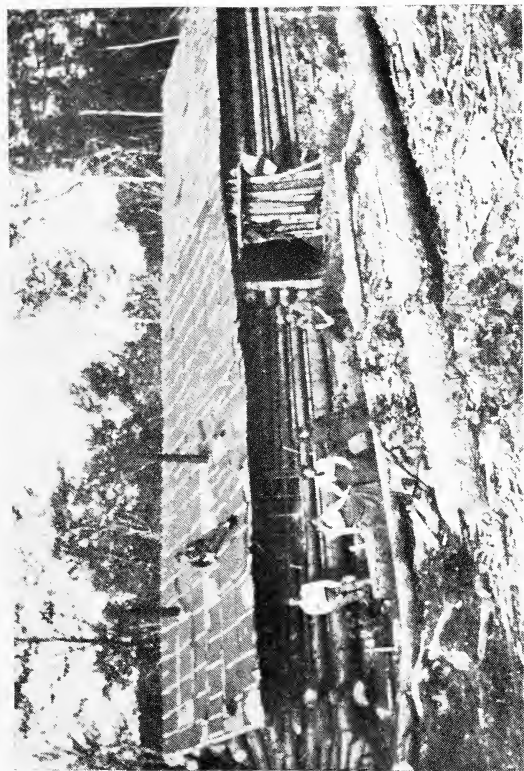
"This is lonesome; fearfully and gruesomely lonesome. 'Twould be kind of lonesome like for two of us anyway; but to have the other fellow talking that way makes a man feel that he can't count on much."

It rained. I lay under the blankets and noted

the steady dripping of the rain through the boughs and felt the progress of the accumulated rain as it crept along on the under blanket. I also wondered what had become of the revolver.

But nights end; there is always a dawning even though it be long in coming.

I reviewed the night with Tom and learned that he sometimes talked in his sleep; he surely did that night. With the break of day we arose and prepared our morning meal. Then we started out in the boat to find the other fellows. Our search was fruitless and our shouts were unanswered. Concluding that they had left in the night we broke camp and rowed toward the outlet of the pond. As we drew near the landing we saw strange forms—the forms of three drenched fellows wrapped in blankets who had taken refuge in a lumberman's camp. They were Crimson, Kimball and the Tarentumite. Our first inquiry was for the revolver; the first reply was a confession from Crimson that he had taken it just as we suspected. It was their plan to visit the woods near our camp in the night and by prowling around give Tom and me some blood-curdling experiences. They did not dare do this so long as we had a revolver in camp lest we fire it and hurt someone. Hence Crimson's mock errand after a candle and the subsequent disappearance of our only firearm; but it rained too hard and Tom and I were spared.



WHERE THEY TOOK REFUGE FROM THE WET



How the trout did take the fly that day, and on the whole it was a fine side trip.

It is autumn now. As I write I look through the frost, the snow and the sleet of the coming winter and beyond it all I see the fleecy clouds, the glinted waves, the foliage clad mountains of another summer vacation; and if I go again I would like the same company—the same ladies at Idlewild and the same boys, Crimson and Baby Punster, Kimball and the Tarentumite, Tom, Sam, and the rest. It's fun to camp out.

X

AT PLEASANT POND

Early in the spring of 1912 I began to speak occasionally of a probable hike with the boys, which was planned to take place soon after the close of the spring term of the Good Will Schools, and one morning early in May I posted the following:

NOTICE.

Any boys fourteen years old or older, who are eligible and would like to be invited to go on a thirty-five mile hike and return, are requested to hand their names, written with ink, into the office before six o'clock Tuesday evening.

(Signed.)

Before two o'clock that day twenty-eight names had been passed into the office: "Would like to go on the hike," "A candidate for the hike," "Hope to be invited to go on the hike," and other expressions preceded the signature on the various slips, and before six o'clock Tuesday evening more than twenty more had been added.

All the boys understood that "eligible" meant that a boy must be at liberty to leave the farm; that he must have walked at least twenty miles on some previous occasion; and it happened that several boys who had been present on other hikes were restricted in the liberties as a matter of dis-

cipline for a few weeks, and consequently were debarred. They were not "eligible."

It was almost time for the hike, if there were to be one, when the above decision was reached. A telephone conference, an auto trip to Pleasant Pond fifty-six miles north of Good Will to confer about accommodations, and I was ready for a meeting of the candidates. It was held on the steps of the Quincy; the thirty-four eligibles who had in the meantime been invited were present.

I announced that the hike was to be to Pleasant Pond; that the distance was too great for a single day, and as my real object this time was not to test the walking powers, an arrangement had been made which would result in an easy tramp after all. It was enough for me to know that each and every one of the thirty-four could walk thirty-five miles a day, and that each and every one expected to do it. I explained that the route would be nine miles to Skowhegan, fourteen miles by trolley from Skowhegan to Madison, thirty miles by steam cars from Madison to Bingham, fifteen on foot from Bingham to Carratunk and three and a half from Carratunk to the Camps; but as the route from Carratunk to the Pond was all up hill the last three and a half miles would seem like seven at least.

It was a question as to the nine miles at the beginning—Good Will to Skowhegan—and if the first boy, when the roll was called had answered "W"

to his name, which meant he would walk, probably the next would have given the same answer and the majority would have followed. But he answered "T" and "T" meant he would take the train to Skowhegan, cutting off nine miles; and the next one said "T" also, and only six, including Scott, the leader, voted for the longest hike which the plan allowed, the first nine miles to be covered before 7.30 o'clock in the morning.

It was at this same meeting that I gave all the instructions that seemed necessary, and these were positive. The negative form was avoided; in other words there was not a "Don't" in the entire list of suggestions.

"While the hike is not to be as long as usual, see to it that your shoes fit and that you have shoes with good stiff soles."

"After leaving Bingham you will walk miles at a time without passing a house but you will pass springs and watering troughs. If you must drink use your paper drinking cups carried for the purpose."

"Cheer as much as you choose, sing when you feel like it, attract as much attention as you wish, and be courteous and gentlemanly always," and the like were put before the boys.

It might have been easier to say: "Don't drink from watering troughs or public cups; don't wear sneakers; don't act like rowdies or suggest hoodlumism," and these would have been more direct,

but some people have a suspicion that there is a limit beyond which the "Don't" racket becomes hateful. A holiday loaded down with don'ts is a holiday of burdens.

While the meeting was in progress I thought of the thrilling things which are always happening in fictitious camps; I thought of all the uneventful camps and hikes I have directed in my lifetime, and, notwithstanding the fact that the less eventful a real camp is, the more enjoyable it is bound to be, I said in closing:

"I hope something will happen."

* * * * *

The morning for the start proved to be fairly good. There was a haze, and in some directions appeared suggestions of rain, but it was predicted that these signs would "burn off" as the sun rose and they did. When the auto stopped for me in front of my home, Thoroughgood and MacVeigh, on the back seat, seemed to be stored away with bags, bundles and suit-cases, half hidden as they were with these things.

On all previous trips of the kind, each boy was provided with full change of clothing and these extras had always been shipped in advance. But for this trip it had been directed that the outer suit worn should serve all purposes; that as to underwear, if a boy was careful and used the pond for a laundry tub occasionally, he could keep one suit

clean and in good condition for the return trip. This arrangement resulted, not in a big shipment of clothing by rail and stage, but in various bags and bundles crammed with towels, under-clothing and other necessities packed into the automobile.

Thoroughgood and MacVeigh, or two other hikers, were necessary to get things in readiness in the camps and cottages. The rest of the hikers were expected to arrive at Pleasant Pond between 5.30 and 6.00 P. M.; they would be ready for a supper which would be served thirty minutes after they arrived, but, because of the arrangements for this particular party, it would be no small task to get things ready.

Headquarters were to be two of Martin's cottages, close to the water's edge and not far from Martin's Hotel. Combers Cottage was half a mile—more or less—to the north of headquarters, and the Rogan Camps and the Huse Camp were at least half a mile in the opposite direction. The party therefore was to be scattered for more than a mile; there were to be three kitchens in operation, and meals served in three places, viz.: at Combers Cottage, at headquarters, at Huse's Cottage. MacVeigh and Thoroughgood could get ready easily if they had a good chance; we would reach the Pond at twelve and all would be in readiness when the hikers arrived. That was the plan.

We passed Scott and those who had voted "W" instead of "T" half way to Skowhegan; all was

going well but I expressed a hope that something would happen. I did not want an accident, nor anything that would mar the enjoyment of any hiker, but camps outside of fiction are likely to be just enjoyable, happy experiences without any thrills.

At Skowhegan there were clouds; at Madison it was fair; at Bingham the sun shone hot, and we who were in the auto said that it was a perfect day for the boys aside from the fact that it would be a little warm tramping up the valley.

We arrived at Martin's before eleven o'clock, and, because in the last half hour dark clouds had appeared, which threatened to travel down the Kennebec Valley, the auto and its owner started on the return trip.

As soon as our dunnage was transferred to the cottages on the shore of Pleasant Pond a few rods beyond Martin's, and Thoroughgood and MacVeigh had inspected headquarters, I said:

"I'll go down to Rogan's, open up the Huse Cottage and be back soon. MacVeigh will be ready to go to the Huse Cottage as soon as the groceries are ready. You two boys take this list of groceries and hasten up to Martin's—up to the house back there which we just passed—and tell Mr. Martin you will bring the groceries down. Have everything here when I get back; Mr. Martin carries all things in our line. It's mighty handy to have our supplies so near,"

Thoroughgood and MacVeigh were willing messengers; they started for Mr. Martin's, who makes no pretense of running a grocery store, but who keeps certain things on hand for parties who may need them.

And I wandered through the woods to Rogan's, opened the Huse Cottage where MacVeigh was to cook, and returned in a boat.

"It's all a fake," said MacVeigh, as he and Thoroughgood stood on the steps of headquarters and welcomed me back, "it's all a fake. That man hasn't got the groceries; and said he would have to go out to Carratunk after them if we want them and to let him know."

"What!" I exclaimed, "and you haven't brought any groceries back?"

"Not a thing," said MacVeigh, "Oh yes, we did, too; we brought the salt you ordered but nothing else."

It began to rain.

We listened in silence to the sound of the wet; to innumerable drops that tinkled on the surface of the pond; to other drops that fell in multitudes on the roof.

"I'll have to go up to Martin's," I said.

"Something's happened all right," muttered Thoroughgood. "You hoped something would happen."

"Yes," I acknowledged, "I did hope something would happen, but I didn't mean that I wanted the

boys wet to their skin, and I didn't mean that I wanted them to reach camp and find us in a state of famine. This is different; I meant that I wanted something interesting, something exciting, while this is just famine and rain. Are you sure you got the salt?"

"Sure; it's in the back room, and I guess there's a quart of it; it's in a box."

"See here boys; I've sometimes had short rations in camp, and had little scares lest we get out of food entirely, but this is the first time that I started that way. Here I go to Martin's."

A trip through the rain to Martin's and back!

"He's after the provisions," I reported, "but no one knows how long he will be gone. It's two o'clock now. Somewhere down the river a party of over thirty is tramping through this rain—did you ever see it rain harder?—and every minute brings them nearer this spot, where they will arrive before six, wet to the skin, hungry as bears, and tired and footsore. What shall I do?"

"You may search me," said Thoroughgood laconically.

"The only thing I could do if they should arrive now," I replied, "would be to pass them the salt. What do you think of that?"

"I guess something's going to happen," said one of the boys—a remark which had little comfort for me.

It continued to rain. Dense clouds hung over

the mountains and seemed to droop lower and lower till one could see only a few feet above the line of the water on the opposite side of the pond, where the shore rises precipitously; rivulets formed near the cottage and ran, thick and muddy into the clear water of the pond; fitful gusts of wind drove sheets of rain against the thin walls of the boarded cottage. There was nothing for us to do so we played another game; we had played off and on ever since we got back to the cottage from dinner at Martin's.

Four o'clock came.

"Boys," I said, "this may be interesting but it is not enjoyable—not for a man in my position. Just thirty-four guests to supper; supper at six at the latest, possibly at half past five, and its now four, and absolutely the only thing in camp that's ever used in food is salt—a quart of salt! It's four o'clock, I'm going up to Martin's again."

As I neared Mr. Martin's house I caught sight of him.

"You got the groceries all right, didn't you?" he said with an air of confidence.

"Groceries! What groceries?" I ventured in surprise.

"Why the groceries you ordered. I put them down in the little building near the cottage—in the building where that auto is; I thought you would see them."

"When?"

"Well, about two hours ago, I should think; it didn't take me long to go after them."

Then followed a hurried trip back to the cottage; hurried instructions to the boys how to arrange the table; and some rather hurried activities which the boys called "hustling for supper."

* * * * *

At five I was on the veranda at Martin's, and a few minutes later there was a sound of many voices in a rich harmony; the whole party of boys we'd been waiting for was marching to the music of their own song, and rounding the corner the hikers tramped down to head-quarters singing.

But such a mess! They were wet through to the skin and must have been far from comfortable. But they sang, told incidents of the wayside, hung clothing in places where they might reasonably hope it would dry out by morning, and got ready for supper.

"We're all here," said one of the boys "except Sam and his brother Harold. In Skowhegan Harold strayed away from the rest, Sam went to look for him, and before Sam found Harold the car started."

"And where are they now?" I asked.

"No one knows; perhaps they will follow us but if they do they can't get here till tomorrow; it's awfully hard travelling."

And less than ten minutes after that remark one of the boys exclaimed:

"Well I'll be hanged if there ain't Sam and Harold. How did they get here this time of day? "

And it was true that when the boys sat down to supper Sam and Harold were with them.

The first day had ended and nothing had happened.

* * * * *

There is a curious and tantalizing custom which seems to prevail among people who build cottages or camps. These parties, building for their own use and enjoyment, and ignoring the public, or that part of the public which may chance to rent the camp or cottage in the future, furnish their summer outing place with odds and ends from their city homes. The cabinet organ which can no longer be used but which will add a homelike appearance and serve as a stand for bric-a-brac or as a side-board; the rocking chair which has tremors because of age and use whenever anyone sits down in it; the table with one weak leg and a leaf which has a way of collapsing if more than two or three dishes are risked upon it; the discarded clock that has been in the shed chamber without a solitary tick or movement of its hands for years but which looks as though it might tell the time of day—all these and other odd pieces are counted good enough for camp and probably they are. The line, however, should be drawn at discarded cook stoves; but I am not sure that it ever is or ever will be.

When a man builds a camp he digs out the old stove that has been on the dump heap for a year but in some way has escaped the junk dealer, treats it to a coat of blacking, props up the grate with a stone or piece of brick, and declares it is just the thing.

And it is just the thing; it is just the thing that should be continued on its way to the junk dealer, or be taken into the middle of the lake and dropped overboard. There should be at least one new thing in a camp or summer cottage; that new thing should be the cook stove.

Some of the cottages at Pleasant Pond, occupied by the boys, had been furnished on the above principle, and the discarded cook stove had been installed in them. One stove had no hinges on the front door; could anything be a more hopeless proposition when biscuits and other things are contemplated?

One stove refused to make any show of that very necessary adjunct called a "draft;" it could not be made to draw, and smoke that would make some boys cough and all weep would pour out from the cracks and holes in the cast iron. The first batch of biscuits from this particular stove was covered with a thick coat of ashes which had showered down from a big crevice back of the fire box.

Half a dozen fellows tried their skill on that stove and as they did it they talked and said many uncomplimentary things, but it was as unfeeling

and as unresponsive as a cast iron object can be. Some condemned it and consigned it; some deplored the situation and wondered what we were going to do; some offered suggestions as to the way in which the situation might be remedied.

But it was not yet a hopeless task because—well, because Tenney Allen had not tried his hand at it. And after a while Tenney began to meddle. He put in the stove splinters, whittled with a dull knife from a pine stick; he lighted matches; he did all the things that the others had done before him, and at one time it looked as though Tenney had triumphed.

But it was not more than half an hour before one of the boys passing the door, paused, looked in and inquired:

“How’s your fire, Tenney?”

And Tenney poked the ashes and held up the wooden poker whose end smoked slightly and replied:

“It’s so as to be out, thank you.”

* * * * *

The days passed pleasantly; by this I mean that the boys were in good spirits, and nothing occurred to mar their happiness, but I do not mean that there were no rainy days. When one plans for a trip, he counts on pleasant weather, but rainy days have their compensation; a camp without a wet day is an incomplete outing.

North Mountain was directly across the lake from our camp, and a trip was to be made to the summit. The first clear day was chosen for this, and it proved to be a better day for the purpose than any that followed. There were boats enough available to take only half the party across the lake two miles to the foot of the mountain, so it became necessary to make two trips. The party that went in the boats first were to start in to climb as soon as they reached the shore, while one boy in each boat returned for the other fellows.

It was not good scouting, I admit, but as we were leaving camp I provided myself with a teacup of flour in a small reel box; this was used for the benefit of the party which was to follow because no one in the second party had ever been on the mountain. Good scouting would have depended upon foot-prints, broken twigs, and similar scout signs, but our one object was to get to the top of the mountain while the atmosphere was clear, and to make the arrival of the other party sure and safe, at as early a moment as possible. So when there was a turn on the mountain side, and any possibility of the second party missing the trail, a dash of the white flour was a token which way to take; other parties might have broken twigs that day or made foot-prints, but no one else was using flour for guiding purposes.

"I didn't know there was anything so beautiful,"

exclaimed one of the boys as he stood on the summit of North Mountain that day.

"You will remember," I remarked, "that I spoke in the Chapel one Sunday of my first trip up this mountain, and that, reaching the top I thought of myself as a tiny insect on the top of a thimble, in the middle of a saucer; the thimble is North Mountain, the rim of the saucer is the horizon, which in every direction is broken and irregular with mountains."

On the mountain top we met unexpected conditions. We were prepared to encounter mosquitoes and black flies on the way up the mountain, because at that season they abound in the thick Maine woods, but we expected to be undisturbed on the bare granite summit. The reverse of our expectation was our real experience; for we encountered practically no flies or mosquitoes on the way, but at the summit swarms of the tiniest insects—probably the "midgets" of the white folk, and the "no-see-ums" of the Indians—attacked us. Sometimes a puffy breeze would give us relief for a minute or two minutes, but no longer. We waited patiently for the second party to arrive, and while waiting the pests increased, until "Ding-Ding Walker" in desperation exclaimed:

"I'll show you where I'll go and get out of the way of these pesky critters," and taking off his sweater he jumped from a granite ledge into a hol-

low where many blueberry bushes were growing, and put his sweater over his head.

"O, you simpleton," I shouted, "don't you know that those sheltered bushy places are where all these flies came from?"

"Well, if they came from here and are up there with you, they are not down here now, are they?" and he crouched still lower into the bushes and under the sweater; but only for a moment, because it took him a short time to learn that that clump of bushes had yielded only a small portion of what it possessed in the line of midgets and mosquitoes, and he beat a hasty journey to a granite footing again.

The second party arrived under the leadership of Mr. Scott, and the first party lingered on the mountain long enough to hear their exclamations of surprise and delight as they looked in various directions, and recognized Mt. Washington, the "Bigelows," the "Spencers," Baker, Bald, Kineo, Elephant, Moxie, and others, and then the first party descended to the boats.

Under Scott's leadership the second party lingered longer, and when they descended they had prepared a birch roll containing the names of the party, had selected a spot a stated number of feet north of the summit and had buried it with certain rites and ceremonies, to be uncovered by any members of the party who may chance to visit the place in coming years.

On the way home a few trout were caught; the return was made by both parties in ample time to prepare for supper and for an enjoyable evening. It had been a great day for Good Will boys; but nothing had happened.

To have made the day interesting, my section might have been confronted when near the top of the mountain by a group of boys, demanding from whence we came and who we were; and we should have suddenly bethought ourselves of rumors of the existence of a camp of boy out-laws on the east side of the mountain. A description of the encounter between these youthful desperadoes infesting the east side of the mountain and making predatory trips to Carratunk and Mosquito Landing would have made interesting reading; some real thrills could be put in and boys would sit up nights to read the story.

After a war of words, the Good Will boys and the boy desperadoes might have come to blows, and in the encounter Chapman might have had his ankle sprained; Tucker in a fierce encounter with the leader of the desperadoes might have received a telling blow in the eye, making him stagger for a moment and lean against a birch tree to regain balance and poise for another encounter, and then Good Will—the first section—rallying its forces, might have put the desperadoes to flight, and as they disappeared down the precipitous east side of North Mountain the leader might

have brandished his jack knife and vowed vengeance.

Then the Good Will boys—first section—might have got together and after talking it over, have solemnly pledged themselves not to tell section number two anything about their thrilling adventures until all were back in camp, and Chapman and Tucker might have been concealed in the bushes when section two arrived and not be missed, because, you see if they should notice Chapman's predicament and Tucker's black eye some explanation would be expected.

Then section one might have returned to camp, and the second section, all unsuspecting and happy like, might have been wending their way down the mountain side, only to be suddenly confronted by the leader of the boy bandits, who had been routed by section one, and he might have explained that he and his recruited desperadoes were going to take vengeance then and there for their defeat earlier in the afternoon. Then could follow the fiercest bloodiest encounter that ever was on North Mountain, in which the youthful desperadoes would have seized Earl Ormsby, and have led him, with his hands tied, into the fastnesses of the east side of the mountain.

In the meantime section one would have returned to camp, and we would have prepared supper and waited—waited for section two! The sun would set; the west would be lighted up with the glow of

the dying day, and then as the dusk changed to darkness and the stars came out one by one, fear and consternation would brood over the camp. We would wait for the return of section two; we would conjecture as to whether they had lost their way or whether—oh the horrible suspicion!—they had been attacked by that camp of hostile, desperate boys, over the mountain.

Then, as the fires got low in the broken cookstoves and the supper got cold on the tables and gloom filled every heart, some one might have descried the outline of three rowboats, half across the pond, moving slowly toward us, but refusing to answer our shouts and cheers. Like a funeral cortège the boats might have moved toward the landing, and when the boys got out, Scott should approach me and say:

"Sir, I bring grewsome tidings; disaster has overtaken us; sorrow is in camp. On our way down North Mountain we were attacked by a band of boy bandits, who, rumor says have been camping on the east side these many days. The leader told us that his forces had suffered defeat in an encounter with Good Will boys, and he had sworn vengeance, and proposed to get even. We suffered many injuries, but alas, in the end they seized Ormsby, and hold him in the fastnesses of the east side of the mountain."

Then it would be my duty to order a camp fire, in order that we might hold a council, and the

council would last till near midnight and, when it ended, definite plans would have been laid to rescue Ormsby. The plans would involve the setting of a watch, the awakening of the entire camp at daybreak, breakfast at 5.30, and a start of the whole camp for the rescue of the unfortunate captive. Here the story might be left to be "continued in our next."

This, with details skilfully worked out, would make an interesting camp incident; such things happen in camp stories, but not in real camps. As the Good Will camp was a real one, we had a pleasant evening, and retired early. Another day was gone and nothing had happened.

* * * * *

The days were passing rapidly and each brought its share of interest. There were no serious accidents; there were many pleasing incidents; life was worth living at Pleasant Pond.

"Yes," I said to Mozart in reply to a question, one evening, "I'll go. I don't want to prevent any boy going out, but if you are sure that one of the boats will not be wanted by any one else, we will start early tomorrow morning and go across the pond. But I shall fish for salmon; they say there are salmon in this pond, but the boys are not likely to get any. Mozart, we'll go."

And early the next morning Mozart and I went quietly to the shore and chose a boat.

"We'll make it twenty minutes each," I said; "you row twenty minutes and I'll troll; then I row twenty minutes and you troll."

So Mozart took the oars.

We were a quiet couple that morning; that is, we were quiet for the first twenty minutes. There was a rhythm about the slow stroke of the oars in Mozart's hands which would have put us to sleep had we been in positions of ease instead of sitting upright and without support for our backs. The sun was not yet high enough so the direct rays could reach us, for North Mountain was a barrier; but here and there from the still surface of the pond little clouds of mist arose.

"I can hear the fellows moving in camp," said Mozart, as he rowed slowly and listened to the rhythmic sound of the oars: "I heard a tin pan drop on the floor; I guess they heard us start."

But not much was passing between us, and at length I said:

"Mosey, time's up and here's where we change; I row and you fish. Let me get my position first and then you move; two should not be moving about in a boat like this at the same time;" and in a minute I had the oars and Mozart was holding the rod.

"What was that story the kids were laughing about last night; didn't you tell a story just before the lights were out?"

"I don't know which you mean," I replied, "but

I'll guess it is one that 'tis said President Garfield used to tell on himself. It was when he was a student in college and he and three of his classmates were driving through the country. They saw an old man standing in a field near the road. He was tall, long-bearded, white-headed—a patriarchal looking farmer—do you know what patriarchal means, Mosey? Well, there was that about him which made them think of the old men, the heads of families in Old Testament times. They stopped and one of the students addressing the old man said:

“Good morning, Father Abraham.”

“Another student said:

“Good morning, Father Isaac.”

“Another student said:

“Good morning, Father Jacob.”

“Then they listened to learn what the man—the ‘old farmer’—as the story goes, would say, and he said:

“My friends, I am not your Father Abraham; I am not your Father Isaac; I am not your Father Jacob. I am Saul, the son of Kish, whose father sent him to—”

Whish! Whiz-z-z !! Splash !!!

“Stop, stop,” shouted Mozart: “I’m caught on a rock; back water—back—”

“Caught on nothing,” I exclaimed. “You’ve got a strike, Mosey, you’ve got a strike. Careful, or you’ll lose him; careful, I say.”

Something like twenty yards from the boat a fish had taken the bait, broke water, and for an instant it seemed as though the rod which Mosey was handling in a clumsy manner, would snap asunder.

"Let him have it slowly, now, let him have it, but don't—"

"What, let him go away," said Mosey, appealingly. "Can't I get him?"

"Get him? I don't know, Mosey, whether you can get him or not. You can't yank him in the way you would a measley chub or a yellow perch; what you must do is to manage your reel so your line is always taut—"

"Taut?" queried the boy.

"Yes, taut; or tight, if you understand better; I mean if you let the line get slack—if he comes toward you and you don't reel in fast enough, or if you don't keep your hand on the reel and the line goes out too fast and—"

"Oh, there—lost," exclaimed Mozart, as the fish broke water; the line slacked as the creature disappeared beneath the surface and evidently headed toward the boat. A look of dismay spread over Mosey's features.

"If I only could have got that fish—I *have* got him," he shrieked, as the line tightened again, and the reel whizzed and half a dozen yards of line went out; "I thought I'd lost him."

"Mozart," I said slowly, "if you get excited and

go to threshing about in this boat you'll lose the biggest and best fish that was ever hooked in this pond. See? Well, then, keep cool. If he pulls too hard, don't let him break the line; give it to him, but just keep it taut, that's all. See?"

We sat in the boat; for moments at a time neither of us would speak as the contest went sullenly on. The fish, sometimes twenty yards, sometimes forty yards, and once so near fifty yards that I almost despaired, for the reel carried only that length of line.

I had nothing to do but watch Mozart; but occasionally I could not resist the temptation to make some suggestion. Mozart was to capture it or lose it; that much I settled when early in the contest he had once begged me to take the rod, because he feared he could not save the fish.

"Say," he exclaimed in a mock attempt at secrecy, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper, "say, if I do catch this fellow, won't the kids' eyes bulge, when we go ashore?"

Out in the pond midway between the two shores while the battle twixt finny tactics and youthful ambition was in progress, I became conscious that a new bond of friendship between Mozart and I had suddenly been created and was growing. "Mosey"—I had never called him "Mosey" till that morning—and I had been friends since the day when, tow-headed and freckled, he arrived at Good Will and, taking him by the hand, I said: "I'm glad

to see you." I had watched him from his twelfth year till now he was a youth of sixteen, and we had spent happy hours together. But this was a new experience; we were fishing together; and though the fish now showing his glossy back above water as he silently tugged, and now moving majestically toward the bottom, was on Mosey's line, we were sharing the battle, the hope of success, the fear of loss, and, should he finally reach the boat, he would be—not "mine," nor "Mosey's," but "ours."

"It's just as I told you, Mosey," I exclaimed, "it's just as I told you; there's nothing like it. This is ideal. Better take it all in; better think of it now while it's passing and then you can recall it later; the sun just above the mountain; the little wavelets as a breeze ripples the water here and there; the blue smoke coming up from that camp over yonder; great heron silently winging his way northward; solitary loon breaking the silence at intervals over in the cove; vireos warbling in the alders on the shore; reel clicking as our unwilling guest careens under the surface; azure sky over our heads with a fleecy cloud here and there; Bigelow Mountains in the distance, hazy and dignified; white birches reflected in the liquid depths close in shore; sandpiper winging his way like lightning past us on his way to the beach; columbines in bloom; joy in my heart; hope in yours—say, Mosey, Mosey, my boy, it's all here and it's great; we'll

never forget it and—*careful*, boy, *careful*; now, I'll get the net, for your game is getting tired; don't reel in too fast. See his back; that fish will weigh six pounds if he weighs an ounce, and it's a land-locked salmon, Mosey, sure as you're born. You remember I looked at my watch just after you hooked him; well, it was twenty-five minutes ago, and I don't blame you for wishing he was in the boat. Move him now if you can over this way and I'll put the net under and—"

"Whizz-zz-zz—"

Mosey had worked skillfully; he had surprised me by his coolness and his willingness to act upon any suggestion I might make. The fish had shown signs of weariness, and was at last within six or eight feet of the boat, with enough of his shining back out of the water to show us his size. It was not till I reached out the net that he seemed to get a new hold on life, and suddenly started for a fresh battle, and reeled out the line till he was at least fifteen yards from the boat again, to be slowly and cautiously reeled back again.

"How long is this going to last?" said Mosey, appealingly.

"Till you get that fish into the boat, I hope," was my quick response, "and in my judgment it will take ten minutes longer; and not only that, my boy, it will be the easiest thing in the world to lose him now if you get a little careless. No, Mosey, I'll not do it. It's kind of you to offer to let me

take the rod and finish the task, but it's your fish or no one's till it's caught, and then it will be 'ours,' See?"

And it did take fifteen minutes longer, and five minutes added to that; then the net was under the fish and as I lifted it over the side he flopped out of the net and fell—into the boat.

In that last movement the hook fell out of the salmon's mouth, showing that he had been so slightly hooked that anyone might have been pardoned for losing him; a wrong move on Mosey's part and we would have gone back to camp empty handed. But a salmon weighing six and a quarter pounds made Mosey high line; only one or two other salmon were caught on the trip and those weighed less than two pounds each.

Of course Mozart's fish created a sensation in camp; its capture was just an incident of camp life—that was all.

The next day the boys started for home; hiked to Bingham, took the train for Madison, where they had dinner, and reached home at a seasonable hour. And though nothing particular had happened, the boys declared, as boys are quite likely to do, that it was the "best hike yet. "

XI

A CAMP CHOWDER

Twenty boys started, one day in August, for the east side of Seabasticook Lake, nearly thirty miles from Good Will Farm. There was one man in the party. The first team took tents and provisions and about a dozen boys. The other team took the remainder of the boys and the man. The first team started an hour in advance, and the driver was to ascertain the way, and whenever there were two roads, he was to scatter fragments of paper on the road he had taken. This plan worked admirably until Palmyra was reached. At this place, the first party took the road to Newport Village and scattered the usual papers in the road. The man who was with the boys, arriving twenty minutes later, refused to follow the lead, and went with the second party to North Newport. The town of Newport is like a basket—a large hole with a rim around it. Seabasticook Lake is the hole. What land there is in the town is the rim. So one party went half way round the lake, on the rim, going south; the other party went half way round going to the north, and they met within an hour of each other at the desired destination. Five post-offices were passed on the way, and at each office a

postal-card was mailed to the folks at home saying that "nothing had happened."

Now White was in one of the parties. This White is a naturalist and dotes on hornets. On the way to the lake, he discovered a hornets' nest in a tall tree by the roadside and threw stones at it. The hornets were much disturbed, but in their anger did not even catch a glimpse of their boyish persecutor. He escaped. The next morning, near the camp, he discovered another hornets' nest. He threw some more stones. The hornets discovered him and one of them hit him between the eyes. It was a great victory for the hornet. White says it bumped right against him. The face of the vanquished began to swell. It kept on swelling. He was a "sight." Anyone who had a sense of the ludicrous would smile as often as he looked at White. If White saw anyone smiling at him, he would smile also. And when anyone saw White's dark and distorted features wreathed with a smile, it didn't make any difference whether he had a sense of the ludicrous or not, he had to laugh, because he couldn't help it. White had been stung five times that summer—four times by bees and once by a hornet. It was interesting to hear him give particulars. The most pathetic of the five cases, probably, was when Mr. Coffin was attending to a swarm of bees at Good Will Farm and wanted the queen caught. The queen bee doesn't sting, and she can be easily distinguished by her

form. White saw the queen and intended to pick her up, but he took hold of the wrong bee. The one he caught was a working bee. He worked in his own interests and against White's comfort. But White said he doesn't mind getting stung much anyway.

The boys expected to live in tents and have the use of a small cottage for cooking. Sammie and Frank were the cooks. But the former occupants of the cottage were to stay two days longer. So Sammie cooked on an ancient stove, in an opening, under a big maple tree. There were some very unpopular things in the grove. They all belong to the same family. To scientists, individual members are known as *Mephitis Mephitica*. People void of scientific discernment call them skunks. Now any number of these things—*Mephitica*—are as sweet as kittens and entirely harmless unless disturbed. If attacked, or annoyed in any way, they resort at once to powerful methods of self defense. This is reasonable. The owner of the grove asked us not to disturb them. He said two fishermen were camping there, a few days before, and one day, when they came back from fishing, there was one of these things—a *Mephitica*—in the tent. They waited for him to look around a bit, and then he came out and went away. We promised we wouldn't disturb them, if we saw them in the tent or anywhere. That very night Henry was lying awake in his tent, when one of them came in and

went around him twice and then went out. Henry lay still; didn't dare move a muscle, though it is understood that the hair on Henry's head moved—stood up straight. It's simply blood-curdling to have wild beasts prowling around you in the woods, at night, when you can't do a thing.

The next day a party came into the grove to stay one night and two days. The party consisted of several men and women and a very small boy. They were to occupy a tent which stood a few feet from Sammie's cook stove. They drove right along side the opening in the woods, unharnessed the horses and hitched them beside the carriages, only a few feet from the stove and dining table. So Sammie and Frank had two carriages and a pair of horses in the kitchen. We didn't like it, but as it was only for one day we decided not to say much. The man who was with the boys wanted to shave. He said we had a right to our own kitchen; so he made one of the carriages a dressing room, spread his shaving utensils on the cushion of the other, hung a mirror on a tree and shaved himself, while one of the horses meekly looked over his shoulder. It was the first time that horse ever saw himself in a looking glass. And when night came the very small boy said:

“Mama, where are we going to sleep?”

The mother said: “In the tent,” and the very small boy looked at the cook stove, our table, the two carriages, the horses, our wood-pile, and the

tent, all huddled together in that opening, when there was room—lots of room—elsewhere, and he said:

“Mama, I don’t want to sleep in a barn-yard.”

We all felt like saying something; but we held our peace.

We were going to have a chowder for supper that night. The fish were dressed. A man had promised to bring us a barrel of crackers and a peck of onions. Chowder was to be served at five o’clock. In the afternoon a very dark cloud appeared in the west. It promised a heavy shower. At half past three the cloud seemed to burst. The rain came down in torrents. The canvas tents were so dry that they were like sieves. The water came through in little showers. The boys gathered their blankets together in piles, and sat on them to keep them dry, but the straw got very wet. Hail fell, until, around the tent, the ground was white. It stopped raining at five o’clock, which was supper time. There was not a dry stick of wood or piece of paper in the camp. The stove did not look as though it had ever been dry. The ash box, filled with ashes and rain water, looked like a tank of gray kalsomine, mixed, and ready for use. We sent a boy up to the man who was to get the barrel of crackers, the peck of onions and the Boston daily. Sammie and Frank tried to start a fire in the wet stove. The man who was with the boys helped. They got the fire started and it

went out. They tried again. Two boys peeled the potatoes. The fire got under way. The pork was fried in the bottom of the kettle. It looked very bright for a chowder by 6.30. Then the boy came back. He brought the Boston daily and said that when the man got to the village he didn't know what kind of crackers we wanted and so he didn't get any, and for some reason, he concluded not to get the onions either. This was worse than the shower; but we said "never mind" we would have the chowder anyway, for we were cold and wet and we must have a hot supper. So the fish and potatoes were put into the kettle, and hot water was added. Thirteen boys came from the tents to watch. Now there is an adage that "a watched pot never boils," but when a boy is cold, wet, and hungry, and the crackers and onions haven't come, and supper is already two hours late, he doesn't take any stock in adages. To him proverbs are without meaning. They watched; but the kettle didn't boil. Then two boys shouted that one of those things—*Mephitica*—was up in the woods by the fence cleaning his fur, and the thirteen boys rushed up to see it. Then they came back with the other two and the fifteen gathered around that kettle to see it boil. And the water in the kettle was only milk warm. Then Frank and Sammie put in more wet wood, and two more boys joined the group, so there were nineteen boys and a man watching the kettle. Night had come

on; it was bed-time; the temperature of the water was near boiling; but it dawned on the watchers that there was no chowder for them that night. It was decided to have supper of cold hasty pudding and molasses. There was not a cross word nor a grumble heard. Supper was eaten and the boys retired. Sammie and Frank were to start early in the morning, the chowder was to be completed and was to be served smoking hot.

There was a dog in the grove, with the party who had hitched their horses in our kitchen, and we did not dare think what would happen if he should meddle with that chowder in the night. So the big kettle was placed on one end of the long, rickety table, carefully covered and left till morning. On the table was a collection of tin cups, plates, spoons, etc. Everybody slept. The man who was with the boys dreamed a dream. He was at a church fair, and he was very hungry. He had ordered a dish of ice cream, as appetizing to look at as anything that ever graced a table at a church fair. He was just raising the first spoonful of the tempting food to his lips when he awoke and for a moment wondered why. Then he heard boys in one of the other tents talking, and Fred, the boy who was nearest him in his own tent, said:

"Did you hear that noise? "

"No," said the man, "what noise was it? "

"An awful noise—a thud and a rattling of tin dishes. That old table where we've been eating

has broken down. There must have been something heavy on it or else a dog jumped up on it or something."

It is not probable that there is any single word in our language that could have done satisfactory duty as an expletive for the occasion. If there is, that man had never heard it. For a full minute he did not speak. Then he said, speaking with solemnity:

"Fred, it's that chowder—our breakfast. I put it up on the table myself to save it. It was too heavy wasn't it? I think I can see it now. The potatoes and fish are scattered all over the ground, and the kettle's bottom side up; and it hadn't even boiled."

For a minute or two there was absolute silence—the silence of the woods at midnight. Fred and the man were in deep thought. Then the ludicrous situation seemed to dawn upon both at the same time. They lay side by side on their bed of damp straw, and made no attempt to restrain a fit of boisterous laughter.

After awhile, the man decided what he would do. At an early hour he would dispatch a boy to the nearest farm-house for eggs, and these should be the basis of a breakfast, in place of the chowder. Then he slept again. When he awoke it was light. A gentle breeze moved in the thick maple foliage above the tent. The sunlight was struggling between the branches and falling in bright, movable

spots on the canvas roof of the damp tent. Boys' voices could be heard down by the stove.

"Sammie," he shouted, "Sammie! "

Sammie's smiling face appeared at the entrance of the tent.

"How about the breakfast? " asked the man.

"It's all right," said Sammie. "That noise in the night wasn't the table at all. It was a dead tree that fell over near the tent. The chowder's safe and it's all cooked. The man who didn't get the crackers yesterday, started at four o'clock this morning and the barrel of crackers and the onions are here, and I've put some of the onions in the chowder."

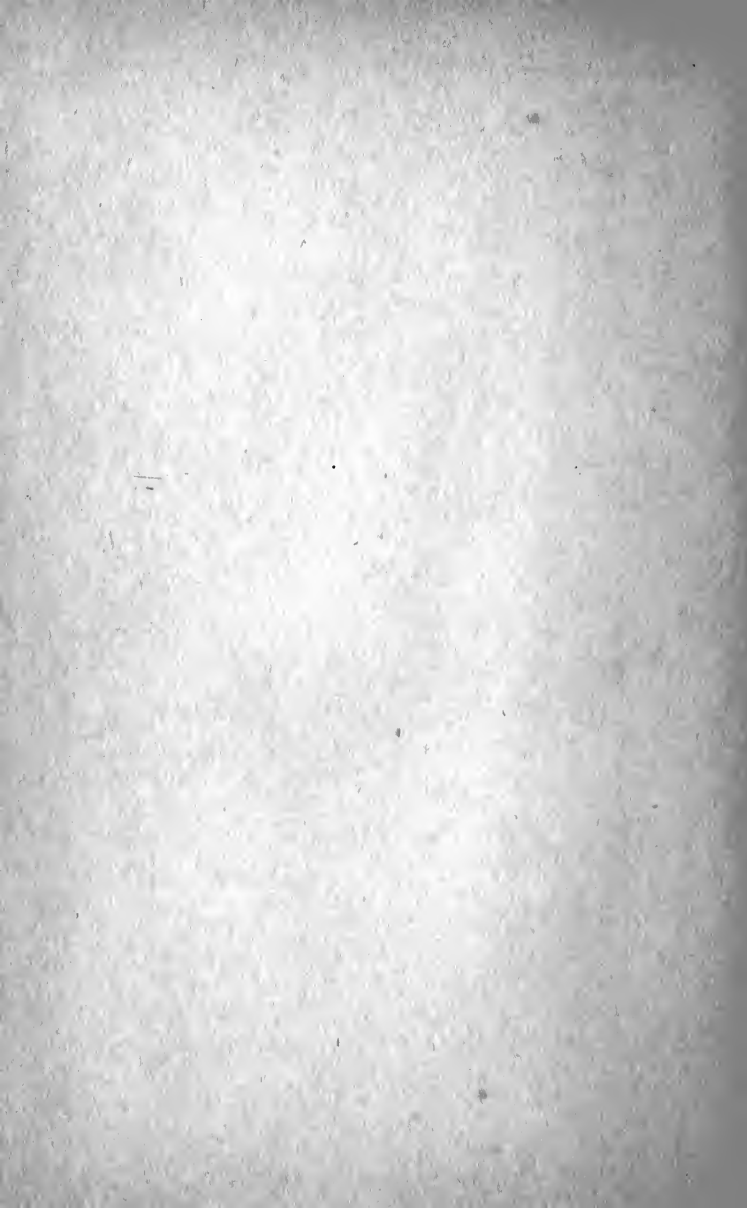
Now, my reader, such a chowder as that was! You never ate one just like it. You probably never will. To make such a chowder you must have a thunder shower and a hail storm; you must order a barrel of crackers and a peck of onions, and after waiting several hours for them, you must be told you can't have them, and be offered a Boston daily paper instead. You must have a wet stove and a lot of wet wood; you must have twenty boys watch it an hour and twenty minutes, while the darkness of an August night gathers in the woods; you must then eat cold hasty pudding and molasses for supper and leave the chowder to be completed in the morning; you must wake up in the middle of the night and be convinced that the chowder is spilled upon the ground and the kettle

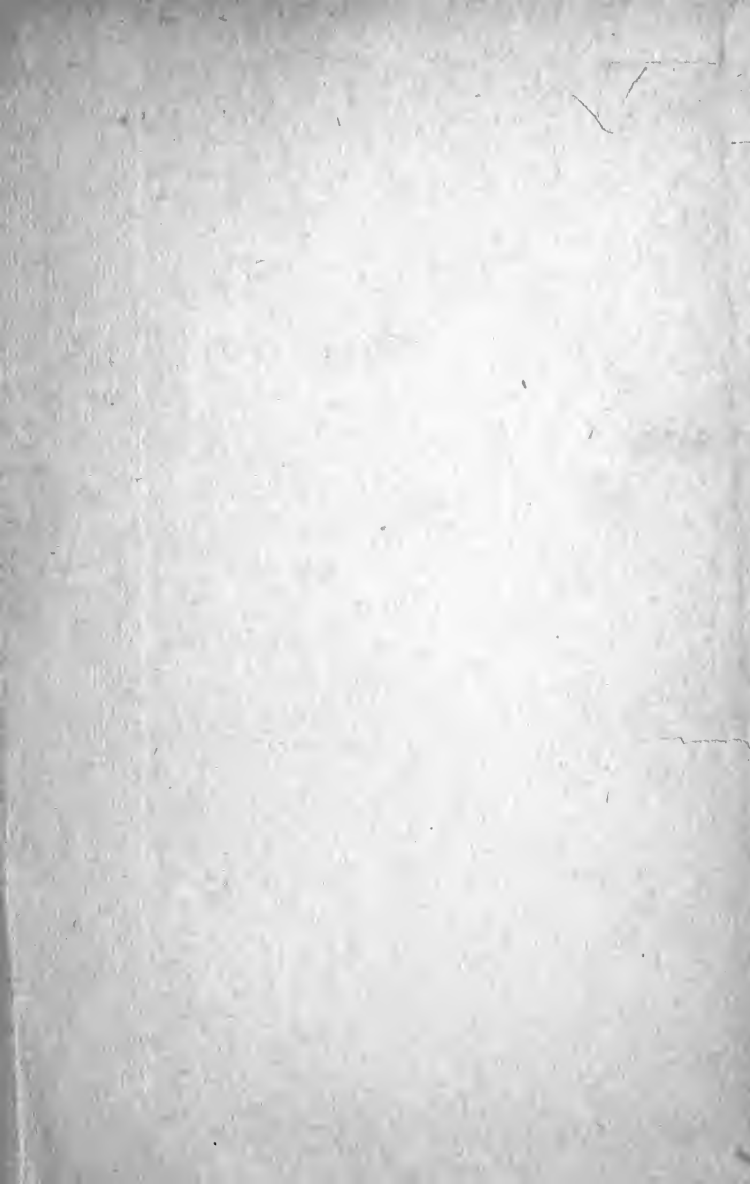
bottom side up; you must give up the chowder entirely and be resigned to your fate; then the chowder must be returned to you in the morning with crackers and onions added; and you must eat it under the spreading maple trees where you can hear the weird cry of the loon upon the lake and the harmonies of the song thrush in the adjacent thicket; and you must have nineteen hungry boys to eat with you; and you must sit down to the table out of doors and eat with dishes of tin and after the blessing has been asked you must see Sammie standing at the head of the table with the kettle of steaming food before him and a ladle in his hand; and you must say as you pass him your tin plate: "Some of the chowder, please, Sammie;" and you must watch him fill your plate and hand it back to you hot and savory. It's the only way you can ever get a chowder that will taste just like that; and as for the man who was with the boys, he never expects to taste the like again.



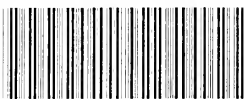








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